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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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LARGER CIRCULATION THAN ANY OTHER NATIONAL WEEKLY PAPER IN AUSTRALIA

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The Royal cavalcade flows by
As some great dazzling sea
When Prince and Princess join their hands
In a Holy Unity.

Royal Bride

Drawing by Boothroyd :: Verse by P. Duncan-Brown

Greater than written documents
The tie of man and wife...
Two ancient nations meet and merge
Through human laws of life.

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TWO FREE *Patterns and* GIFT NOVEL

Six Splendid New Features; On Sale Wednesday, Next Week!

Following its consistent policy of giving readers the best newspaper services available in the world today, The Australian Women's Weekly has secured a most attractive series of seasonable patterns.

These have been so selected that they feature every type of smart holiday wear needed in the average home, and will provide women with invaluable practical help in the problem of coping with the inevitable rush of holiday sewing. They will be given away FREE to our readers.

Commencing next week, therefore, TWO free patterns will be available to readers, and the paper will be on sale on Wednesday.

THESE new features will, we are confident, be warmly welcomed by readers.

They include:—

1.—Another brilliant free novel. This week's author is Warwick Deeping. For future issues we have secured novels by a galaxy of equally famous authors.

2.—The first of an interesting and authoritative series of articles on women's sport, by Miss Joan Hartigan, Australian tennis champion, who writes exclusively for The Australian Women's Weekly.

3.—"Mandrake the Magician," an entirely new feature in Australian journalism, depicting in fine pictorial form a clever mystery story for adult readers.

4.—"What Women are Doing." A fascinating page devoted to news of the doings of notable women in the Commonwealth and overseas.

5.—"Our Outdoor Girls." A wonderful series of full-page pictures of typical modern girls drawn by a world-famous artist. Each of these is a study in black and white and is well worth framing.

6.—Another instalment of a powerful serial, "Beggars' Horses," by P. C. Wren. "Beggars' Horses" is undoubtedly Wren's greatest story since "Beau Geste."

£200 *Who's the Woman?* £200

1. WHO'S THE WOMAN? *A noted artist of the picture theatre.*

2. WHO'S THE WOMAN? *Another world-famous tennis star.*

3. WHO'S THE WOMAN? *A very well known Royal personage.*

4. WHO'S THE WOMAN? *She put Australia on the map more than any woman.*

5. WHO'S THE WOMAN? *One of Australia's leading feminists.*

6. WHO'S THE WOMAN? *A famous prima ballerina.*

WHO'S *the* WOMAN?

This is our grand Christmas competition for £200 in cash, free of entrance fees. The first prize is £100. The second £50, third £25, and there are 25 consolation prizes of £1.

You do not have to discover who all the women are in order to win a prize. There may be some you cannot identify.

Starting with last issue The Australian Women's Weekly published a series of six photos of well-known women. They may be Australian, English, American, French, or any other nationality.

IT is not necessary for you to cut the photos out of the paper. A coupon is provided on page 43, which will enable you to record your entry.

Fill in the coupon and keep it carefully till you have filled in the last one, which will appear next week, then send them all together to Box 4256Y, G.P.O., Sydney.

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To endow your skin with loveliness

of such exquisite texture it transforms your skin yet remains invisible itself. Eight natural skin-tones.

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FAIR PLAY *Jettisoned* by *"Sun-Telegraph"* COMBINE

Sinister Move to Prevent "Women's Weekly" Sales

Newspaper readers in Australia are not favorable to monopolies and believe in a fair deal for everyone.

What will they think of a move to bully sellers of The Australian Women's Weekly in order to prevent them displaying our posters and thereby injuring our sales?

Such an attempt was part of the policy of Associated Newspapers Ltd. last week.

IT is known that success begets imitators. It also arouses envy. The Australian Women's Weekly has plenty of evidence of the truth of both propositions.

It is no vain boast to say that this journal, since its inception eighteen months ago, has met with a measure of success disturbing to the directors of the great newspaper monopoly known as Associated Newspapers. Its chief papers are the "Sun" and "Telegraph."

This organisation, as everyone knows, has built up a world-wide reputation as the destroyer of one-time prosperous and independent publications.

Among its victims have been the "Evening News," the "Daily Guardian," the "Telegraph Pictorial," the "Sunday News," the "Sunday Pictorial" and the "Sunday Guardian."

Incidentally it has so limited the field of employment that hundreds of competent journalists, printers, mechanics, and allied workers have lost their jobs.

Many of these have been helped by The Australian Women's Weekly, which has an employees' list in all States of over 500.

But "Associated News" wants more. Not satisfied with monopolising the afternoon field, and strangling all rivals but one in the Sunday sphere, it is now reaching out envious hands to the large clientele of this journal, one of the few of any importance that its kill-off policy has left alive.

Until the advent of The Australian Women's Weekly it was content to let its own minor constellation, "The Woman's Budget," twinkle from the Elizabeth St. building. But as the vogue of the new paper increased, it became obsessed with a desire to appear in something like the garb of its rival. Hence the impending doom of the "Budget" and the announcement that a successor, to be called "Woman," is to take its place.

If this were the whole story, the final verdict could be left to the public. We have nothing to say against business rivals, no matter how monopolistic, provided they observe ordinary rules of fair play. But "Associated News" has adopted rules of its own.

In order to prepare the way for this new paper the combine resorted to a bullying effort to prevent the sales of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Threat to Agents

ITS latest and most sinister move, to which we call the attention of newspaper readers throughout Australia, has been to approach agents and street sellers with a veiled threat of a stop-page of the combine's papers if they display The Australian Women's Weekly posters outside their shops and stands.

This was the policy adopted in Sydney last week.

Needless to say, it is a form of coercion of the ugliest kind, aimed not only at a journalistic rival, but at men and women whose living depends on the distribution of this among other papers.

Fortunately, the attempt is likely to defeat itself, and to react on the heads of those responsible.

If there is one thing the Australian public detests it is the endeavor of big concerns to sandbag the rival whom they are afraid or unable to meet in the open field.

Unfair Pressure

THE "Sun" and attendant satellites—all that is left of a once healthy and independent group—are a source of revenue to newsagents, and it is impossible for them to view a threat to discontinue supplies with indifference.

We are able to assure our readers, however, that the agents and street sellers, friendly to The Australian Women's Weekly as they have always been, will be no less friendly in future, and the posters of this journal will NOT be forced off the streets.

Monopolies a Menace

THERE is another aspect of the question. It concerns the public generally.

It is neither good for journalism nor good for Australia that news and opinions should be regimented into one channel, or that a single huge concern should dictate to more than a million people what they shall read day by day and week by week.

As we have said, we do not mind fair competition. And if those who have failed to attract readers with their own methods now want to copy ours, there is nothing to stop them. Imitation is a form of flattery.

But it is neither right nor decent that men and women who act as distributing agents to the public should be coerced or bulldozed into keeping a rival's posters out of sight.

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Let's Talk Of Interesting People

ORCHESTRATING CHOPIN

MARY GRANT ROSMAN, A.R.C.M., well known in Adelaide, and a sister of the author, Alice Rosman, is also meeting with pronounced success in London. She was, for a long time, the head music mistress of Malvern Girls' College, England. She and her sister make annual vacation tours to the Continent—the South of France and Italy particularly, the attraction being that they are among the art centres of the world.

Miss Rosman is at present engaged on orchestrating many of Chopin's works and those of other composers for the Regent Open-Air Theatre, which work has brought her into touch with many of England's most famous actors of the legitimate stage. Chief among these is Michael Martin Harvey, son of Sir John Martin Harvey. Mr. Martin Harvey and his wife visited Australia recently, where they played with Dame Sybil Thorndike.

HAS VARIED INTERESTS
—Monte Luke.

MISS KATE EGAN, who has just been re-elected president of the Associates of the Royal Sydney Golf Club is treasurer of the Macquarie Club, and president of the Catholic Women's Association of N.S.W., and works energetically upon many philanthropic committees. She is hon. treasurer of the St. Vincent's Hospital Auxiliary, a member of the executive committees of the Infants' Home, Ashfield, and the Queen's Fund, and at special times she works on behalf of the Lewisham Hospital.

Miss Egan was decorated M.B.E. during the war for her Red Cross services, when all supplies for hospitals abroad passed under her care. She is a delegate to the National Council of Women, and she has been decorated with an order of merit from the Pope.

DESIGNS NOVELTIES

COUNTESS CHRISTI PAAR'S profession, and the success which she has achieved in it, may perhaps be an inspiration from abroad for Australian women trying to discover some new and lucrative career.

Although she inherited a large fortune from her father, the Countess was nevertheless anxious to take up a profession of her own. She chose dress designing, specialising in the designing of novelties for women's clothing. Her annual earnings from this source now reach £2000 a year.

The Countess devotes all her earnings from business to charity.

WORLD'S Greatest *International* CONCERN *founded by* ONE MAN

Why it is possible to Write to Timbuctoo

THE old saying, "Familiarity breeds contempt," was never applied with greater truth than to the wonder of letter postage.

All of us are so familiar with the process, which we use so often, that we never stop to think what a wonderful thing it is.

We can address letters to any part of the world, to anybody, and if they do not arrive and the menfolk of the family haven't still got them in their pockets, we demand an explanation from the G.P.O.—and we get one, which usually puts us in the wrong.

In this article you will read about Heinrich von Stephan, the man who made the universal post possible.

By DOROTHEA VAUTIER

WHEN you walk along the promenade of the General Post Office and drop your Christmas mail into the box marked "Foreign Correspondence" your obligations towards that mail have ceased, but you have participated in one of the most amazing activities civilisation has yet launched on the modern world.

Round table conferences may fail; nations may be aggressive over their frontiers and wage war about their markets and their politics, but the Universal Postal Union knows no barriers.

"It is," as one authority has described it, "mankind's first completely successful experiment in international co-operation."

And it was all started by Heinrich von Stephan, the originator of this colossal organisation, to whom the human race owes a tremendous debt.

Stephan, a German by birth, accomplished one of the greatest one-man achievements ever recorded, leaving order where chaos had been, yet to-day his name is unknown save to a few postal experts.

WHEN Stephan took the position of Director of Posts in North Germany in 1866, sending a letter abroad was like enclosing a message in a bottle and casting it into the sea, so vague were its chances of reaching the place to which it was addressed.

Letters went by so many different routes at so many different rates of postage.

For instance, a letter from Berlin to Rome cost over two shillings if it went through Switzerland, and nearly four shillings if it was sent via France.

There were six different routes to Australia from America alone, each requiring postage that varied from a few pence to a few shillings.

Old Ways Costly

LETTERS and parcels were greatly affected by transport.

If a German steamer delivered a letter to Berlin from New York it was much less costly than if a British steamer had carried it.

This was the position when Heinrich von Stephan, though only a young man, called an International Congress in Berne, Switzerland, in 1874, and outlined his proposition.

After twenty-four days of debating his proposal was accepted, not one detail of it being deleted.

And so in 1934 the same fundamental agreement that Heinrich von Stephan wrote for Europe and the United States sixty years ago is being used in every country in the world.

No matter where you live you can address a letter to some isolated spot on the other side of the world and be sure that it will get there, provided, of course, you have the correct address, and often if you haven't.

THERE are more than 263,000 post offices in the world, and there is a directory showing the way by land and sea to each of them.

A letter posted to Lapland, from Australia, might have to pass through other foreign countries. Yet the only cost to the sender is the price of the Australian stamps. How do the foreign countries, which handle the letter, get paid?

Stephan ordained that wherever the mail went direct from one country to another, it should be regarded as a mutual service.

In some cases, however, mail has to be passed on by several countries before it reaches its ultimate destination.

To compensate these "transit" nations, the Postal Union holds a reckoning period every three years, at its central office, in Berne, Switzerland.

For four weeks every letter, parcel, or anything sent to any country, through another, is weighed and counted, and when these statistics have been gathered changes are made on an annual basis for the next three years.

At the last period of reckoning Germany proved to be the biggest debtor. She owed 1,600,000 gold francs for "transit mail" sent from Germany, to other countries, through "transit nations."

Charges are always made in francs.

As a result of the work of Stephan, a billion and a half letters are posted every year.

This ant-like activity of the world's post offices goes on, under the surface of every-day things, feeding humanity with news, uniting friends, and distributing emotion wholesale.

Recent postal figures for the Commonwealth of Australia show that the total mail matter handled in a year hits the colossal total of 886,000,000. Mail leaving Australia for foreign parts totals about 44,000,000. The mail at Xmas to the United Kingdom alone is over a million.

Singapore is said to send out many more foreign letters than Russia, and the Belgians prove to be prolific letter-writers.

Next to America, the great letter-writing countries of the world are Britain, France, and Germany—Britain leading, and the other two about even.

ABOVE IS A pretty Australian girl posting her Christmas mail. Before her letters arrive in different parts of the world and bring joy to her friends and relatives they will be handled by strange people of many nations.

On the left you see the letters going through their first process of sorting. A highly complicated process it is, but it is only one of the features of this international wonder of modern times.

Reduce your HIPS!

3 inches in 10 Days or— it costs you NOTHING!

Now you can actually reduce those unnatural bulging hips and that huge unlovely waist—by a NEW, simple method. Without dangerous drugs, very strenuous exercise, or starvation diets. Secretly in your own room—you can really watch those bulging hips disappearing.

TRY IT NOW!

Test this wonderful method in your own home, and if it doesn't reduce those hips and that waist—IT COSTS YOU NOTHING! I want you to try it—I want you to PROVE, as hundreds of other women have proved, that to reduce the waist and hips this way is marvellous.

Sent FREE!

If you send me the coupon below now, I will send you SOMETHING that will amaze you, at no cost or obligation to yourself—but hurry!

Genuine PROOF

"I have reduced 20lbs. since I started, and I am just delighted with it."
Mrs. Bedford, W., N.S.W.

"I have reduced 4lbs. in 2 weeks."
Mrs. Mathews, H., N.S.W.

"I have never felt better in my life. I have written to one of my friends about your wonderful treatment."
Mrs. Barker, A., Vic.

Free Offer Coupon : POST NOW!

JOAN POWELL, SALES DEPT. 21,
197 PITT ST., SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Please send me, with no obligation, your amazing "SOMETHING." I enclose a 2d. stamp for postage.

NAME .....

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JOAN'S *Own Story* ... of BIG TENNIS!

World Champions Meet in Exciting Games

Miss Joan Hartigan, Australia's champion woman tennis player, tells readers what she thinks of the exciting games at White City courts last week and of the form of the visiting English girls.

Miss Hartigan's articles are exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly and will be a feature of this paper while the present championships are in progress.

By JOAN HARTIGAN

I THINK everyone was pleased with the result of the first match between the English visitors and our Australian girls.

It was practically a draw, each side winning four rubbers and eleven sets, but as we scored one more game it goes down as a win for us.

The play was most interesting on both days, and the result in doubt up to the last stroke. The crowds were splendid. I have never seen so many schoolgirls watching a tennis match as on the first day (Wednesday).

It is a good idea of the teachers to bring them, as there is no better way of improving your game than watching such a perfect stylist as Miss Dorothy Round.

THOUGH we were one game to the good, we must admit that honors were with the English girls. They only arrived on Sunday, after a rough trip across the Tasman, and had only Monday and Tuesday to get their land legs and become acquainted with our courts, which are faster than they have been accustomed to in England. It was only to be expected that they would be below form at first, but they showed on the second day, when they won three matches to our one, what a fine team they are.

Miss Round, the world's champion woman player is, of course, the particular star of the visitors. The Australian crowds have already taken her to their hearts.

It is not only her prowess with the racquet but the ease and grace with which she plays and her good court manner that make her such a favorite. Her backhand is wonderful, not only for the force she gets into it but for the way it is produced—a sort of rhythmic swing with wrist, arm and body all moving together.

MRS. EMILY WESTACOTT (left), the Queensland representative in the Australian team, who so electrified the crowd at the international matches played in Sydney. Her game was the outstanding feature of the matches. Also Mrs. Molesworth, another Queensland champion, who has just returned from abroad, where she partnered Joan Hartigan in many of the English tournaments.

Miss Coyne's Backhand

I KNOW of only one Australian girl who has a style like Miss Round's and that is our promising junior, Thelma Coyne.

Thelma's backhand is a beautiful shot and she is the only girl in Australia, so far as I know, with a backhand grip and action like Miss Round. Of course, she hasn't the same control, nor the force, but there is no knowing how far she will go in time. She put up a splendid fight against Mrs. Westacott in the New South Wales championships on Saturday.

The English girls seem greatly pleased with their experiences of Australia so far.

Miss Round told me after one match on Thursday that the attendance at the Rushcutter Bay courts seemed as large as those at the Wightman Cup games in America.

They all spoke about the good arrangements and the impartiality of the crowds. Though they had so little time to get used to the courts, they made no complaints, but seemed delighted with everything.

MISS DEARMAN and Miss Lyle are both splendid players, and as a doubles pair the best in England. In English ranking Miss Lyle is above Miss Dearman, but on what we have seen here Miss Dearman is the better player. We may have to alter our opinion, however, before the tour is over.

Evelyn Dearman has a beautiful backhand, and at the net she is one of the best women volleyers in the world. Nancy Lyle's forte is her forehand drive, but she is sound in every department. One thing everyone spoke about—the perfect court manners of the English girls.

Whether they were winning or losing, it made no difference. They were easy and pleasant all the time. While on this question of court manners I think our Australian girls are also worth a pat on the back. Many of them are an example to the younger men.

THIS does not apply to the best of our Australian men players, who, when they go abroad, are admired both on and off the court.

I saw in England how extremely popular Jack Crawford was, and how much they liked him, not only for his play, but for his gentlemanly manner. He was as much liked off the court as on it.

OF the Australian women players who met the visitors, Mrs. Westacott won all her matches—two singles and a doubles—and well deserved her success. The crowd would have liked to have seen her matched against Miss Round, and may have that pleasure soon.

"She would be a great attraction at Wimbledon," was the opinion I heard expressed about Mrs. Westacott by all three English girls. They went into raptures over that wonderful smash of hers. I saw most of the world's best women players during my trip abroad this year, but not one who hits quite as hard as Mrs. Westacott.

She makes mistakes because she tries to hit the short ball—the one just over the net—as hard as she hits the length one, and no one can do that with safety.

If Mrs. Westacott would use more selection, and hit only the right ball, she would be invincible. As it is, she is our most spectacular player, and gives real thrills to the onlookers, which is a good thing for the popularity of the game.

It is a pity that Mrs. Westacott, who comes from Queensland, finds no women players in that State, except Mrs. Molesworth, who can give her much of a game. A good deal of her practice has to be done against men. The Queensland courts are mostly chipped, and the lack of practice on grass is another disadvantage.

Miss Bickerton is Good

MISS LOUIE BICKERTON, the N.S.W. girl, though she lost both her singles, played well and pluckily. In the doubles she was splendid.

On the subject of costume, I may say that the short, pleated skirts worn by most of the players, including myself, were cool and comfortable, and I am told they looked neat. Incidentally, Mrs. Westacott was the only player on either side who wore stockings—I suppose because they are almost de rigeur against the hot Queensland sun.

I AM told that my own game against Miss Lyle on Wednesday and Miss Round on Thursday was disappointing at first, but improved as it went on.

When I went on the court on Wednesday I had had no match practice for about three months, and that makes a lot of difference.

I was not feeling at all confident about my shots when I met Miss Lyle, and it was perhaps fortunate for me that she was short of practice too.

I felt more sure of my shots when I met Miss Round next day, and though I did not expect to win I enjoyed every minute of the game.

HOST HOLBROOK says: My Anchovy Paste is made from Italian Gorgona Anchovies. It makes dainty sandwiches and savories ❊❊❊

Grimwade Crystal...

The exquisite delicacy of high-class crystal ...its pleasant reserve and sparkling lights provide a source of greater charm to your home, no matter how antique or modern your appointments may be.

No wonder this all Australian hand made and hand cut crystal has been called Australia's proudest achievement!

PRODUCT OF CROWN CRYSTAL GLASS CO., LTD., SYDNEY

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Illustrated by FISCHER

ATALANTA

By Warwick DEEPING

THE sleeping-car attendant came to warn her, and to place her hand luggage in the corridor.

"Beaulieu, M'amselle."

As if she did not know! She was standing looking at a blue bay and a black headland, and above it a sunset. Below her were the red tennis courts of the Hotel Bristol, and on one of these courts a woman and a man were just finishing a knock-up. The great white facade of the Hotel Bristol confronted the sunset like an iceberg. She was staying at the Hotel Bristol.

The train had pulled up; the attendant passed her hand luggage to a porter. It included three racquets in presses, for Miss Joan Fortescue was very much a rising star, and the courts of the Hotel Bristol had a particular significance for her. It was on these courts in the Beaulieu Tournament that she had first met that damned German woman Fraulein Fink. And Fraulein Fink had effaced her.

Well—this year she was out for the revanche. She was in pretty good form and completely fit. She left her keys and registered luggage ticket with the Bristol luggage-porter, and got into the hotel bus. The Bristol Hotel was only just round the corner, but tennis and cinema stars are expected to arrive in chariots.

She was received most urbanely by a reception clerk who remembered her.

"Ah—Miss For-tes-cue—delighted—to see you."

Her manner was somewhat off-hand.

"You're giving me a decent room."

"Of course—Miss For-tes-cue—o—certainly."

He would show her the room. And had she enjoyed a pleasant journey? Yes, the courts were playing—beau-ti-fully. He bowed her into the lounge, for in the eyes of a Frenchman she was reflected as a somewhat ravishing creature, so English and fair and tall. On the other hand—past—she blew about like a feather, a white-and-gold feather.

"So many—celebrities—here — Miss Fortescue."

She saw one instantly, that damned German woman mounted on the arm of a chair in which was seated a butter-headed boy. Fraulein Fink was laughing, and when she laughed she showed all her teeth like a horse. She showed her teeth at Joan Fortescue; she extended a hand.

"Halloo—Miss England. So glad."

"Evening, Fraulein."

The butter-headed boy, who was an Austrian champion, stood up and bowed.

"In form, Miss Fortescue?"

"No—rather rotten—this year."

Fraulein Fink laughed. She had an unpleasant laugh.

"We are all rotten—so rotten—and so modest."

Ironic beast! Joan passed on. She was carried up in the lift with the gentleman in the morning coat who had wonderful cotton eyelashes. He, too, did not like Fraulein Fink.

"You beat her this year, yes?"

Joan felt tired and peevish. She gave a little flick of the head.

"Oh, I don't suppose so."

She remembered last year, and how she had been put out of poise by Fraulein Fink's purple bandeau and her eternal and complacent teeth.

There was a feud between them, and temperamentally the Fraulein had proved herself the more resilient of the two. She could play to a gallery, and especially so when her opponent was looking a trifle grim. She would indulge herself in airs and graces, little leaps and caracoles of laughter. She was so polite, so gracious to an opponent who was a little heated. Joan accepted the room. She ordered tea to be sent up. She unpacked some of her immediate necessaries, and her mouth was tight and compressed.

She was saying to herself: "Smile, smile. You simply mustn't get ratty this year." But the bother of it was that Fraulein Fink always made her feel that way.

Morning. The tournament did not begin until the following day, and Joan was out on the courts at ten. She had arranged for the Bristol pro. to play her a practice single. He was a somewhat famous person, flamboyantly frank, and full of elan. She was out of form; the light bothered her. She kept over-driving, and that wretched slice betrayed itself in her back-hand.

He was blunt about her back-hand.

"Follow—through. Right shoulder down."

"I know."

She was annoyed. She knew that when she was feeling a little temperamental and out of form her wretched back-hand betrayed these failings. The clean shot would not come, and the smoothness was absent.

The pro. made her run up and volley.

"Upee—upee."

It was his quaint and characteristic cry. But she was off her volleying—also. Thank the Lord, she had drawn a rabbit in the first round.

Perfect weather, with the wind in the north, but gently so, and the sea marvellous. She went on to the court at eleven to play her rabbit, a Frenchwoman, a Mme. Boulanger. On this first day the attendance was somewhat thin, but Joan made a point of never looking at spectators. They were just so many rather silly faces and rows and rows of chairs.

She and Mme. Boulanger knocked up. The umpire was ready on his stand, the ball-boys waiting. The service was with Joan, and an inattentive ball-boy was staring into space. She liked three balls for serving.

"Ball."

Her voice was sharp. Her glance happened to go beyond the boy and rest upon a man who was sitting in the second row, a youngish and rather intense-looking person. He was staring at her with quite unnecessary interest. It was the kind of scrutiny that penetrated a player's concentration, and became like a piece of grit in her consciousness. She was vaguely annoyed.

Her glance happened to go beyond the boy and rest upon a man who was sitting in the second row, a youngish and rather intense-looking person.

THE game began. Mme. Boulanger might be classed as a rabbit, but she was one of those persistent and steady players who are capable of putting out a tigress when the tigress is out of form and unused to the southern light. Joan lost the first two games. Her service wouldn't function; she was overdriving and Mme. Boulanger ran about and scooped everything back.

Joan felt hot. What an exhibition! She ran for and played a back-hand shot in the corner, and the ball nearly hit the stop netting. Idiot! She happened to glance aside—something seemed to draw her glance. She met those particular eyes. They were as bad as the camera.

Actually, she gave him a look that said: "Oh, damn you, don't stare like that. It puts me off."

She felt more hot. What a lapse! To allow herself to flash a message at one of those anonymous faces. She was doing just what she had schooled herself not to do, losing her poise. She steadied herself, but her game would not arrive. She lost the first set to the Frenchwoman.

In the cross-over she found herself looking in the direction of the dark young man. He was leaning forward—he seemed to smile faintly and significantly. Did he find her lack of form amusing? Was she indeed affording him an exhibition? Silly ass! But was not she the silly ass? She was conscious of a moment of self-revealment. She was behaving like a spoilt child who was angry because she was not getting the self-applause that pleased her.

And suddenly she found her form. Her feet were just where they should be, her sighting and timing perfect. She moved about the court like a blown feather.

The man was watching her. She was quite delightful to watch, long limbed, supple, graceful, with her fair head and grave young face. She tantalised him—because he was lame, and could not play the game he had loved to play. He had to sit and stare and write books. He was writing rather successful books, but scribbling is not living.

He wanted her to win; he willed her to win. He wanted, yes—just what did he want? Casually to come and watch a game, and be suddenly and absurdly smitten by one of the players! Ridiculous. But how she moved! And suddenly he thought of her as Atalanta—but an Atalanta with whom a man with a groggy leg could not run races. She was like so much of life—beyond him.

She won the next two sets easily. She was smiling. Said someone in a chair: "Bad temperament. She can only smile when she's winning."

Julian Peters glanced sharply at the speaker. It wasn't true. She had been annoyed with herself for being off her game. Women said such feline things.

He watched her go off the court with her opponent. She had slipped on a light blue knitted coat, and her color was the color of a shell.

To someone in the hotel lounge she said: "I played most utter tripe. Something put me off. I wish people wouldn't stare and fidget."

The second day was much as the first. The man was there in the same chair. She saw him at once and wished him away. She had to play a Spanish girl, an opponent of different quality, a creature as swift and as light as herself. She began badly. In running to retrieve an angle drive, she slipped and fell against the knees of an elderly and eminent gentleman in the first row. She saw a face, two sympathetic eyes—sudden solicitude. Confound him!

The eminent gentleman raised her.

"I hope you are not hurt?"

She was abrupt, rude. Making an ass of herself!

"No, not a bit."

She ran back to the fray, and played with temper in her eyes. Had that fellow with the stare looked shocked? Well—what business had he to be shocked because she had been a little abrupt? She fought Spain at speed, the blonde against the black. She won in two straight sets. But she was not pleased. She thought: "If that fellow sits there and stares when I am playing the Fink, I shall get temperamental."

That evening Lady Glendower gave a dinner party at the Hotel Bristol, and Julian Peters was one of her guests. Joan's table was not three yards away from the Glendower table, but Miss Fortescue was so placed that she could not see Peters, though Mr. Peters saw her. He was sitting on Lady Glendower's left; she liked him; he both amused and interested her.

"I see—Miss Fortescue is staying here."

"Do you want to be introduced?"

"Would you recommend it?"

"These tennis people get terribly spoilt."

Julian smiled at her.

"I'll take the risk."

Afterwards, the hotel danced—but Julian could not dance. He sat in a little crowd of chairs with his rubber-tipped stick hidden away. Lady Glendower and her party were dancing, and when, at the end of the dance, the crowd streamed back to its seats, Lady Glendower brought Miss Fortescue with her.

"Mr. Peters—Miss Fortescue."

Julian made an attempt to rise, but the movement appeared so casual that Joan treated it as such. The man with the eyes! Just a coincidence. She nodded at him.

"Delighted."

She had not seen his stick and lame leg. If a lad could be so slow in getting up, she could be still more brisk in effacing him. She turned to Lady Glendower. She did not see the little badge of pain that she had pinned upon Julian Peters' coat. She joined Lady Glendower's party, and so large was it that it spread itself considerably. Miss Fortescue and Lady Glendower were five chairs distant from Mr. Peters.

Lady Glendower lit a cigarette.

"Not quite in form yet, Joan."

Miss Fortescue looked annoyed. Why stress the obvious? And Lady Glendower smiled like Mona Lisa. This young woman.

Said Miss Fortescue: "It takes me two days to get used to the light. Besides, things put one off."

"I suppose so."

"I'd be most awfully bucked if you would do me a favor. It is rather a curious coincidence—but—that lad you just introduced—happens to be my pet snag."

"What—poor Julian?"

Her tone was challenging, and Miss Fortescue laughed.

"Only—joking—you know. But he sits and stares."

"At you?"

A Complete Short Story

Please turn to Page 8 Special Supplement

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A LITTLE INCREASE

Ten-Minute ∴ Story ∴

By Virginia DALE

EXCITEMENT ran high in the outer office as little Smithers came from the august presence of the boss. "Did you get it?" "What'd he say?" "When does it start?" everyone was whispering. Joe Shaw, who had just come into the office asked, "Whats up?"

Little Smithers turned to him radiantly. "Got a rise," he imparted grandly. "I just walked in and said, 'You know I'm going to be married, Mr. Arnold,' and he said, 'Well, you know my rule. When a man marries he finds a little increase in his pay envelope,' and I said——"

Joe Shaw removed his chamois gloves with the brisk buoyancy that marked all his movements as a super salesman. "Oh!" he said coldly. "What's there to get so excited about? An extra pound a week and a wife doesn't make such a hot percentage—way I look at it. Now, if you got the pound without a wife——" He became aware that everyone was looking from him to Madge and back again. So he turned on his polished heel towards his desk in the best place beside the window, muttering, "It's a fine thing when no one here can get a rise unless he goes romantic. Good work doesn't count for a thing." He hung his overcoat so that its heavy satin lining was exposed to office view. It gave him a little consolation.

The staff settled into the sort of quiescent agitation the thought of matrimony and money always brings in its wake, and Joe Shaw sat drawing Chinamen's faces and little dogs with preposterous tails on his memo pad. He was thinking deeply. An extra pound a week. That would buy—well, a very fine shirt, almost a couple of theatre tickets. With sudden determination Joe jiggled the telephone hook at his elbow. "Hello, girlie, put me on to the boss. . . . Morning, Mr. Arnold. This is Joe Shaw. Could I see you for a few minutes? . . . Thanks, I'll be right in."

Madge looked up brightly from her typewriter as he passed. Smithers snickered and said, "I guess it won't be long now!" Joe drawled, "Oh, yes?" crushingly, and pinching his tie to an added nicety, knocked at the boss's door. He knew that the outer office was watching him breathlessly. What a lot of sheep they were!

"YES, come in," Mr. Arnold's voice sounded through the glass. Joe went in. Unlike Smithers, he had an air of being sure he was welcome. As he often said, "If it wasn't for high-pressure salesman like me, where'd old Arnold be?"

There was nothing in Mr. Arnold's attitude to wreck Joe Shaw's assurance. He liked his young salesman. He liked all young men, but especially those who could aid materially in making the world Arnold Pump-conscious.

"Well, my boy, how're you? Have a seat." Mr. Arnold had decided a long time ago that democracy was a fine thing in an employer. It gave the boys confidence without, he felt, lessening their endeavor. "We're just one big happy family here in the firm," he liked to think—and say—and really nearly believed. It gave everyone a nice feeling of loyalty that was valuable and pleasant, and it went along with his principle of getting "live," reliable men who presently graduated into husbands and fathers and then worked twice as hard to keep their jobs. He was deeply content now with the investment he had so recently made in Smithers. He waited amicably for Joe Shaw, on the other side of the polished mahogany desk, to begin. Joe did.

"It's like this, Mr. Arnold. I've been here five years, and I believe my sales have been satisfactory." He smiled just a little, for it was a fact which admitted no argument. "And now—well, I know your policy about raising the boys' salary when they—that is, well, when they marry. Two can't live as cheaply as one, can they?" He ended on that light note which had helped to dot the land with Arnold Pump.

Mr. Arnold beamed paternally. "You mean that you, too, are getting married?"

Joe felt that now was the time to flush and regretted briefly that How to Flush had not been included in his course on salesmanship. But he was a resourceful young man, and so he acted as if the burning red of happy embarrassment mounted his good-looking face. "That's about it," he grinned engagingly—and shamelessly. Then he went on smoothly (Rule 2: When you have caught your client's interest, push the point home): "I wouldn't bother you with my personal affairs, Mr. Arnold—though she's the most wonderful girl—but I know we're like one big happy family here——"

Really, it was too easy. The old boy was swallowing it, hook, line, and sinker.

"It is gratifying to hear you say so, Shaw. I was delighted at Smithers' news and I am the same about yours. Romance"—he gestured affably—"it is beautiful. I have not forgotten. Nor have I forgotten," he added, like Santa Claus remembering all good little boys, "that it has its practical side. You know my rule." He rose. Joe sprang to his feet. There was a definitely gala feeling in the front office of the Arnold Pump Works. Arnold held out a plump hand. "You have my best wishes," he said, and then, even more satisfactorily, "You'll find a little increase in your pay envelope on Saturday, Shaw. Yes, a little increase——"

JOE found himself once more in the outer offices. He was torn between gratification and shaking laughter. If he'd known it was that easy he'd have tried long ago. "Of course, I knew how to put it over," he gloated. "But I could have asked for a rise till doomsday, and without a little bride in the offing I'd never have had a chance."

He chuckled happily. "But you'll never get me that way, you old Cupid you, with your 'little increase' patter. The extra money in Joe's envelope will buy Joe a lot of lovely parties and no little bride a new hat. Joe knows better than that, he does."

He knew Madge was looking at him expectantly. Thought he'd ask her out to lunch, didn't she? Funny how a girl got to take things for granted. Oh, maybe he had rushed her a bit and been a little soft now and then, but that wasn't any reason why she should jump to conclusions. A nice enough kid in her way, but not nice enough to support for the rest of his life.

She'd be hearing now that he was engaged, and that would settle her, too. "The little increase brings all kinds of luck," Joe thought, and as Madge rose in answer to the boss's buzzer for dictation, he made a swift exit for his own lunch.

He had a special grill by way of celebration. It wasn't every day a man put something over on his boss, achieved a rise and rid himself of an adoring girl, all at a single stroke.

Of course, if old Arnold began listening for wedding bells he'd have to stall. Then, after a few months he could report, dolefully that his engagement was broken off, and old Arnold would never have the nerve to cut his salary—not in view of the broken heart Joe would present.

It struck him that a broken heart might make him a very interesting figure, for a while. "I can put that one over all right!" he ruminated complacently. "I might just squeeze a little holiday out of it, too, if Arnold felt sorry enough for the busted romance." Life was a grand show if you managed it right, and he was the boy to do the managing. Cute girl over there in the corner eating a lettuce sandwich. Did she work in the building?

He was still exceedingly happy when he returned to the office. But even before the coat went back to live on its hanger, Joe became aware of an office group, a cluster of commotion, of which Madge was the soul and centre. Smithers spied him and caroled, "I said it wouldn't be long!"

Someone else slapped him joyfully on the back. "When's it to be?" the blonde filing clerk demanded, a wistfulness in her look. He saw Madge's eye of limpid contentment—like that of a highly successful fisherman—upon him. Then someone thrust her forward and he heard her murmuring, "Mr. Arnold told me everything, darling. About the little increase and—and everything. He congratulated me. They all have. Oh, darling!"

"Kiss her!" someone cried. Joe Shaw cleared his throat. He was about to speak. Then he saw Mr. Arnold in the doorway gazing benevolently upon his happy family. In a flash Joe saw himself pounding the pavements looking for a job. Silence hung like a cage, and he felt himself dangling within it. Put something over on old Arnold? Try and do it. So, "Yes, darling!" Joe heard himself say to Madge instead of all the things he had meant to say to Madge.

A long vista of wifely hats and connubial grocery bills stretched before him.

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By
MICHAEL DAVID
Illustrated by FISCHER

Her steel-like gaze directed itself straight at Bill Kay. "Well, William?" she said.

A Master of MEN

Nothing ever scared Captain Kay. He could drive men, lead men, frighten men, or make men love him.

Complete Short Story

ALMOST without sound the Frigate Bird slipped into the palm-fringed bay of Santa Visca. The moon had not then risen. Santa Visca lay dark and still, a mere shadowy blur on the pallid gleam of the water. Across the bay, where the jungle grew deep and thick, the slow roll of the surf could be heard, faint and far away. It was a night well suited to the purpose of Captain William Kay and his men.

Kay himself was the first man to step ashore. He stood in the gloom of the bay, big and strong, his eyes with a strange gleam in them.

"This is the place, I reckon," he said.

Bellews, mate of the Frigate Bird, nodded his head slowly.

"Can't very well be mistaken," he agreed.

Captain Kay folded his powerful arms across his chest and leant nonchalantly against a tree.

"Better wait for the moon," he remarked, "then we shall be able to see things better."

The mate walked to the edge of the white sand and stood staring across the water at the schooner. No lights showed on her; she, like Santa Visca itself, lay dark and still on the water.

Yet, through the darkness, came at times the subdued voices of men, talking almost in whispers.

"Wonder if the Southern Light's still tailin' us?" said Captain Kay, in a rather savage manner. "If so, I've a feelin' they're goin' to be—sorry."

The mate grinned broadly. He, too, thought the same. If Finch, skipper of the Southern Light, had the nerve to follow Captain William Kay into this deep gloom-enshrouded bay, then he most probably would be—sorry. Kay would see to that.

Bill Kay was a man to be feared, a man to be left carefully alone in matters of this kind, at any rate. He was tough, was Bill Kay; just about as tough as they make 'em.

A master of men.

No one had ever yet been able to stand up to Bill Kay and lick him, either by his wits or his strength. And talking about strength—well, Bill Kay was about as strong as four ordinary men. He could use a gun, too, although he preferred more primitive methods unless sheer necessity forced him to gun-play.

Bellews imagined that Finch would have sufficient common sense to leave Bill Kay alone. Of course, Finch didn't know Kay so well as some; but, all the same, he must know something about him—enough, at least, to warn him to tread warily. Bellews himself would just as soon have thought of tackling Bill Kay in any shape or form as he would of going into a cage to tame a mad lion.

Anyway, all the facts pointed to the obvious conclusion that Finch and the Southern Light had given up the pursuit in good time. The last they had seen of her was nearly a week ago. Since then they hadn't seen a ship of any kind, only the emptiness of the ocean.

Bellews wondered who save Captain Kay could ever have persuaded the men of the Frigate Bird—or anybody else, for that matter—to join him in this dark and dangerous business. But men followed Bill Kay almost blindly, without questioning him or even their own hearts. Captain Kay had been well named "a master of men."

But this was a job that only the hardiest could have tackled. And stepping pretty close to the mark, as well, reflected Bellews, with a sudden twinge of conscience. Of course, it wasn't actual robbery they contemplated. Nothing like that. Just—just a bit of an adventure.

The mate turned and stared at that stretch of deep jungle beyond the beach. A wild, savage place, it looked. They would have to march through that presently, every step which they took attended by terrible risks. And, at the other end—well, there they would find the old Inca village, if reports spoke truly.

The old Inca village and the God of a Thousand Flames. It was that which Bill Kay and his men were after. According to the story Kay had been told, this immensely valuable image, encrusted with all the treasures of the earth, had been worshipped by the Incas centuries ago, when the world was very young.

Now the race was fast dying out. Only a few old men and women remained in that strange far-away village beyond the jungle. But the image itself still remained intact and almost priceless. The story had been related to Bill Kay by a man he had found dying in a remote hill village weeks ago, and, somehow or other, Finch and his crew had got hold of the story too.

Finch and his men were of a different kind from Bill Kay and his followers. Finch was a robber and a blackguard, and so were his men.

"Moon's comin' up," said Kay, at last, and his eyes moved out to scan the ocean once again. It was empty.

"Had more sense, I reckon," observed the mate, his grin widening.

"Maybe," said the captain, "or they may be just lyin' low—waitin'."

Bellews shrugged. That was possible, of course, but unlikely. Anyhow, time to worry about Finch and his scum when they showed up—if they ever did. Bellews returned to the Frigate Bird while Kay remained on the beach.

Speedily the stores, guns and ammunition were landed. Twenty men were to accompany Kay and the mate, leaving only five to guard the schooner. Ten minutes later, almost in complete silence, Bill and his men were marching . . .

They marched cheerily at first, in light-hearted silence, their faces eager and smiling. But within forty-eight hours the smiles were gone. The jungle grew thicker and blacker all about them. The sun blazed, scorching their faces and bodies, while their feet splashed ever deeper and deeper in pools of green and stagnant slime, the smell of which made them sick.

As they marched on it got worse. The days were hot, blazingly hot; but the nights were cold as ice. During the daytime the men sweated and fought the jungle and the flies, the smells and the grim fevers. During the night they lay shivering by damp-wood fires, the sweat turned to icy trickles on their bodies.

In the dead of night one completely lost his reason and tried to shoot Bill Kay as he lay there under his blanket. The bullet missed him by an inch or less, and then the man turned and ran, screaming like a maniac, into the bush. They never found him again . . . .

Three nights later, sitting in the gleam of the fires, Bill Kay watched the faces of his men. Now those faces seemed white and subdued. They huddled close about the fires—and Bill Kay. Like children, almost, their own eyes watched his face and the grim, powerful flickerings of expression which moved in it; and Kay sat there and smiled.

"Like a lot of kids, aren't they?" he said; and then he took a letter from his pocket and sat reading it by the light of the fire. After studying it, with a peculiar expression, he folded it and put it away again in his pocket.

"I don't think," he said, in a queer sort of voice, "that Miranda would be in wholehearted agreement with this—adventure."

"Miranda?" said Bellews, because somehow he had never associated Bill Kay with a woman before. "Who's that?"

The captain stared oddly into the flames.

"My wife," he said.

The mate glared in astonishment.

"Your wife? Never knew you had such a thing." He continued to look in that astonished manner at the captain's bent head. "Where is she now? Don't you ever see her?"

"Not—not often," Bill Kay admitted, and he stared round queerly.

"How's that?"

"Well, you see," explained Kay, "I—I sort of left her. That was five years ago. I haven't set eyes on her since."

"Why'd you leave her?" asked Bellews, greatly daring.

Bill Kay got up and, instead of violently resenting this prying into his affairs, began to prowl restlessly to and fro.

Suddenly he paused.

"Why?" he repeated. "Well, I'll tell you, mister, and that won't take long, either. How would you like to be hitched up with a woman who's next door to bein' a religious maniac?"

"WAS she like that?" said the mate, shaking his head.

"She was," grunted the captain. "Used to spend most of her time makin' up parcels of food an' stuff for poor heathen kids. Always talkin' about becomin' a woman missionary or somethin' like that. Always . . ."

Bill Kay paused; and then he said, clipping off the words short and sharp: "Got a will of her own, too. By gosh, she had that!"

He lay down and fell asleep; but, somehow, his face looked troubled and uneasy that night, as if he'd got something on his mind. . . .

They marched again at dawn. Like sheep now they went, herding close behind Bill Kay's powerful figure. He marched at the head of them like some emperor of old; he marched grandly, almost majestically—veritably, as they had named him, a master of men, a born leader.

They came upon the old Inca village suddenly three nights later. The stars were in the sky. The men waited in the cold night. A thick mist was rising from the wet ground, and the village, now tottering to a heap of ruins, seemed lonely and still.

"Don't harm the women and children," said Bill Kay. "All we want is the image, then back to the coast as fast as we can go. There may be other tribes living in the locality, and they may try to make things unpleasant for us. Now, are you ready?"

THE village was almost deserted. A few women rushed out of the houses to stare at them in terror, some with babies in their arms. At the end of the main thoroughfare some men barred their way. A flight of arrows struck them suddenly, apparently from nowhere.

"Look out," Bill Kay yelled, "they may be poisoned!"

A man screamed out and fell, to lie twitching for an instant or two; but the captain and the rest just marched on . . .

Shots fired over their heads scared the attackers off; they ran towards the river and disappeared. A strange, eerie silence descended upon that tiny and remote village beyond the jungle.

Please turn to Page 16

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The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait, sketched by Petrov

SKETCHED above are five charming holiday outfits — a trousered yachting suit in navy and white linen, a tailored sports dress of yellow pique, a white linen beach suit, a three-piece in red and white seersucker, and a white silk linen golf dress. They are described in detail in the accompanying article.

PRACTICAL *Suggestions* for *Smart* HOLIDAY WEAR

Ashore or Afloat, Tailored Lines and Washable Fabrics Rule the Mode!

HOLIDAYS are calling! Whether you are spending a few weeks at the seaside or in the country, or just two or three days at Christmas time, you will want to know what kind of clothes will be most useful to you. The fewer you have the better, but they must all be practical.

HOLIDAY clothes should be simple and of the tailored variety—washable golf and tennis frocks, cotton beach dresses, light sweaters and skirts for the country, yachting suits, cruise clothes and cool evening frocks, proper sports shoes and plain hats.

How do you like the ideal golf dress sketched at the right hand side of this page? It is impeccably tailored, giving the desired freedom for action, in cleverly-inverted pleats, patch pockets, slim-looking skirt and a trim waistline, with just the right length sleeves and the well-fitted and comfortable high collar line. It can be made in white or colored linen or washing crepe; this one is of white silk linen and has a navy blue and white spotted scarf, navy wool socks and white sports shoes. This dress would do equally well for tennis or for [illegible] any hour of the day.

THE first sketch on the left should please you if your interest lies afloat. The design comes from Paris. It shows tailored trousers of navy blue linen, very long and rather full; a white linen coat is worn thrown across the shoulders. The sweater is knitted of fine wool, white with blue and red stripes; an embroidered anchor completes the picture.

The second sketch shows another tailored sports dress, this time in bright yellow pique, the two front panels forming pockets below the waist. The dress could also be made of linen or crepe de-chine in any color.

The next sketch shows the very latest thing in holiday wear—a white linen suit with a divided skirt. It is only seen when you lift your leg that the skirt is really trousers. When you take off the coat you are in a beach dress. The bodice is of pale blue cotton, printed white and red, and, as you see, it is backless and ideal for sunbaking.

> *THE best holiday hats are those made of linen or pique with stitched brims. They can be worn for so many occasions besides the hours spent on the beach. Also they are light, cool, and washable.*

A large white linen hat with a red band completes the costume. Short-sleeved blouses and light sweaters could be worn in place of the backless top, making the costume suitable for golf or tennis.

Also sketched is another beach costume, consisting of three pieces. First, there is a red and white check seersucker shirt. Note the unusual yoke and the red monogram on the left lapel. Then there are shorts of the same material, or they could be plain red or white. These two pieces can be worn just as they are, or over a red or white bathing costume on the beach. When you want to look "more dressed up," just button on a simple skirt of the same material.

Versatile Costume

PERHAPS, of all the attractive holiday clothes showing this summer, this "two occasion" costume should be the most popular. There are so many ways of disguising these frocks that it is possible now to take three dresses where once we'd have taken six. Completely backless dresses can have tiny waist-length jackets or tailored coats; skirts can have various tops; shorts and shirts have attachable skirts.

There are slacks and "long shorts" for beach wear and masses of shorts and split skirts. Color is the important thing—bright blues and navy blue, lots of white and yellow and then come greens and reds.

These colors are worn for sports just as much as for the beach; pastel shades are attractive for holiday clothes, but be sure the material is fadeless.

For a country visit, you will probably want sweaters and skirts as well as thin frocks—tweed linen or a fine wool in pale blue, green, yellow or white for the skirt and twin sweaters (sweater and cardigan in the same color and same knit) of fine wool in a contrasting color, yellow with a bright green skirt, navy with white, deep blue with pale blue.

Take a Cardigan

AT the seaside it is advisable to have a warm sports coat, or, anyway, a wool cardigan or colored wool sweater to wear with your beach skirts or shorts. Scarves are good holiday accessories. They will look nice with your plain tennis and golf frocks, spotted or striped, and plain if your costume is printed. The three-quarter handkerchief is the most useful shape because it can either tie around your throat or keep the sun off your back.

See that you have proper low-heeled sports shoes for active sports or cool, canvas beach sandals for the seaside. Wear colored woollen socks with the shoes; then you will not require stockings. If you need a corset, the new two-way-stretch elastic panties are admirable. They come up to your waist and are made like short pants. You can wear these with shorts and with everything else. They stay put and will be a boon to those of you who go stockingless.

PARIS Snapshots

A COSTUME in black taffeta with little pink roses, and a blouse with a wide jabot in pink organdie.

o o o

LARGE-SIZED untrimmed Breton sailors of lacquered straw or patent leather are favored for wear with town tailleurs. Mainbocher's Red Riding Hood pointed straw bonnets and Bruyere's three-cornered pleat turbans are notable among the small hats.

o o o

A HUGE multi-colored striped organza handkerchief caught in the clasp of one's bag is the chic trick of the moment.

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JUST OUT OF A FAMOUS HATBOX!

New Modes at Notable Salon

• *ABOVE is a soft little model with a couple of clever quirks in the crown and a brim which is kind to almost every type of face. At left a classical felt which favors the "topper" trend has its severity relieved with an appliqued motif of white hand embroidery.*

• *HATS photographed on this page are all original Condor models. The photographs, by special arrangement, were selected by Miss Muriel Segal and sent by air mail.*

• *WHITE taffeta with navy coin spots is used for this provocative little hat and the matching tie.*

Exotic Blooms of Fashion

From MURIEL SEGAL . . . Our Special Representative in Europe

THE salons of Condor, the well-known milliner, give the impression of a vast modernistic garden. Slender silver stands of various heights are like stalks on which the newest creation of a hat perches with flower-like grace. The feathery toques look mere buds, the spreading brims are full-blown blooms, the high-crowns and the pan-cake berets, all like modernistic designs of conventionalised flowers.

To be more materialistic. The outstanding notes regarding the famous Condor designs are the tri-corne, which is to be a definite millinery note this season and, more often than not, will be ornamented with cire birds, lacy trimmings or veils. Then there will be the coal-scuttle effect, which reminds one half of a Salvation-Army bonnet and half of a Kate Greenaway.

Some designers are still doing the "high-hat" act. But Condor concentrates on crowns less high and less extreme, even in his versions of the witch's hat and Welsh hat, which have been talked about so much. Crowns of the flower-pot variety are strong favorites, versus the flat, pancake hats, which have been so fashionable.

ONE of the most becoming of the season's millinery styles, however, is the Robin Hood slouch, and carried out in the new Patou green which Condor is featuring strongly, the brims of these hats roll up at side and back and reach far forward in front, and there is often a quippy feather trimming.

Black is as voguish as ever for hats, and there is a lovely new lido blue which is striking without being too strong. (No color must be too definite as it is apt to kill facial coloring.) There is very much less white and grey than we have been using in previous seasons. Birch-rust, prune, and wine shades are all very good this year.

Large gold, silver, and metal buckles are often used as trimmings, and also metal girdles and gold and silver ornaments of bold and ingenious designs.

There is no excuse for wearing a hat which does not suit your particular type these days, and there is no foundation in the reports which spread at the beginning of the season that the pancake hat pulled right over the eyes was the only vogue. This style is almost on the wane, and the variety of charming models herewith pictured show what a range milady has from which to choose her most becoming chapeau.

• *VERY becoming are the lines of this vast capeline, created for garden parties and other formal afternoon occasions.*

• *A CHARMING little hat of softest black antelope, which typifies the "Marquise" trend of the vogue.*

Black Lips!

I HEAR that black lipstick is the latest fashion sensation in Paris. It is made of Mascara wax, and was first used in Spain, where ebony-painted lips and black finger-nails have been a favorite mode.

Why Doctors insist on a LIQUID LAXATIVE for children

If you have ever been a patient in any hospital you will know that laxatives are usually given in liquid form.

Doctors prefer a liquid laxative because the dose can be measured exactly to the patient's needs and its action is therefore under control.

The public, too, is fast returning to the use of liquid laxatives. People have learnt that a properly prepared liquid laxative brings a perfect movement without any discomfort at the time, or after.

Laxatives containing synthetic chemicals and mineral drugs should never be given to children. Give them a safe laxative, a gentle liquid laxative. "California Syrup of Figs" is recommended.

"California Syrup of Figs" does not cause bowel strain to the most delicate system, and this is of the utmost importance to expectant mothers and to every child.

All mothers are urged to try gentle regulation of the bowels with "California Syrup of Figs". It is a delicious-tasting laxative of sure and easy action. No synthetic chemicals; just a natural vegetable laxative. All children love the wholesome fruity flavour.

IMPORTANT. *"California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6—or 2½ times the quantity for 2/10. Say "California" and do not accept any bottle which does not say "Califig."*

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An Editorial

DECEMBER 1, 1934

WHY THESE SCREEN HORRORS?

SOME revolting films have recently been exhibited in Australia.

The assassination of King Alexander may have been an event of historical interest, but there was no excuse for showing in grim detail on the newsreels the death agony of the unlucky monarch.

The burning of the Morro Castle at sea was an appalling event. Hundreds of passengers were burned to death or drowned. It was an act of stark morbidity to show on the newsreel the sufferings of the victims, and the torment endured by the survivors.

There have been other instances of newsreel horrors. Some of the incidents of the Cuban revolution were so ghastly as to sicken people who saw the films.

All these things reveal the absurdity of the Censorship. We are protected by a so-called moral code of censorship; but our general code of good taste is grievously affronted by all kinds of depraved sensationalism.

History may be distorted, social usages of foreign people may be ignorantly interpreted, but there is nobody to restrain the film manufacturer. Yet an expensive Censorship office is maintained to prevent the screening of possible moral lapses which, in any case, would be subject to the mandates of ordinary common decency.

Apparently there are some people in this enlightened age who would take delight in reviving the spectacles of public hangings.

The most unenlightened portion of the United States is the South. Here lynchings flourish and culture and civic progress are at their lowest. In the underworlds of New York and Chicago there are similar morbidly ignorant groups.

Is there any reason why Australia should be degraded to the intellectual level of these communities?

—THE EDITOR.

Lyric of Life

Yesterday's Fire

What once we were and what we might have been,
Has aged your heart and from your eyes
Youth looks no more with all its young surprise.

And I . . . I must have altered, too,
Forgetting the warmth of love that once we knew;
The pitiful flame within my heart burns low
And dies. No aftermath, no glow
Of memory left. We learned, both you and I
That love or passion, when it's left to die
Is dead forever without bitterness or pain. . . .
Yesterday's fire can never burn again.

—PHYLLIS DUNCAN-BROWN.

POINTS OF VIEW

Conducted by ALICE JACKSON

Brave, But Risky

WE frown at the person who takes unnecessary risks, and if he comes to grief are ready enough to say "it served him right." But when the bold adventurer makes good we think a lot more of him than we do of the man who directs his life by the motto "Safety First." It is a good thing this is so, or there would have been no America and no Australia—and no one would have risked his neck in a machine above the ground.

On Friday morning everyone in Australia was shedding an anticipatory tear over those two daredevil young airmen, Ray Whitehead and Rex Nicholl, who had left the coast of New South Wales for New Zealand in a single-engined plane, and had not been heard of for 24 hours. It seemed long odds against them ever being found alive. But the Fates were kind. By midday on Friday we knew they were safe. And though of course they shouldn't have taken the risk, we can admit without prejudice that this old earth owes a lot to such men.

Exchange of Authors?

LOTS of people who make a precarious living on the Inky Way will agree with Poet Laureate Masefield that there should be more visits of English authors to this country, and vice-versa. So far as the exodus from this side is concerned it is only the matter of finance that stands in the way. If the English public would invite us to one of their centenaries or quincentenaries, or if they would pay for seeing our authors as they do for watching our cricketers, the thing would be easy.

Mr. Masefield is a poet and a man of brains and imagination, but there are lots of people who could give him points when it is a question of financing trips between this country and England. The authors who entertained him at lunch last week should have got him to use his influence with Mr. Lyons to establish a "Fund For Sending Australian Authors Abroad." Even if England decided to keep some of them we shouldn't grieve too much.

Does Youth Need Noise?

WHILE it is true that modern civilization has brought in its train many hideous noises (The Australian Women's Weekly, November 17), we must remember that what is one man's meat is another man's poison in more senses than one. In Victorian times women used to sit about for long periods sewing unexciting samplers and generally having a slow time. Nowadays, young people dash wildly about from cocktail party to cocktail party.

Just as speed in modern life has replaced the Victorians' even tenor, so noise is an essential to modern young people as quietness was to their grandparents. Medical men have met with cases of modern children becoming quite "nervy" when removed from the city to the country, and many a modern schoolchild can only do his homework when the wireless is going at full blast in his ears.

For my part, I'd hate to live in a world of silence.—A.W.

Which is the Emotional Sex?

ARE women more emotional than men? One thing you learn from watching first-class tennis is that if they are they conceal their feelings better.

Take the two world-beaters now in Australia —Dorothy Round among the women and Fred Perry among the men. Those who saw Miss Round in action last week were nearly as much impressed by her composure on the court as by her skill. Not by the flicker of an eyelid did she betray a shade of pleasure or disappointment if a shot was in or out—or if the score was for or against her. A superb control of her feelings marked every move.

It is a different story with her countryman, Fred Perry. He is quicker on his feet than any living exponent of the game. But compared with his famous countrywoman, he is a storm centre. As the tide of battle ebbs his features register this and that. By watching him you can tell whether he is pleased or not. And you can't tell that by watching Miss Round. At emotional control she could give the man champion more than half the game.—A.J.B.

All in the Name

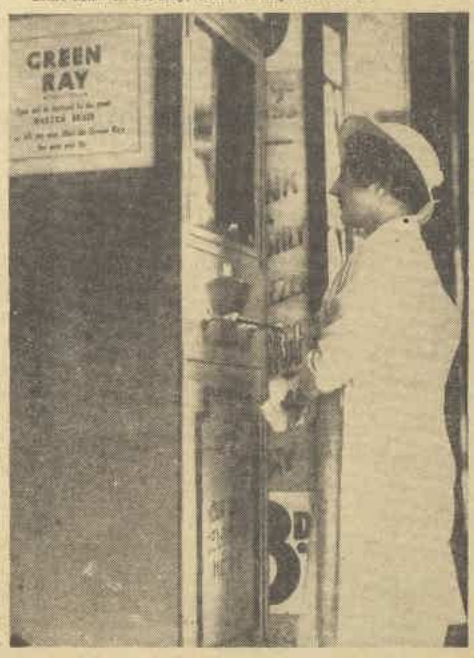
A SURVEY of children which has just been concluded in America to find out what things are most popular as toys, has led the investigators to believe that the dictionary definition of a toy as "that which serves to amuse" is insufficient. Apparently, the toys that children really like are those with which they can do some work, even if it is only painting a picture, building a meccano model, or reading a book.

Unless a doll can be dressed or otherwise manipulated, it is of no particular interest to a girl, and a boy will abandon an expensive model yacht which cannot be sailed for a piece of wood which can. In short, the only difference between work and play seems to be the name.

Above the Clouds

ALTHOUGH Amy Johnson gave graphic stories to her interviewers of sharks and leopards seen in sea and jungle, and Jean Batten can tell fascinating tales about the cities over which she has flown, those who fly from England to Australia are not necessarily to be envied by those who long to see the world. In fact, judging from the remarks of many of the air race competitors, the journey was definitely dull.

That Miss E. M. Lay, who accompanied H. L. Brook, knitted all the time does not necessarily mean she took no interest in the world beneath her. Now that high flying is indulged in for the sake of speed, it is quite possible for the traveller by plane, as happened to two of the New Zealand fliers, to be above clouds practically all the way across the world, and do no sightseeing other than the four walls of their cabin.—A.W.



THIS GIRL is having a pennyworth of superiority on a "Green Ray" machine. See story this page.

New Modelling

IN Victorian novels, the heroes were utterly good and the villains utterly worthless, whereas to-day, all characters in fiction tend to be, like real life, half and half, but otherwise the modern world must avoid the monotony of a middle course in all departments, and rushes wildly to extremes.

One is therefore not surprised to find that the old-fashioned window model which represented the average sort of woman as faithfully as possible, is rapidly becoming as extinct as the dodo. Nowadays a window model must either have a head like a billiard ball, without any features, or, at the other extreme, which is the very latest fashion abroad, represent exactly some well-known film star or society belle.

Have a Penny Worth of Superiority

By F. W. L. ESCH

The latest in Australia is a penny-in-the-slot Superiority machine, which enables average people with average inferiority complexes to inflate their Egos by means of a "character analysis."

THE "analysis" consists of such undiluted flattery that it would make the praise of an Irishman who had kissed the Blarney Stone sound like a Hitlerite describing a Semitic mother-in-law.

The machine looks very much like a weighing machine and it is called the "Green Ray" or the "Violet Ray" or some other fancy name. You place your penny in the slot, hold on to the handle, and stand in front of the ray, which lights, on insertion of the penny. After a few seconds, during which the ray performs the miraculous task of penetrating your soul and reading your character, a little card falls out into the bottom of the machine.

Some Samples

YOU pick it up and discover that it reads something like this:

"Your Analysis:—That you are the happy possessor of a great amount of will power is proved by your determined grip of the magnetic handle of this machine . . . If more people were like you the task of this machine would be a very pleasant one . . . you are an altogether likeable person and you are capable of deep affections . . . you will always prove a good friend . . . and will not be found wanting in time of need . . . be of good cheer."

Here's another sample:

"Your Analysis: — Cheerfulness radiates from your person. It has even penetrated this machine and made it a pleasure to analyse you . . . happiness abounds wherever you are . . . you will never lack friends . . . your splendid disposition will make you welcome in all manner of places and at all times . . . it will result in a very pleasant life for you . . . you will be successful in all you undertake."

And if that doesn't make you throw your chest out—then nothing will.

* * *

OF course, we all know that there is "nothing in" these machines. The magic ray is just an ordinary colored globe put in for effect, and has nothing to do with the cards, which just come out of the machine one after the other, irrespective of who stands in front of the machine and puts a penny in the slot.

Even the most simple-minded people are not fooled by the contraption, but even the highly-evolved people are pleased by the "analysis;" for there is no Ego that cannot be pumped up and enjoy the process, no matter how highly it may be cultivated.

It is this particular aspect of these machines which places the inventor at the top of the human psychology class.

1d a Bouquet

HE must have realised that we poor average humans so seldom get any well-directed, undisguised bouquets from any one, that we are quite pleased to pay a penny for it.

In Australia these machines ought to be a tremendous success, for there is probably no country in the world which has such a curious attitude towards giving praise.

Praise is so rare, indeed, that when we get it from another person we are apt to wonder where the catch is, and many people refrain from giving it because they are afraid it will be mistaken for "soft soap."

Perhaps we shall be able to overcome these difficulties now by shouting people, whom we like, to a pennyworth of superiority on one of the new machines.

Air Travel News

MRS. LINDBERGH, in a recent publication, makes her debut as author of a travelogue, telling about the 1933 flight around the North Atlantic. She describes Leningrad as "a beautiful city gone a trifle shoddy," and Moscow as an "amazing combination of old and new."

This is, of course, all very well, but, handled by a less scrupulous writer, it offers up frightful possibilities as to the way future air travellers may "do" a country and then dish it up in tabloid form.

Australians have already read in European publications that it is their usual habit to work two hours a day and drink the rest of the time, or some such nonsense, after the writers had visited our shores for a couple of days. In future, they may pass over us by aeroplane and tell the world that everybody one meets in Australia runs a petrol station.

FROM SUE TO LOU — A Bright Girl's Letters

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P. C. WREN'S Greatest Story Since "Beau Geste"

BEGGARS' Horses

"If wishes were horses, beggars would ride," runs the old saw. Here is the story of six men and their wishes that came true with dramatic and far-reaching results.

Mary... he could see her face—white, dreadful. White, even in that awful light.

Illustrated by WEP

THE SIX MEN, brother officers on a hunting trip in India, encounter a mysterious Holy Man to whom each confesses the secret ambition of his heart.

Captain Hazelrigg desires courage; Colonel Harrington-Spens wealth; Captain Wogan happiness; Major Wallingford long life; Captain Burlestone health; and Lieutenant Easterwood great strength. The Holy Man assures each officer that his wish will be fulfilled, but hints that the attainment of their desires may cost them dear.

Some time later Colonel Harrington-Spens falls in love with Hazelrigg's sister, Mary. He proposes and is accepted.

CHAPTER 3.

MAHOMMEDABAD in the Punjab. . . .

"Much mail, darling?" cried Colonel Harrington-Spens as he swung himself down from his horse, handed the reins to the syce, and stepped into the shady coolness of the broad verandah in which his wife sat by a tea-table, awaiting his arrival.

"Fair average, sweetheart. I've not got much, but quality makes up for quantity. There's a joke. A really amusing letter from a firm of gentlemen of whom I actually know. They are called Arding . . ."

"Mind your aitches, darling. We're very particular in this station."

". . . called Arding, Hanstey, and . . ."

"Yes, Harding, Anstey . . . I see."

". . . called Arding, Hanstey, Itchin, Itchin and Itchin."

"Itchin' three times. Wonder what's bitten them?"

"Something's bitten them badly. Be quick and I'll tell you. Boy! Bring the tea."

"Well, and what's the joke, Mary?" asked Colonel Harrington-Spens, as he re-entered the verandah a few minutes later.

"You remember Julia?"

"Er—Julia? No, try again. There's no Julia in my blameless past."

"There is in mine, though. Miss Julia Askroyd."

"Oh, yes, I remember. You took me to see her. The old devil who imprisoned you in a Bayswater flat and gave you two pounds a week—to do everything for her, practically to be her personal maid. I'd like to boil her alive."

"Too late, my dear, she's dead."

"Good."

"And she's left me a legacy."

"Oh, Mary, my dear! I am glad. God bless the old duck. Enough to give you that little extra margin that makes such an almighty difference?"

"Yes, quite enough. She has left me ten million pounds—approximately."

"Only approximately?"

"Yes, what they call round numbers."

"A figure one and seven round numbers, eh? Funny joke, I call it," mused Colonel Harrington-Spens. "What's behind it?"

The two stared at each other.

"After I left her, on the strength of Barty's invitation to keep house for him for his year's furlough, she inherited about twenty million pounds, being the sole heiress of her three brothers who were drowned in the Colossus."

"I remember. The three Askroyd multi-millionaires."

"Yes. Well, she hadn't a soul in the world, so far as she knew, who was in any way related to her; and according to Messrs. Arding, Hanstey, Itchin, Itchin, and Itchin, she has left most of it to me; and after death duties and all that sort of thing have been paid, I inherit ten million pounds."

"Approximately," murmured Colonel Harrington-Spens. "Roughly. In round numbers. Whose joke is it?"

"I don't know, darling. Messrs. Arding, Hanstey, Itchin, Itchin, and Itchin were her solicitors, I know. They are mostly a Mr. Septimus Matheson, who used to come and see her on business. Her lawyers. I have met him several times, both at her flat and at the offices of Arding, Hanstey, and all the Itchins. I think there is only one Itchin now; Matheson and Itchin. Do solicitors joke? Read their letter."

Colonel Harrington-Spens studied the document with some care, and could find no fault with the envelope, seal, paper, printed heading, wording, or signature.

IT certainly appeared to convey the sober and serious statement of a sober and serious firm of Lincoln's Inn solicitors; and it stated, without very much unnecessary verbiage, that their late esteemed and respected client, Miss Julia Askroyd, had made a will—which incidentally they themselves had drawn up—by which she left everything of which she died possessed, to her former companion, Miss Mary Hazelrigg, now Mrs. Marcus Harrington - Spens, "in consideration of her faithful service and unfailing kindness, sweetness, and the gentle forbearance she had shown to a cross and crotchety old woman . . . ."

Mary Harrington-Spens, nee Hazelrigg, was to receive the entire income from the estate during her life; and, should she survive her husband, was then to become possessed of the whole of the capital in her own right, to use, enjoy, and dispose of, as she thought fit. Should she pre-decease her husband, the entire estate should become his.

Here followed Miss Julia Askroyd's reasons for this provision. Evidently she had highly approved of Colonel Harrington-Spens.

"Neither posted nor received on April the First," remarked Colonel Harrington-Spens. "It's really rather cleverly done. I wonder whose joke it is. Do you know anybody who is blessed with this particular kind of humor, Mary?"

"No, dear, I don't. I can't think of anyone who'd take all that trouble to be funny; or be as funny as all that if they took the trouble. Barty wouldn't do it."

"Ganesh? Of course he wouldn't. Besides, he's here in India."

"And how would anybody get hold of a sheet of the firm's notepaper?" asked Mary. "Besides—the signature! I know it nearly as well as I do yours. Julia sometimes made me write to them. If the butcher sent a tough cutlet she 'placed it in the hands of her solicitors.' The answers were always signed like that. . . . Suppose it were true, Mark?"

"Don't let's suppose anything so awful."

"Why 'awful'?"

"Well, a man who, with difficulty, knocks up fifteen hundred a year, doesn't want to be bothered with a ten-million-pound wife, does he?"

Husband and wife gazed at each other in silence for a few moments.

"Of course it's some funny person's idea of—being funny. Meanwhile, the tea is getting cold. Let's have some fresh. We could afford it on ten millions."

"My God!" suddenly ejaculated Colonel Harrington-Spens, rising to his feet and standing staring before him, unseeing; staring into the future—or the past.

"What is it, dear?"

"Nothing. . . . God grant it isn't true."

"Of course it isn't. Boy!"

"Memsahib?"

A bare-footed, white-clad figure appeared in the doorway.

"Bring some more tea. This is cold. Bring it quickly."

"Marvellous flow of language," smiled Colonel Harrington-Spens, reseating himself on the sofa beside his wife, and placing his hand over hers. "What does it mean?"

"Anyhow he understands me," replied Mary. "That's the great thing."

"Yes, he's an intelligent lad. . . . Wonder who's the equally intelligent lad that wrote that letter. Do you know, I wouldn't in the least mind introducing the toe of my heaviest boot to the . . ."

"Mark, what's the interest on ten million pounds?"

"Oh, about . . ."

COLONEL HARRINGTON-SPENS calculated for a few seconds.

"About a thousand pounds a day, if it's reasonably well invested. That is, after you've paid income tax and super tax. Yes, I'm afraid it won't run to more than a thousand a day, my dear. Of course, if those three Askroyd Wise Men of Gotham, or Get-'em, had it all in really good things, as they probably did, you may get as much in a day as I get in a year, ha, ha!

"Any other letters, not so funny?" he asked.

But Mary was again reading the one purporting to come from Messrs. Arding, Hanstey, Itchin, Itchin, and Itchin.

"Wouldn't you like to be a rich man, Mark?"

"I should. I should like to be one of the richest men in the world."

"Well . . ."

"But that's not the same thing as being the poor husband of a rich woman, is it?"

"Of course it is."

"Of course it isn't. It would be a hideous situation to be a respectable, hard-working man whose wife's daily income was equal to his hardy annual."

"But, Mark . . ."

"Anyway, it's bosh, darling. And here's the tea; second issue. Of course it's bosh."

But it wasn't.

Please turn to Page 38

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HOW TO WAVE YOUR HAIR AT HOME

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Send for a free copy of "Your Crowning Glory" and learn all the style secrets of leading film stars. This book tells the easiest way to wave your own hair. Write to address below.

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A SURE FRIEND IN UNCERTAIN TIMES

Come in, my A.M.P. FRIEND!

IT is a wise man who takes time now and again to talk over his affairs with an A.M.P. counsellor. There's comfort in it, and there's prosperity in it, too, for an A.M.P. counsellor has a wide experience and knows what hundreds of other men, in similar circumstances, are doing to make their futures secure.

The Society recently published the results of a Limited Premium Policy for £3,000 effected by Mr. George Judah Cohen when he was a young man. By investing £248/10/- a year for five years Mr. Cohen was able recently to draw £9,037, the amount of the policy plus bonuses. It was, to most people, an amazing result, but the policy Mr. Cohen took out can be taken out by any man in good health. There are many kinds of A.M.P. policies. There are policies to meet every life risk that a man runs; to provide income for old age; to educate children; to pay off mortgages; to secure the home; all designed to give men and women peace of mind.

It is a wise man who says to the A.M.P. counsellor: "Come in and give me your advice!"

A.M.P. SOCIETY

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NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

Australian Novelist who Ranks Among America's "Best Sellers"

Alice Grant Rosman, one of the most popular novelists of to-day, is a South Australian by birth.

Her new book, "Somebody Must," has just been received by Australian booksellers. It will be followed shortly by another novel, which was started while "Somebody Must" was going through the publisher's hands.

MISS ROSMAN holds a unique distinction among the ranks of writers of light modern novels—that of being in the front rank of popularity during the war, in the period that immediately followed it, and during a later phase in world history, when depression was casting a gloom over almost every country.

She has a direct, simple style, pleasingly romantic and never obscure. She writes of the people that are to be met with in everyday life, people who are not too complex, who do not spend their days posing and being fervent and intense.

There is nothing milk-and-watery about her books, however, even though they do not run hot with sex problems and psychological analyses.

"Somebody Must" is published in an original style with a series of artistic line-drawings at the beginning of the book instead of scattered throughout its pages.

* * *

THE story is marked by the light touch, the quiet humor, and the deep understanding that characterise Miss Rosman's work.

It is a simple tale covering a few weeks in the life of an English middle-class family. The highlight in it is the revelation of the father to his children, one that is accompanied also by a certain self-revelation for him.

This was not brought about by any catastrophe, or any tragic episode, simply a case of a certain unimportant happening that changed life for almost every member of the Flete family.

Kay Flete comes down from Oxford and stops en route to her home to attend a party given by her sister, Rosamond. Rosamond and her husband, Dick Fielding, are very modern, and their flat equally so. Even the wireless like the hot water in this luxury flat was supplied from some communal main below so that the tenants should have no trouble with valves and no expensive repairs, in fact no responsibility and no effort.

Rosamond and her flat are not important in the story, except that they depict the type to which her mother and her brother John belonged.

"When people spoke as they frequently did of the good-looking Fletes, they meant Winifred (the mother), John and Rosamond.

"All three had the same fair charm, the same care-free brilliance, which set them immediately in the centre of any stage they chose to occupy. Then nature, as though tired of the pattern, had produced Kay, who was like nobody in particular, and now at 20 stood three inches taller than her mother and sister. Pell, the youngest Flete, was at the variable, childish stage when it was difficult to say which side of the family he would resemble."

Kay doesn't like Rosamond's party very much and hurries to her home up the river. It's a pleasant home, but there is usually a certain amount of strain existing in it, for Mrs. Flete, quite without malice, has always represented her husband to the children as a severe monitor, one who would damp any plans they might make, and who begrudged them most of the enjoyments of life.

ALICE GRANT ROSMAN, who was born in South Australia, is one of the few women to have occupied an editorial chair in Fleet Street. She has lived in London for many years, and her books have brought her fame, especially in America.

Kay thought of her father when she returned home, and found him closeted with a business friend. The house was deserted, for her mother and John had gone to town for a show, and Pell was in bed.

She realised that she knew very little about her father, that silent, somewhat dour-looking head of the house and obstructor of plans. He was not a man who talked things over. He simply said this must be done or that must not—a dictator, and, like all dictators, to be evaded if possible.

"Better leave your father to me, darling. I'll see if I can manage him," Kay could hear her mother saying, and sometimes she managed him, and sometimes failed.

* * *

THIS, then, was the Flete household. Things went on much the same there from day to day, but Mrs. Flete caused a crisis by literally hopping off to Scotland, alone, after vain efforts to persuade her husband to take her.

Kay was abroad at the time, and things were rather chaotic when she returned. Somebody had to be at the head of affairs and see that things went smoothly, and that somebody, perforce, was twenty-one-year-old Kay.

She does her job very well, keeps the domestic affairs of the household running smoothly, brings considerably increased happiness into the life of little Pell, who is depicted as rather an independent, lonely little fellow, and accomplishes all this unobtrusively and with no great effort.

But, best of all the things she accomplishes is the establishment of her father in the hearts and minds of his children as a just, reasonable sort of parent, and one whose every thought is for their happiness and welfare.

John Flete expanded and developed under Kay's regime. He was set at rights with himself as well as with his family and neighbors.

This is the simple theme of Miss Rosman's story. It is interwoven with pleasing and humorous incidents in the lives of those associated with the Flete family, and is set in a lovely English village.

Altogether a charming book, and one that will appeal to a wide field of readers. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

LONDON publishers are beginning to turn their personal attention towards Australia. This is evident in the coming visit of Jonathan Cape, who hitherto found England and America a full time work ground.

Several successful Australian writers have found a public through this publisher who is a man of enterprise and vision. He sponsored "The Bush Boy," by M. L. Skinner (it was written in collaboration with D. H. Lawrence), and also her "Black Swans."

Several books by Katherine Susannah Pritchard are on his lists and it is said her new book on Russia is to come from the Cape Press.

C. J. BRENNAN
An Essay in Values

THIS appreciation of one of Australia's poets, scholars, and thinkers, the late Chris Brennan, is a very wholehearted one on the part of Randolph Hughes.

The author studied under Brennan at Sydney University, and he has since achieved a notable reputation in academic circles on the Continent.

His judgments and opinions are therefore to be respected, but he has laid himself open to criticism in some of the extravagant claims he has made for his old master.

He recreates Brennan the man, as distinct from the scholar, in a very delightful way. Brief but graphic descriptions of his appearance, his mannerisms, his wide knowledge on things apart from the academic, are very charmingly done.

Professor A. R. Chisholm (Melbourne University) in a foreword expresses gratitude to the author "for having so thoroughly undertaken the task of rescuing a great name from the oblivion to which Australia is condemning it." "Brennan," he continues, "has left enough work to make his name illustrious if Australia ever gets beyond its cult of bush poets and effete literary traditions and begins to hold up to the admiration of the world its few really great writers." (P. R. Stephensen and Co. 5/-.)

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LOWER *Flattened Out* in FIGHT *with* CROWD

To Hail the Prince

..By..
L. W. LOWER,
Australia's Foremost Humorist
Illustrated by WEP

I used to take seven in feet, now I take elevens. This is due to the fact that they were trodden on by two million people on the day the Duke of Gloucester landed at Sydney. As I was not able to get within a mile of the doings at Melbourne and Adelaide, I was determined that the Prince should have a glimpse of me on this occasion.

Of course, I took the wife and kids, and we had flags and balloons and badges and sandwiches and bananas and sticky toffee and headaches and foul tempers... I tell you, we were a real family party, out to enjoy ourselves.

WEP made this quick sketch of L. W. Lower viewing the Prince under somewhat uncomfortable circumstances. Mr. Lower is the gentleman under the lady.

SOMEBODY knocked the wife's new hat off in the crush, and she said that if I was half a man I'd find the fellow who did it and strangle him with my naked hands, and I said that she ought to have more sense than to go waving her head about like that, and she said that she'd a good mind to go straight home.

Which was ridiculous.

There were half a million people in front of us and another half-million behind us.

As a matter of fact, I absent-mindedly took a deep breath once and cracked the watch of a man who was standing thirty feet behind me.

NEEDLESS to say, one of the kids got lost.

I said to the wife, "Why get frantic about it? One kid is neither here nor there. You've still got a couple left, haven't you? Be a sport and lose with a smile."

It didn't seem to do her much good, but shortly after this we saw about fifteen feet of barricading come down and a lot of people lying on the ground and policemen running around in circles, so I knew that our little treasure was still alive and maintaining that high standard of conduct which has distinguished the Lower family for many years.

After a while I became numb all over with no sense of time or space, but I was still sufficiently conscious to feel a hand sliding into my pocket.

For a moment I thought it was Brilliantine, my wife. But it seemed a bit too clumsy for her, although, since the depression, she has got a little out of practice. Anyhow, I reached over and grabbed the hand, and imagine my amazement when I found that I had hold of me!

I had heard of kleptomaniacs, but never did I think that I would develop into one myself. It spoilt my whole day

Then a woman fainted on me. She was seven feet high and weighed 42 stone. I could feel myself getting flatter and flatter as the seconds passed and, when the ambulance men arrived, I very shrewdly got on to the stretcher in the general excitement and was carried out.

I think they got a horse and dray for the lady.

When they got me out of the crush, I said to the stretcher-bearers, "I get off here," and the next thing I knew, I was standing behind a tankard of iced lager! Isn't it remarkable how one's mind works when one is mentally upset, so to speak? And right next to me was Heathwood, the man from next door! He said to me, "If you say, 'Well, well, it's a small world,' I'll knock your beer over!"

I said, "Where's your wife and family?"

He said, "Out there. Young Bobbie got lost and I'm supposed to be looking for him."

"You'll never find him in here," I said sternly.

"Who said anything about finding him!" he replied indignantly. "After all the damn trouble I had losing him!"

So we toasted the Duke of Gloucester.
And the Duke of Kent.
And the Prince of Wales.
And the Princess Marina.
We were keeping the King and Queen till last.

By the time we got up to the President of Czechoslovakia I could see that Heathwood could never stay the distance.

"Ole boy," I said, patting him on the back (at least I meant to pat him on the back, but I missed him), "You run off and see the procession. I'll be able to manage this end."

"What procession?" he asked.

I saw it was useless arguing with him, so we carried on, loyal as ever. We had run out of Royalty and Presidents, and were starting on Town Clerks when they decided to shut the place.

So I missed seeing the Duke, after all.

But even if he'd come home with me that night, it wouldn't have done any good. CRIKEY.

Still, I suppose you can't blame her.

THE *Driver's Seat* in *Contract* BRIDGE

By ELY CULBERTSON
World's Champion Player and Greatest Card Analyst

The man in the driver's seat—whether of an automobile or a one-horse shay—has always received certain respect.

Regardless of who charted the way, it is he who determines both the route and destination of the vehicle in his charge.

IN bridge it is generally the player who holds the majority of Aces and Kings, reinforced with favorable distribution, who occupies the driver's seat during the bidding.

Sometimes distribution alone permits a player to dictate largely the final contract either by driving the opponents to a contract which they cannot make or accepting a paying penalty in lieu of a greater loss. However, when a player decides to drive his opponents to the breaking point, he should be sure that they do not have an even better alternative destination than the one which was their original goal.

Take as an example the hand discussed to-day, which was played in a duplicate match participated in by some very strong players in New York City.

South, Dealer.
North and South vulnerable.

S: 9
H: Q J 8 7
D: K Q 9 8 6
C: A 9 3

S: 8 3
H: 5 4 3 2
D: 4 3 2
C: 8 7 5 4

N / W E / S

S: K Q 10 7 6 5 4 2
H: —
D: 7 5
C: K Q J

S: A J
H: A K 10 9 6
D: A J 10
C: 10 6 2

The bidding: (Figures after bids refer to numbered explanatory paragraphs.)

South	West	North	East
1 H.	Pass	3 H. (1)	3 S. (2)
4 S (3)	Pass	5 D. (4)	5 S. (5)
5 NT (6)	Pass	7 H. (7)	7 S. (8)
Pass (9)	Pass	7 N.T. (10)	Pass
Pass	Pass		

1.—A better bid than showing the diamond suit at this point. Two diamonds would be too weak and three diamonds entirely too strong. The bid of three hearts is ideal.

2.—East can see that in all human probability he can make nine tricks. He plans upon out-bidding the opponents, regardless of the contract they may undertake.

3.—After North's Double Jump a bid of four hearts would be inadequate. The bid of four spades is the first signal of the approaching Slam.

4.—North accepts his partner's Slam invitation by now showing the diamond suit.

5.—East is battling against the opponents' impending Slam. If he can buy the contract at five spades doubled, it is still a paying sacrifice, whether or not opponents can make a Slam.

6.—South refuses to be turned aside. He now shows three Aces and the King of a bid suit.

7.—South's last bid was all the information North needed to undertake the Grand Slam.

8.—East fears North and South can make seven. They apparently have ten tricks available in diamonds and hearts, one in clubs, and one in spades, and the thirteenth trick should be provided by a ruff of a losing spade.

9.—A beautiful Forcing Pass. South does not know whether to double or to attempt to make a Grand Slam in no-trump. The decision whether to double or to bid again must be left to his partner.

10.—With twelve tricks in sight, North feels that the thirteenth should become available by means of a squeeze.

IN the play a small spade was opened. East played the Queen, and South of course won with the Ace. Five rounds of diamonds were played, followed by five rounds of hearts, Declarer carefully maintaining this order so that at the eleventh trick the lead would be in his own hand. East was unable to discard on the last heart without giving up a stopper in either one of the black suits.

Although East, when he started on his sacrificing career, had dismissed the possibility of the making of a Grand Slam in no-trump, he nevertheless was correct in attempting a sacrifice against the Grand Slam in hearts. He felt that in no-trump he could probably win a club trick, and thus did not fear that contract. The result of East's daring sacrifice and North and South's equally daring and brilliantly accurate bidding was that this North and South earned a clear top-score on the board.

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A CHARMING study of Edna Gaywood, who is an accomplished dancer.

MISS VICTORIA *Takes Sydney* BY STORM

Thrilling Week for Ideal Sports Girl Winner

A very proud and excited girl left Melbourne in the Sydney express last week.

All Australia is proud of Edna Gaywood, chosen as Miss Victoria in the Ideal Physical Culture competition conducted by The Australian Women's Weekly in conjunction with the Institute of Physical Culture Teachers in Victoria and South Australia.

ON arrival at the Central Station, Sydney, Miss Victoria was met and welcomed by representatives of the Australian Women's Weekly, and driven to the Hotel Australia, where the management had made available for the visitor one of its finest suites of apartments.

"I am simply thrilled to death with the arrangements made for my comfort," said "Miss Victoria" on being shown her apartments at the palatial hotel. Awaiting the gifted young lady were numerous telegrams of congratulation, expressing the best wishes for an enjoyable stay in Sydney.

To a suggestion that she should partake of morning tea, Miss Victoria replied that she was too wildly excited to even think of food, and had not eaten a meal since the announcement was made of her triumph in winning the physical culture quest.

After being escorted to the offices of the Australian Women's Weekly, where she received a warm welcome from the executives and staff of the paper, Miss Victoria paid a formal call on Mr. Norman Laing, the assistant general manager of Nestle's in Sydney. The Sydney staff of Nestle's gave her a great reception and she was simply overwhelmed with congratulations and expressions of goodwill from her fellow-employees in the great international organisation.

On Friday afternoon Miss Victoria was entertained at afternoon tea by the Editor and staff of the Australian Women's Weekly.

A night with Delysia in "Her Past" was followed by her appearance at a ball at Hordern Bros., where the striking personality and grace of the young Melbourne beauty attracted much attention.

Saturday afternoon saw the young visitor enjoying the spectacle of the great surfing carnival at Manly, where the finest specimens of sun-browned manhood that Australia can produce disported themselves in beach and surf sports for the entertainment of His Royal Highness, Prince Henry.

A HARBOR trip in the evening with all the beauties of the Venetian Carnival to wonder over, was followed by supper at Romano's as the guest of The Australian Women's Weekly.

A long round of entertainments has been arranged for Miss Victoria during the present week, including motor trips to the famous tourist resorts around the city, theatre parties, dances, afternoon teas, and entertainment by physical culture and sporting associations.

Amid her memories of the wonderful week, perhaps the most thrilling to recall will be that of Tuesday, when The Australian Women's Weekly arranged for Miss Victoria to be escorted to the spectacular and brilliant function organised by the Country Women's Association of N.S.W. at the Sydney Town Hall in honor of H.R.H. Prince Henry.

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CENOVIS IRRADIATED MEDICINAL YEAST

is almost an essential in these days of purified and fancy foodstuffs. Most of our digestive and nervous troubles are caused through vitamin deficiency. A small quantity of Cenovis Medicinal Yeast will make up for any lack of food values and will make you young and vigorous again.

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are the latest tonic and digestive, in fact, the only combined tablet on the Australian market, and will be found to be a boon to all those suffering from digestive, nervous, and run-down conditions. Wonderful for clearing the complexion. Once tried, you will never be without them.

Your local Chemist can procure Cenovis Yeast and other Cenovis products for you and save you postage.

Prices are as follow: Medicinal Yeast, 4oz. 2/9, 8oz. 5/-, 16oz. 8/-. Fe-P-Y Tablets, 1/6 for 25, 2/6 for 50, 4/6 for 100. Fepy Lager, 5/- a carton.

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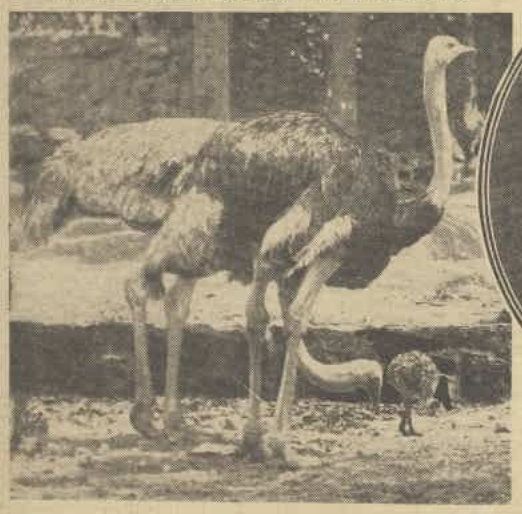
Here and There in the Animal Kingdom

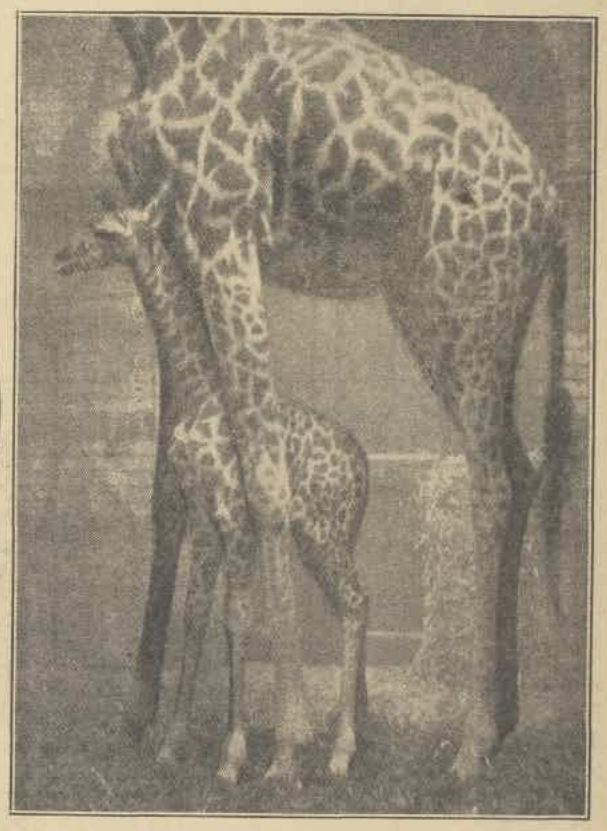
THIS IS WHAT you might call a "fishy" cat. "Amos" by name, it makes friends with fishermen on the canal at Purton, Gloucestershire, England, and as soon as it sees a fish securely hooked promptly does a little fish-snatching. Here we see it caught in the act. One of these days "Amos" will be missing.

"OH DEAR . . . such is life!" The sun has made this pussy cat very sleepy. Maybe he is suffering from the effects of the morning after the night before.



THESE SOMALI OSTRICHES from Africa in Australia's Taronga Park have never been so full of pride as they are now with a real live chick to look after. No one dares go near the paddock as the parents are taking every precaution against kidnappers.

ABOVE: One of our readers sent this snap of a white-eared honeycater sitting on a friend's head. Before white men came to Australia, these birds used the hair of wallabies and bandicoots for their nests. Perhaps some of this girl's hair will serve the same purpose.



"I WAS going to introduce you to my mother," said this young giraffe, "but she appears to be a little up in the clouds." The baby is only a few weeks old. A spring study from a German zoo.

AS ONE HUNTSMAN TO ANOTHER, this is all very fine for the photographer, but it is not hunting. Young Pat Haynes is the son of an Essex huntsman and helps his father exercise the pack. He knows all the hounds by name and is expert at calling them to heel. At the moment he appears to have called too many to heel.

NO ONE HAS EVER TOLD this little horse to keep its tail up for the simple reason that it is so small it doesn't know what "up" means. It is said to be the smallest horse in the world and is owned by a man in Middlesex, England. "Daisy," as the miniature horse is called, is fully grown.

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A MASTER *of* MEN

Continued from Page 7

ON the outskirts of the place stood the Inca temple itself. Bill Kay was the first man to reach the door, crumbling to dust almost, with Bellews close at his heels.

A white-robed priest, his hair as white as the driven snow, rose at their noisy entrance.

"Tie him up," said Bill Kay.

None too gently, because they were unused to gentleness, they took the old man and bound him. Bill Kay had walked across the temple floor. On the far side stood the image of the god. The pallid light of the moon, entering through the temple roof, showed the living beauty of the statue.

From head to foot it was set with flashing gems of all kinds and sizes. Bill Kay stood there and drew a deep breath, while the men muttered and stared behind him, greed growing in their eyes and faces. Only one other white man, the captain knew, had ever found this place, and he was dead.

Undisturbed and unchallenged, they pulled down the statue and began to cut it into bits, the better to transport the treasure. It was impossible to carry the image intact; it would have taken several strong men to lift it from the ground. And they had no time to remove the gems separately, for now the night, all around them, was becoming filled with mysterious sounds.

Kay and his men retreated somewhat precipitately. The village was no longer dark and dead-looking. Down river, and through the great black caverns of the jungle which still stretched between the coast and the raiders, the message had gone forth, bringing fleet-footed natives in their hundreds to the place.

Bill Kay fled, and his men fled with him, carrying their precious loads, tripping and falling and cursing as they ran. One died with a spear fixed between his shoulder-blades; another, in crazy flight, was sucked into the mud and lost. Kay had to use his gun then; and his aim was pretty deadly.

THE return journey was a nightmare of attack and defence, mutiny on the part of fear-crazed men, mud and death. But always Bill Kay marched just as majestically and fearlessly as ever, dealing with each situation as it arose with alacrity and firmness until at last they came staggering out of the jungle on to smooth, treeless ground.

Bill Kay himself was the first man out of the belt, dirty and covered with mud and blood; and he stood staring with flame-filled eyes.

A little distance off, with guns trained on them, stood some men; about a dozen of them, with Finch at their head.

Finch came forward, his gun in his hand, smirking like a cat.

"Glad to make your acquaintance," he said, sneeringly, "seein' that I've heard so much about you, Captain Kay. Please forgive the abruptness of the introduction, but we happen to be in rather a hurry."

His expression changed, then: he gestured at Bill Kay and his men. "Put down your guns," he snarled. "Every man's covered. We mean business."

Kay didn't move. He stood looking steadily into Finch's face, and Finch was the first man to let his gaze fall.

"What the blazes is the meanin' of this?" demanded Kay, in a fierce, cracked shout of rage. "Get out of our way before we blow the lot of you to Hades!"

Finch jumped back a pace or two; the savage fury in Bill Kay's face frightened him.

"It's no use, Captain," he said, "because we've got you cornered, every one of you. The first man to move, or go for a gun, will be shot out of hand. We've been waitin' here for you for three weeks now an' we don't aim to have the time wasted, either. Better try to see reason."

"I see," sneered Bill Kay, "you were just leavin' us to do all the dirty work for you, eh?"

"Somethin' like that," grinned Finch. "Come on, now, you're a sensible man, Captain, and you can see for yourself——"

Bill Kay started to walk forward. He had no gun in his hand. Finch had. He raised it.

"Keep back," he said huskily, "I—I don't want to have to kill you, Captain."

Kay didn't pause. He continued to walk forward, his eyes fixed on Finch's face, which had gone as white as a sheet.

"I don't think you will kill me," he sneered. "I don't reckon you've the nerve, Finch, anyway. And now listen to me a moment, will you. I've had men killed on this trip. My men. And I think a lot of my men, Finch. Maybe you don't understand that, but it's the truth.

"We've been through hell to get what we went for, and nothin' in the world is goin' to make us give it up to you or anybody else. Do you get all that?"

The gun trembled in Finch's hand. Desperately he curved his finger round the trigger, his face getting whiter and whiter. . . Suddenly Kay reached out and gripped him by the wrist, turning the muzzle towards the sky.

"Now," he sneered, "if you want to, shoot!"

Finch didn't even struggle. There was something about Bill Kay that filled him with terror. He edged back; and, as he did so, one of Finch's men fired at almost point-blank range at Bill Kay. He stumbled and his hands went up to his face, where blood began to ooze between his shut fingers.

Before the man could fire again, the gun in Bellews' hand blazed twice and the fellow dropped in a twisted, crumpled heap almost at Kay's feet.

As Bellews raced forward, an arrow, fired from the belt of jungle, struck Finch through the throat. Even as he was falling, more arrows flew. Two more of Finch's men went down. They began to shoot blindly, in terror.

Bill Kay dragged his hands away from his bleeding face. He yelled a savage order and Finch's men jumped to it immediately. A volley blazed into the belt of jungle; there were screams and the sound of running feet and hurtling, thrashing bodies.

In an instant, stepping contemptuously across Finch's body, Kay had taken command. His own men and Finch's began to retreat together, fighting shoulder to shoulder—and, in some places, almost back to back.

The shooting ceased after a while; the jungle grew dark and still. Night came; but Bill Kay forbade the lighting of fires. The men stood and shivered, or sat on the wet ground, while the fever grew in their veins.

AT dawn they marched, with Kay at the head of them, mingled indiscriminately. . . . The sun rose scorchingly. Fragments of their precious burden were given to Finch's men to carry. They did so sullenly, with black and scowling looks at Bill Kay's men—and especially at Bill himself.

Tension grew. A man was struck. Another drew a knife. Kay had him by the throat like lightning. Finch's men began to draw together. As they marched now there was a gap of several paces between Finch's men and Bill's.

That night they lit a fire for the first time, huddling close, but with pickets thrown out to guard against a surprise attack, for they knew they were still being followed.

Bellews said, edging close to Bill Kay: "To-morrow we ought to reach the coast."

"To-morrow," nodded Bill.

"What then?"

"I don't know," said Bill.

"We've only fifteen men now," said the mate, "even counting those we left on board, if they're still alive. And the Southern Light can probably muster twice as many."

"I've been thinkin' of that," said the captain, "but we don't have to climb our hills until we get to 'em." He rose and stood looking at the faces of the men about them. "I've handled tougher propositions," he said with a sour smile. "Leave the men of the Southern Light to me."

Please turn to Page 36

HOST HOLBROOK says: For the unexpected guest a few tasty sandwiches can be quickly made with Holbrooks' Anchovy Paste.

Women's Weekly Feature Sessions ... From 2GB

Day Sessions by Dorothea Vautier.

FRIDAY.—11.45 a.m., featured talk and music. 3.30 p.m., "From Far and Near," news items from abroad.

SATURDAY. — 9.15 p.m. - 9.45, Celebrity recital.

SUNDAY.—9.15 p.m.-9.45, "Billy Jones and Ernie Hare," world entertainers.

MONDAY.—11.45 a.m., People in the Limelight," "From Far and Near."

TUESDAY.—11.45 a.m., So They Say Topics. 3.30 p.m., "Letter from Abroad."

WEDNESDAY.—11.45 a.m., "What the World is Reading." 3.30 p.m., music and featured talk.

THURSDAY.—11.45 a.m., Highlights of The Australian Women's Weekly. 3.30 p.m., So They Say Topics.

JOAN FINDS A WAY TO HELP A PAL

by "STEVE"

£120 CASH

. . . MUST BE WON . . .

POPULAR COMPETITIONS PRESENT

No. 2 Popular Lines

£80 for Four (4) Lines Correct.
£40 for ANY Three Lines Correct. (All Ties divide)

CAN YOU CORRECT THE FOLLOWING LINES?

EACH ENTRY (4 LINES) **6d.**

1. The Soldiers of King the
2. I May Question but Ask You a
3. Our Town Peace in Awaits You
4. Art Indeed My Thou Mother Now

EACH LINE AS BY AN AUTHOR OF REPUTE.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS:—Place the words in each line as you think corresponds with the way the Author placed them, on plain paper.

This Contest **CLOSES** 6 p.m. Tues. **DEC. 4th**

Entries arriving by first post on Wednesday, December 5, acceptable. RESULTS WILL APPEAR IN THE "SUN PICTORIAL," SAT., DEC. 8.

In these Competitions you have the unique advantage of being your own judge. If we receive a correct Entry from you—you must win a prize.

NOTE:—The word "A" did not appear in line No. 2 in last week's announcement. Any person having submitted entries without this word—may forward entries with correction free.

POPULAR COMPETITIONS
3rd FLOOR, 80 SWANSTON ST., MELBOURNE

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Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by L. W. LOWER

CHICAGO LADY: I want a revolver for my husband.
SHOP ASSISTANT: Yes, lady, what make does he require?"
CHICAGO LADY: Does that matter? He doesn't even know I'm going to shoot him.

DEAR OLD LADY: Excuse me, young sir, but you've dropped your ball!"

CAPTAIN (during manoeuvres): You fools! You are exposing yourselves to an imaginary enemy three hundred yards away!
SERGEANT: It's all right, sir, we are standing behind an imaginary rock twenty feet high.

"I'll swear someone yelled out, 'Stop'!"

"What are you reading about, Bobby?"
"I don't know."
"But you were reading aloud."
"I know, but I wasn't listening."

"Does her husband allow her much latitude?"
"Yes, she's a regular globe-trotter."

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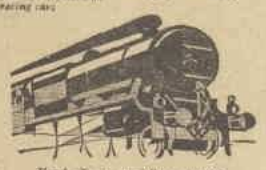

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These Outfits enable a boy to make perfect racing models of motor cars.

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Contain apparatus and chemicals for carrying out over 400 experiments in Chemistry.

Meccano Elektron Electrical Outfits.
Contain materials and instructions for carrying out numerous experiments in Electricity.

Meccano Dinky Toys.
Attractive die-cast models of train sets, railway accessories, motor vehicles, aeroplanes, etc.

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These splendid boats are the best that can be bought.

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E. G. PAGE & CO.,
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52 CLARENCE STREET,
SYDNEY
(P.O. Box 1822 K)

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

IT was Pat's first morning as foreman of a gang of workmen.

"Any chance of a job, mister?" said the stranger, who had come along seeking employment.

"Well," said Pat, thoughtfully, "I've got a man here who hasn't come this morning, and if he doesn't turn up tomorrow I'll send him home and take you on in his place, see."

PUBLISHER: Not a bad novel, but I publish only works of men with well-known names.

Author: That's all right—my name is Smith.

THE new maid answered the telephone.

"Hello, is my wife at home?" the voice called.

"No," replied the maid. "Who shall I say called?"

SMITH: We'll drop in and see you tonight, old chap.

Jones: Good-oh! But I hope your wife doesn't wear her new costume. I can't afford to buy one like it for my wife.

Smith: Why, man, that's just why we are coming!

"WHAT was the trouble last night between Peek and his wife?"

"Oh, he finally lost his temper with her for dropping cigarette ash all over the floor he had just washed."

"WHY do you say a blush crept over the face of the fair plaintiff?" asked the editor.

"Because," said the reporter, "there was so much powder on her face that the blush had to creep or else it would have raised too much dust!"

NOW YOU, TOO, CAN MASTER FEAR, WORRY LIMITATIONS, & NERVOUSNESS!

SECRETS REVEALED!
This Amazing Book tells you HOW to cultivate a Strong, Magnetic Personality, Dominate Others, Overcome FEAR and "Inferiority-Complex." Conquer Shyness and Blushing. Strengthen the NERVES. Fascinate the OPPOSITE SEX. The Secret of Success and The Truth about Love and Happiness

There is no greater obstacle to health, success, and happiness than a nervous disposition created by morbid fears and forebodings. Fear is at the root of almost every nervous affliction, and causes more misery and suffering than many severe physical disorders. Nervous fears rob you of the joy of living, deprive you of the ability to reveal your real self—to develop your talents and make headway. Are you a victim of some sort of fear? Are you tortured by the fear of darkness, disease, or insanity? Are you a failure because you lack the ability to get out of the rut? Do you feel awkward and self-conscious when spoken to? Are you a "bundle of nerves," subject to fits of depression, morbid thoughts, and a habit of worrying over trifles?

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W. JOS. LYONN, Principal, Australasian Physical College, 249-T Pitt Street, SYDNEY.

Please send me ABSOLUTELY FREE a copy of your big book, "The Conquest of Fear" and the "Key to Nerve Strength, Personality, and Achievement." I enclose 3d. stamp for postage.

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SEARCH for a *New Melba* WILL *Soon* TAKE PLACE

Conditions of Diva's £8000 Bequest Scholarship Open to All Women

(Music of the Week by GEORGE MATTHEWS)

No adequate memorial has yet been erected to Australia's Queen of Song, the late Dame Nellie Melba, but in her will she herself made provision for a scholarship "in the hope that another Melba will arise." Should this happen, the diva will have made her own memorial.

MELBA left £8000 to the Albert Street Conservatorium, Melbourne, to be applied in perpetuity for a scholarship in music. Conditions of the first competition for this scholarship, to be held in Melbourne next February, have just been announced by the Conservatorium Director (Mr. Fritz Hart).

Derived from the income on £8000, the scholarship will be awarded annually, more than £300 being available each year. The winner may compete at subsequent competitions, but cannot gain the award more than three years in succession.

Not restricted to Australian-born girls, the Melba scholarship will be open to any woman not under the age of 17. Provision is made for an intensive course of study, living expenses, reasonable travelling expenses if the holder lives in New Zealand or some other distant place, and purchase of music and books for study.

In the event of a scholarship winner not requiring allowances, the money will be devoted to a fund for helping to send a student abroad. A double full course is proposed for the winner. This involves four lessons a week in singing, two lessons a week in the second study subject, and lessons in languages and dramatic art.

Should the Albert Street Conservatorium cease to exist, the scholarship will be conducted at Melbourne University Conservatorium. A prospectus is being prepared, and may be obtained soon on application to Mr. Fritz Hart.

What riches this scholarship may reveal in the years to come it is impossible to foresee. At early concerts few people realised the full wonder of Melba's voice. Let us hope that other superlative talent lies hidden in our midst awaiting only discovery and development.

To Australia Dame Nellie Melba brought an imperishable lustre. If her scholarship be the means of finding another such singer she will have placed this land doubly in her debt.

"Little Melba" to Tour

COINCIDENT with the Melba scholarship announcement comes news that Stella Power, a protege pupil of Dame Melba, has been engaged by the Broadcasting Commission for a comprehensive tour of the Commonwealth and will be heard through national stations towards the end of December. Melba herself is said to have endowed Stella Power with the sobriquet, "Little Melba."

Born in Richmond, the birthplace of her illustrious patron, Miss Power made her London debut with Melba guaranteeing her artistry and staking her great reputation on her pupil's ability to win fame and fortune for herself.

All that followed was a personal triumph for the "Little Melba." Miss Power attributes all she has achieved to Melba, but she is perhaps unduly modest. Others with greater chances have done far less.

She received preliminary training at the Albert Street Conservatorium and appeared for the first time in public at Melbourne's Auditorium under the Tait management. At other Melbourne concerts she sang with marked success, also with Henri Verbrugghen and the New South Wales State Orchestra.

In 1917 Stella Power toured the United States with Melba and sang to enthusiastic audiences in Boston and Philadelphia. On November 23, 1920, she made her bow to London at the Albert Hall with the Landon Ronald orchestra, and critics hailed another Australian star in the ascendant.

She had grasped the secret of Melba's evenness of voice, the liquid purity of the high notes, the smoothness of phrasing, and the control of breathing. She showed that she had two and a half well-found octaves of light soprano and the ability to use them well.

In subsequent tours of the English provinces and Norway, and in celebrity tours with some of the world's greatest artists, Stella Power proved that she could hold her own in the best of company. A tour of Great Britain with the violinist, Jan Kubelik, was an unbroken triumph.

Miss Power returned to Australia in 1923, and, after a memorable tour here, entered on a 10 years' contract in the United States. This tour has just concluded, and now she begins a broadcast round of the Commonwealth.

Music Events

MR. FRANK HUTCHENS and Mr. Lindley Evans, who have done more than any other Sydney pianists to popularise two-piano recitals, will be heard at a concert at the Conservatorium on December 4.

Over a period of ten years these artists have performed over two hundred two-piano works in Sydney and other capital cities.

* * *

THE pupils of Miss Myra Campbell gave a concert at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Thornleigh, on Tuesday night in aid of the Hornsby and District Hospital. Among the many items of interest on the programme were groups of posed figures representing the covers of The Australian Women's Weekly.

* * *

A SONG recital will be given this Thursday night at the Conservatorium by Miss Hilda McIntosh, a mezzo-soprano from the studio of Miss Cecily Adkins, of the Conservatorium staff.

Other items by Schubert, Jensen, Saint-Saens, and Tschaikowsky will be interpreted, and a group of Hebridean songs will lend special interest. Kathleen Tuohy (cellist) and Muriel Edsall will be the assisting artists.

* * *

A COMPREHENSIVE programme of operatic music was given at the November musicale arranged by the Lindfield Music Club.

Lute Drummond acted as accompanist, and gave short explanatory talks on the excerpts chosen.

Gladys Verona, Alice Prowse, and Charles Nicls were the artists appearing and they selected their programmes from "Carmen," "Lakme," "La Traviata," "The Pearl Fishers," and "Trovatore."

* * *

SYDNEY audiences will have their last opportunity of the year in hearing the Conservatorium Choir and Orchestra at the seventh and final concert, on December 5. Phyllis McDonald and Nora Williamson will be the violin soloists in the concert for two violins and orchestra by Bach. In "Sea Drift," for choir and orchestra, the solo will be sung by Oliver King. The programme will also include Russian folk songs, "The Bartered Bride" Overture; Symphony in G, by Haydn; Dance Rhapsody, Delius, and overture from "The Barber of Seville."

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ARTERIOL TABLETS FOR HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE,

are a little higher in price than other remedies for High Blood Pressure, but the results after a two-months' course more than repay the extra outlay. Mrs. Fay, Richmond, says:—"I can find no words sufficient to praise ARTERIOL TABLETS. My husband was incapacitated for months, in fact, he had a slight stroke. He could find nothing to give him relief. After taking Arteriol Tablets he gradually commenced to improve, and to-day he is back at business, etc., etc."

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Letters sent to "So They Say" should be short and to the point. A heading, describing the subject, should be written at the head of each item. £1 is paid for one letter, and 5/- for all others. Letters must be endorsed "So They Say."

New Writers: "So They Say" contributors who have not yet had letters published should endorse their letters "New Writer."

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers, given in the poll taken on the page.

ALTERNATE HOLIDAY

A HUSBAND and wife in our district are both keen on cricket and both belong to clubs. But trouble has arisen because the baby must be looked after.

This job falls to the mother's lot every week-end, the father refusing to give up his sport for an occasional day. A number of his friends agree with him, but the women think that the mother deserves her share of games, too.

What do The Australian Women's Weekly readers think about the matter? Should it be turn about, or should the mother give up her sport because she has a child? After all, it is his child, too!

£1 for this letter to K. G. Porter, Karaweena, Jimbour, Qld.

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DYED HAIR

WHY this sudden epidemic of dyed hair?

Walk through the streets of our city any day, and you will see weird-looking heads of stiff, straw-colored curls, varied by coiffures of bright orange tint, surmounting, in most cases, faces the tiredness of whose skin is covered up with rouge hastily applied.

It's all so inartistic! Granted, none of us wishes to walk abroad looking like a hag, but blonde and auburn hair can only be carried off by the possessors of clear, unblemished skins, with the bright eyes and unwrinkled eyelids of youth. Nature, realising this, tones down the hair tints accordingly as the years go by. Brown hair, well groomed and artistically arranged, is far more becoming to the average woman than the dandelion and rust shades that have made their appearance in such numbers during the past couple of years.

In preference to some of the fever-yellow, straw, rust, orange, and crimson locks seen recently in our midst, natural hair for me every time! What do other readers think?

Elizabeth Frost, 1 Tangley Flats, Evans Rd., Elizabeth Bay, Sydney.

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OUR BOYS' FUTURE

AT present it is difficult to get a boy the kind of work he thinks he would like. Is it, then, advisable to place him in whatever position is available and hope for success, or wait till the right one comes along?

One hears of boys of seventeen being too old to be placed. I would like the ideas of other readers on this important subject.

Mrs. C. L. Downton, 8 Roslyn St., Brighton Beach, S5, Vic.

❖ ❖ ❖

SELF-CONSCIOUS GUILT

IF is a common belief that when a guilty person is accused of a crime he reddens and stammers, and otherwise shows what is believed to be a guilty conscience. But hardened police investigators assert the reverse of this is true. They claim that a guilty person more or less expects an accusation, and consequently has steeled himself for the ordeal of questioning. It is the innocent person who, because of his surprise, is confused, and therefore does not act in a normal manner.

T. Bane, Cairns, North Qld.

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BABIES IN CHURCH

SHOULD babies and young children be taken to church, especially in the evenings. I say decidedly not; that is, if the youngsters are lively. Last Sunday evening a most impressive Armistice Day service was marred by a child of about 18 months running up and down the aisle, banging his shoes and squealing.

It was not the child's fault, of course, but I contend that it is better for one parent to enjoy the service than for both to go with youngsters and disturb everybody.

What do others think?

Mrs. G. H. Harry, 13 Queen St., Knoxville, S.A.

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BRIGHT BATHING SUITS

THE best colors for swimming togs are red and black, because, if the wearer gets into difficulties in the water these two shades are easily seen. Orange is not quite so good, while blue, white, green, and lemon hardly show up at all against sea and sky.

Miss K. Scanlon, 295 Macquarie St., Hobart.

Boys Should be Taught to Protect Birds

WHERE we live, the birds and nests are having the same trouble as Mrs. B. Dowling, Bega, N.S.W., mentions in her letter of 10/11/'34. I have often wished there was some way to protect the birds, especially the ones that do no harm. Most boys' spare time is spent in competition, each one trying to collect more birds' eggs than the other. They also destroy many nests for fun. Boys should be taught to be the birds' best friends instead of their greatest enemies.

Mrs. L. Booth, Emu Vale, via Warwick, Qld.

Caging Birds Is Cruel

I AGREE with Mrs. B. Dowling's letter regarding our feathered friends. Surely something can be done to protect these inoffensive creatures. But, much as I dislike to see boys birdnesting, I prefer that to caging birds.

I have seen parrots in cages very little larger than themselves. It only needs a little thought on the part of people to see the wrong they are doing in depriving birds of their freedom.

Parents can do more to protect our birds than schoolteachers. If children are brought up with a love for birds they very rarely destroy them. I speak from experience.

Mrs. F. W. Shultz, Taree Rd., Wingham, N.S.W.

Safeguard Against Pests

NOW that the grasshopper plagues are causing such havoc in the different States, isn't it a good time to raise a plea for the protection of our Australian birds? If it had not been for all the aimless killing of our native insectivorous birds the States would have suffered far less from the pests at present causing such alarm and anxiety.

It is up to our councils or Governments to frame laws making the whole of Australia a sanctuary for bird life, instead of a few scattered parks which are now such—in name only.

Evelyn McKellar, 67 Brisbane St., Annerley, Brisbane.

Is Nature Study Inspiring?

BIRDS are not the only sufferers from children's cruelty. While sitting by the water yesterday I watched two boys fishing. One of the boys ruthlessly tore off the legs of a crab, the poor thing struggling all the time.

As one engaged in the education of children, this made me wonder if in our nature lessons we really inspire our pupils with a love and understanding of living things?

Miss Lizette Hasemere, Mullengandra, Albury, N.S.W.

A Good Holiday Will Banish Natural Boredom

PERHAPS Mrs. Alma McLucas (A.W. 10/11/'34) is too wrapped up in herself and her immediate family if they alone interest her. Perhaps she has been too much with them and not enough with the outside world. To be easily bored must make life very uninteresting; to take no interest in other people can make one so narrow-minded. If she spent a holiday away from her children, husband and mother, Mrs. McLucas would probably take an interest in other people and soon they would no longer get on her nerves.

G. Sproule, Rouse Hill Rd., Kenthurst, N.S.W.

Enjoys Limited Circle, Too

I LIKE Alma McLucas, tire of people quickly. I love my own children, husband, and parents, and I do not seem to bother about many outsiders. I do what I can to help others, but can't stand them about my home, only, of course, a few real friends. I think the reason is that I have done my best for different ones but have not received loyalty in return as from one's loved ones.

I like reading, and, while I am doing that, I am not listening to a lot of gossip about my neighbors. I would do anything for little children. I have lost a little child of my own and know their real value.

Mrs. Alma Small, Lucknow Rd., North Ryde, N.S.W.

Outlook Brings Loneliness

CERTAINLY, Alma McLucas, you are queer. You are far too self-centred when only your own children, your own husband, and your own mother interest you.

You say that the conversation of other people is to you "wearisome tongue-wagging." Well, one person cannot make all the conversation, and if the conversation of another person, who is probably doing his or her best to interest you, becomes boring, it is up to you to direct the conversation into different channels. You say that you love books, and books are an expression of other people's thoughts.

Certainly your outlook will have to be altered unless you want to be a very lonely person in the "winter time" of life.

Olive M. Born, 2 Ebden St., Elsternwick, S4, Vic.

Prefers Sun-tanned Australian to Love-Sick Hero

ONE wonders what experience Mrs. Goldie (10/11/'34) has had that she can so emphatically state that as lovers our sturdy Australian men are "washouts." It is doubtful whether she has ever had a wider field than Australia to form an opinion to base her statement on, and is probably comparing our men with "lovers" as depicted by Hollywood.

I do not think I will be alone in saying that I would prefer our sun-tanned males to any Romeo climbing my balcony, or the lovesick heroes one sees on the films every day.

M. Jacobs, Rawson St., Kurri Kurri, N.S.W.

Our Men Too Stereotyped

YOU are quite right, Mrs. T. Goldie, they will never make famous lovers. Most of them have stock phrases, such as "You are quite different from other girls I have met," but, if actions speak louder than words, we are treated as so many peas in a pod.

Where do we meet the boy who will lightly kiss the top of a girl's head as he helps her into her coat? Yet they see Franchot Tone do this in every picture he appears in.

Perhaps they'll learn some day.

Miss R. Wood, 44 Cottell St., Port Pirie, S.A.

The Same the World Over

IN my opinion a man's nationality can have little to do with his genuine love. When a man loves, he shows it to the object of his affections. When the love is on the wane, so are the attentions of the male all the world over.

The trouble is that one woman's idea of a great lover might be another woman's poison.

To quote Rudyard Kipling:

"When a man is tired there is naught will bind 'im,
All 'e solemn promised 'e will shove be'ind 'im."

Mrs. Archie Laing, 30 Blaxland St., Hunter's Hill, N.S.W.

Woman May Be at Fault

MRS. GOLDIE should not judge all by one man. I am not an Australian, but my experience of the Australian men is that they compare very favorably with other men; indeed, in a great many instances they are much more advanced. I don't see why they should not be equal to the occasion as great lovers. One has to bear in mind that often the woman is the washout.

Mrs. S. Rowe, 20 Latrobe St., East Brisbane, Qld.

Romance is Commonplace

AFTER reading Mrs. Goldie's par, "No Great Lovers" (10/11/'34) I found an excellent answer to this romantic person in Felicity Page's short story, "She Wanted Romance," of the same issue.

The world is full of these romantic-minded persons, whose thoughts are filled with romance, but very few are lucky enough to find a combination of romance and true love.

No, the "real men" and "fine fellows" that Mrs. Goldie speaks of are generally capable of that quiet true love that will always stand the test of time.

Mrs. O. McDermott, Swanson St., Weston, N.S.W.

MOTHERS FORM EXCELLENT PLAN

MRS. BLYTHE and other mothers interested in "Mothers' Hour" may like to know one tested method of solving the problem of "Mothers' Hour."

Three neighbors met two years ago to talk over the matter of at least one hour's daily freedom from children. After much thought it was decided that the seven children belonging to the three families be under the care of each mother for one hour per day, the mothers thus having two hours' freedom, the time being arranged to suit all parties concerned.

It was found that the children looked forward to the time when they played together, and the mother in charge took her mending or knitting and sat under a tree so that the children were always under supervision.

As one of the mothers I would like to say that such a plan works admirably.

Mrs. A. L. Treleaven, Tubbul, Young, N.S.W.

PUBLIC TRIALS

RE the proposed Divorce Court reforms outlined in The Australian Women's Weekly of November 10. I am sure many will not agree entirely with them. If such cases are to be heard in camera and publication of details prohibited, why should not these privileges be extended to charges of murder, assault, etc.? Why allow these gruesome or unsavory details, either?

When lawsuits of any nature whatever are heard behind closed doors, and the verdict goes the opposite way to general anticipation, do we not hear such phrases as "Had their palms greased," etc.? I, for one, am in favor of the freedom of the Court as it now exists, and do not believe the reform suggested would serve any good purpose.

J. F. Garrett, Otho St., Inverell, N.S.W.

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MOTHERS' WORST DAY

IT is interesting to know what a mother considers to be her worst day. One mother declares her worst day that on which her only child started school. With strong determination she crushed the desire to postpone the evil day until a little later. With choky sensation she dressed her child, and at last started for school, leading by the hand a wondering-eyed, expectant-faced child.

Household tasks were neglected that day as her restless eyes wandered anxiously to the indifferent face of the clock.

At last the longed-for hour arrived. There, crossing the road, confidently holding the hand of an older child, comes her baby, a baby no longer.

Mrs. I. M. Walsh, 123 Swanston St., Melbourne.

ETIQUETTE

IF refusing a verbal invitation don't hesitate and "see if you can manage it;" give an explanation, but let it be brief.

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GUARD THE SIGHT

THROUGHOUT the ages the world has lost the work of some of its greatest geniuses through blindness. Milton, as a boy, studied by the flicker of firelight, and came to middle life in utter darkness. A wise parent might have saved his sight, and the bitterness, grief, and abandoned work, which followed.

In Australia over 23 per cent. of the men rejected in the Australian draft in the world war were refused because of defective sight. Yet, despite this glaring instance many parents allow their children to grow to manhood and womanhood with defective vision.

Before reaching High School age a big percentage of children have some form of defect.

Miss Helen D. Mackay, Terara, Nowra, N.S.W.

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THIS SPEED CRAZE

NOW that the Centenary Air Race is over, we are hearing of plans to further reduce the flying time taken by the competitors. Every new model car produced boasts as one of its virtues high speed performances. Trains are being constructed to travel faster and faster, and so it goes on—a craze to hurry from point to point at the maximum speed.

Apart from the danger of death or accident, doesn't anyone want to enjoy the beauty of the country through or over which they pass?

Half the pleasure of a trip lies in contemplation of scenery or objects of interest on the way, and to be hurtled past them in the flash of an eye irritates one.

It must be quite evident that most of the road accidents to-day are caused by excessive speed, women and little children frequently being the victims. I think it time a halt was called.

Mrs. Frew, 16 Coolibah St., Leeton, N.S.W.

Screen Oddities By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

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KIEPURA'S *New* LEADING LADY

Aileen Marson

who will be seen presently with the famous tenor in "My Song for You." This is a musical and romantic film. During the course of it, scenes from a rehearsal of "Aida" are rendered, besides the theme song, which gives the film its title.

A Young Actress with a Cosmopolitan Background

Above: JAN KIEPURA, who has the role of the noted tenor, Gatti, in "My Song for You." This portrait shows him in characteristic light-hearted mood.

Left: AN ATTRACTIVE portrait of Aileen Marson.

Below: A SCENE from "My Song for You," where a glass of burgundy is spilt over Gina Malo's dress in the private room of the restaurant.

AILEEN MARSON, though still very young, is a much-travelled person. She has lived in almost all the countries of Europe, and she has also visited China and Africa.

But she has not been content to pass her time there as a tourist. In many instances she has acquired the language of the country, and speaks it fluently.

This golden-haired beauty is a beauty without make-up effects. She is not one of those actresses who can appear beautiful on the stage or screen but who are disappointing in ordinary life.

Her rather uncommon type of looks comes no doubt partly from her mixed ancestry. Her father is an Englishman and her mother is a Swede.

She was born 21 years ago in Egypt, strangely enough. But it is not so strange when we consider the circumstances of her father's profession. He is a prominent member of the diplomatic corps, and it is thanks to his frequent transfers on diplomatic service that his family have come to reside in so many foreign countries at various times.

Miss Marson speaks French, German, Italian, Greek, Rumanian, and Arabic as well as her own language, and she has not neglected the opportunity that extensive travel has given her of studying the history and literature of the many lands she has visited.

With such unusual accomplishments, she is still very modest about how she got started on acquiring them. According to her own account, she just picked them up.

"You see," she explains when questioned as to her language facility, "my father was English and my mother Swedish, but she always spoke French. I was born in Egypt, where I learnt Arabic; I had a German nurse there, and used to play with some Italian children. Later, I lived in Bukarest, where I learnt Rumanian."

When Maurice Elvey, who directed "My Song for You," was shown a paragraph in the London "Star" describing himself as Aileen Marson's director, he laughed. The writer had said: "He looks like a successful schoolmaster on holiday." He thought that was particularly good, considering how Aileen Marson could beat him all the way there and back again as regards languages.

Stage Training

MISS MARSON began her studies for a stage career at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London, where she gained a scholarship when she was 16. For a while after her course at the academy she toured abroad.

It was at the conclusion of a South African tour with an English company that she got her big chance. It was to take a leading role in the original production in London of a play which, with another company, was recently staged with considerable success in several of the capital cities of Australia, namely, "Ten-Minute Alibi."

This piece had a great run in London. Other well-known plays in which she has gained prominence have been "The Third Degree," in which she played lead. She has also had important parts in "Dear Brutus," one of J. M. Barrie's most notable plays, "The Trial of Mary Dugan," "Cabbages and Kings," "Children in Uniform," the play in which Elizabeth Bergner captured London, and "Nine Till Six."

Her films include "No Funny Business," in which that inimitable comedian Gertrude Lawrence starred, and "Passing Shadows."

"My Song for You" is Miss Marson's first picture for Gaumont-British, her appearance in the film being by arrangement with British Lion Films, with which company she has a contract.

GOSSIP *from* LONDON

Gertrude Lawrence and Douglas Fairbanks Jnr.

A CORRESPONDENT with influential theatrical connections writes breezily about being taken behind the scenes after a performance of the new Clemence Dane play, which was given a preliminary try-out in the provinces.

"Gertrude Lawrence and Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr., are co-starred. Of course, you have heard the talk about these two. Miss Lawrence is now completely blonde, with lovely brown eyes and a svelte figure. And her acting! She's an artist.

"Every movement, every gesture, every tone of voice is absolutely right and exquisite. And she has such a compelling personality.

"She isn't beautiful, and she's 37. But she can act. She's a finished artist. And she knows how to wear her clothes. And what clothes!

"After the performance I went behind and was introduced to her, and incidentally to him. She holds the centre of the stage. I imagine she would always do that anywhere.

"Naturally she was full of the play and dying for its success. Both of them have been tirelessly rehearsing with the author, who is also producing. Although it is now going with rhythmic ease, they continue to peg away. In fact, they are gluttons for work!

"Miss Lawrence uses her face a great deal, and is most amusing. Before I had been more than a few minutes in her company I was infected with her gaiety. And that was after an evening that must have been a very trying one for her, since her part is strenuous."

FAIRBANKS Jnr. himself is much nicer off stage than on. He is fairish, with beautiful blue eyes, liquid and yet piercing. He has a charming boyish smile (lovely teeth) and a frank, unassuming manner.

On the stage he has tried to rid himself of his twang. But in the dressing-room, wearing his wine-colored dressing-gown, and relaxing over a glass of whisky, he lapsed back into his American accent. And very nice it sounded.

Miss Lawrence's daughter, Pamela, is a girl of about 16. I believe she is at school at Roedean, Brighton, which is, as you know, one of the most expensive girls' schools in England.

JANE BAXTER, the film and stage star, who has just gone to Hollywood, was a pupil at Italia Conti's children's dramatic school. She married Clive Dumfries, the racing motorist, who was killed last year at Brooklands. They say she has never been the same since in herself. But her acting has increased in depth.

Jimmy Hanley, who played the hero in "Red Wagon" for the sequences when he was a lad, is also an old Conti boy. You will remember that he rides a circus horse. He had actually never been on a horse previously to the making of the film. So he was a plucky youngster. By the way, he will be seen again shortly as the errand-boy in "Little Friend."

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM
★★★ *Three stars—excellent.*
★★ *Two stars—good films.*
★ *One star—average films.*
No stars ..... no good.

★★ SERVANTS' ENTRANCE

Janet Gaynor, Lew Ayres. (Fox.)

MUCH of the charm of this picture—and it has charm—derives from the suggested Swedish background. Here, though the Scandinavians in the cast are few indeed, with the exception of Anna, the cook, the warm Teutonic sentiment of Siegfried Rumann and the adaptability of Louise Dresser and Catherine Doucet blend in suitably with the northern atmosphere. The scenery, also, and the interior settings are pleasing. One dream scene in particular, that of the little scullery maid oppressed by a nightmare of the cutlery rising from the washing-up sink to reproach her, is an agreeable fancy.

The story is ingenuous. Personally, we find it easier to believe in Janet Gaynor as the little maid than as the millionaire's daughter. But since for most of the film she appears in her below-stairs character, that is as well. It is in this kind of fantasy that Miss Gaynor's elfin quality is best displayed. Lew Ayres, too, is happier here as the chauffeur of rather cubbish manners, engrossed with his mechanics. Walter Connolly is the indulgent millionaire father. Ned Sparks inks in a thought too heavily his sketch of a dyspeptic cartoonist.—State.

★★ HIDE-OUT

Robert Montgomery, Maureen O'Sullivan (M.-G.-M.)

SOMEWHAT like "The Mystery of Mr. X" and "Fugitive Lovers," this story of a gangster's reclamation shows Robert Montgomery as an enemy of society in the beginning but an entirely sympathetic character before the close. And if you pause to question whether a city-bred confederate of thugs, a man devoid of scruples himself, is likely to be converted from his evil ways by a chance association with a rustic family, you cannot but enjoy the process by which it is brought about.

As "Lucky" Wilson, assistant to a racketeer who battens upon restaurant proprietors, Montgomery represents a man who is apparently without rivals when it comes to collecting blondes. He has a smooth way with business men too. However, a clash with the police necessitates his retirement to a safe retreat and accident brings him to a farmhouse where his real character is unsuspected. What completes his regeneration is that these kindly folk have a daughter (Maureen O'Sullivan) who is brunette. That makes it all so different, you see.

We may think that the conversation between these simple people and their scalliwag guest is unnaturally charged with double meanings. But the situations are cleverly arranged. "Lucky's" initiation into country life is very amusing and Miss O'Sullivan provides ample excuse for his enthusiasm.—St. James.

★★ THE MAN WITH TWO FACES

Edward G. Robinson, Mary Astor, Ricardo Cortez. (Warner Bros.)

TWO ideas with a certain amount of substance in them supply the foundation for this drama. The first is of the hypnotic power exercised by some exceptional people over a selected victim. Here it is the malign influence of a worthless husband upon an actress (Mary Astor) who had achieved success on the New York stage and then broke down into a spineless automaton as long as his personality dominated her. The second is that a distinguished character actor, assisted by make-up, might use his skill to commit a crime and almost get away with it.

This is one of those detective films where the identity of the murderer is known to the audience but that offers the subtler pleasure of seeing the police solve the mystery. The inspector, too, in this instance, like the old servant and several of the supporting parts, is an individualised character. But it is to Robinson, of course, in his dual role, that the chief credit must go. For an actor of such definite physical type to transform himself into someone so far outside his ordinary line is very clever. It is a sympathetic performance altogether, except that his casual rudeness to his girl of the moment (Mae Clarke) seems unnecessary.—Capitol.

★ THE GREAT FLIRTATION

Adolphe Menjou, Elissa Landi, David Manners. (Paramount.)

QUITE the best parts of this backstage drama are the scenes where Karpath (Adolphe Menjou), most celebrated actor of Budapest, storms in the wings at the lukewarm performance of his stage rival in love, and then, when the indifferent actress whom he adores himself has been jockeyed into the leading lady's part, he becomes equally furious because the stage lover's performance is too convincing. The temperamental arrogance of Menjou in his kingly role and his dresser's habit of speaking to him offstage as "Your Majesty" make a piquant contrast with his subjection to the charmer whose acting ability his artistic conscience bids him despise. Elissa Landi, while sufficiently alluring to look at, seems to justify his strictures on her art.

It is when Menjou whips her over to New York as his wife that the story loses grip. We cannot believe that Karpath would submit to remain there in obscurity for a year, nor that, having at last secured his wife the lead in a new author's (David Manners) play and having by his own superlative performance given the piece a triumphant premiere, he would leave the young author to cultivate the leading lady's affections.—Prince Edward.

★ MURDER IN THE PRIVATE CAR

Charles Ruggles, Una Merkel, Mary Carlisle. (M.-G.-M.)

UNEASY lies the head upon which great riches have descended, as Mary Carlisle finds in this film. If she and her companion had continued to be humble telephone girls they could at least have lain down in peace. As it is, between the kidnappers that infest their private coach and the escaped gorilla that clambers over the transcontinental train, they barely get a chance to disrobe.

We grew a little vague as to how many of the young heiress' entourage were involved in the villainy. But they seemed a scurvy lot, giving Charles Ruggles plenty of opportunities, when he gets into his stride, of making good his claim to be a crime deflector. The studied mildness of this pleasant comedian becomes a little too mannered here. However, before the end there are thrills galore, when the private car is uncoupled from the rear of the train and begins to hurtle backwards down the line. This is a grand game of trains played over points moved just in time to avoid collisions. It winds up the adventure in exhilarating style.—St. James.

★ LOVE AT SECOND SIGHT

Marian Marsh, Anthony Bushell, Claude Hulbert. (B.I.P.)

CLAUDE HULBERT'S face is one that we remember with pleasure. Who does not? But we doubt whether a girl would fall in love with its owner at first sight. It is one of those faces that grow on you, so to speak. However, when she sees it all swollen up with toothache, the sprightly heroine (Marian Marsh) seems to realise that she was mistaken. It is his friend, the radio crooner (Anthony Bushell), who has her heart, though she is too proud to admit it except under duress.

This is an agreeable light piece, with the accompanying music fitted to the comic situations and the players' emotions, after the fashion followed in some of these later productions. Anthony Bushell, whose facial muscles seem also to have stiffened a little, due no doubt to the unsympathetic roles he has been cast for latterly, shows a pleasant turn for romantic comedy.—Embassy.

★ THE GREAT DEFENDER

Matheson Lang, Margaret Bannerman, Arthur Margetson. (B.I.P.)

AFTER seeing on the screen a number of trials in American law courts, this will be found a significant contrast. It seems likely that the title role, that of Sir Douglas Rolls, a great advocate in criminal cases, has been modelled to some extent upon the character of the late Sir Edward Marshall Hall, whose impetuous defence of his client several times brought on him a rebuke from the Bench which was not meekly received. Matheson Lang is admirably forceful in the part.

The story, dealing with the murder of an artist's model against whom the artist's wife (Margaret Bannerman), had cause for jealousy, is well worked out, and the solution of the crime in the concluding stages of the trial is most dramatic. The method, however, of constantly harking back for descriptive purposes somewhat interrupts the continuity.

Except for the unchecked murmuring of members of the public in the court at dramatic points, the setting and the procedure of the Old Bailey are excellently reproduced. One notices particularly the different attitude of opposing counsel to one another professionally and privately. The minor parts in the film, too, are very well done.

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LOUISE MACK ADVISES

On matters of everyday concern to women!

Do Without Gratitude .... If You Can!

We have all imagined some time or other that when we were doing someone a good turn we were paving the way to friendly feelings from the recipients of our bounty.

What a painful surprise it was to find that our little kindnesses aroused no echoing gratitude at all in the hearts of those we had tried to help.

HURT and chagrined, we probably said hard things to ourselves about these ungrateful people, and we probably decided that in future we would be less generous, less impulsively good-natured, less painstakingly unselfish, seeing that our good deeds seemed all to be wasted, or at any rate not appreciated as we had confidently anticipated.

Quite a common experience this is.

And yet, common as it is, has the world really learnt the supreme lesson that lurks hidden in the skirts of that experience?

What is it—that lesson? Why don't we learn it quickly and easily, seeing how important it is?

Ah, it is the lesson that we don't like to learn, the lesson we try to get out of knowing, the lesson so exquisitely voiced by the late John Galsworthy when he refused a title, saying, "Literature is its own reward."

All good deeds are their own reward, that is the lesson!

Yet some of us still find it hard to assimilate that fact and we keep on looking for acknowledgement.

Her Family

"MYRA" writes pathetically about an ungrateful family. "We did everything we could for them. My husband got the boy a job. I nursed them when they were all down with flu. We lent them all manner of things from lawnmower to clothes lines. Every Sunday we had them to a hot dinner. If we had tickets for shows we tried to take them along sometimes. And were they grateful? Did they appreciate our efforts on their behalf? Not a bit of it. When some rich relatives carted them all away to a station home, they went without a word of thanks and have never sent us a line since. And my husband blames me for what he calls my foolish generosity. He says he hopes it will be a lesson to me not to be so free in future with my offers of help."

Now here's a funny thing about human nature that obtrudes itself just at this point of our argument about gratitude.

Husbands resent their wives being "put on."

Not that husbands have made themselves particularly conspicuous for their gratitude towards their wives. No! But all the same husbands can't bear other people to treat these wives of theirs ungratefully.

They want their wives to be rewarded, by other people at all events.

* * *

NEVER, perhaps, in the history of the world has so much kindness been put into circulation as in 1934 A.D. Never perhaps in the history of the world has so much kindness been needed.

And, of course, it seems rather sad to add that never before in the history of the world have there been such glaring exhibitions of thankleasness and ingratitude as in the year of our Lord, 1934.

And yet ingratitude flourishes, masking the sweet sunniness of generous goodwill with a murky, damping fogginess.

All that, yes!

But—and here's our story that she who runs away may read.

We don't need gratitude and we do need to be kind. Without gratitude w. can live, even if a trifle more dourly.

But without the practice and the promulgation of kindness we must perish, slowly maybe, but surely, withering away leaf by leaf and flower by flower till we are all just what Aldous Huxley describes as "Those Barren Leaves."

Our Free NOVEL ...

African Adventure

Warwick Deeping Next Week

FROM a very delightful old home in Ireland an Irish girl is forced by circumstances to travel into the heart of Africa in our free novel this week.

Her adventures among rebellious native tribes, her unhappy marriage and subsequent release are vividly depicted by the author.

Next week our supplement is particularly noteworthy, "The Challenge of Love," by Warwick Deeping. The setting is that of a small country village in England, and the story depicts the efforts of a young doctor to introduce sanitary conditions.

He meets with stubborn prejudice, even from those whose lot he would better, but receives encouragement from a charming girl whom he eventually marries.

IF FATHER DID THE COOKING

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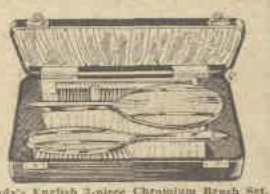

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What Women Are Doing

Secretary to Minister

TO Miss Minnie Lee has fallen the honor of being the second woman to be appointed private secretary to a Federal Minister.

Mr. J. A. J. Hunter, the Federal member for Maranoa, Queensland, has made this appointment and thereby has overruled precedent, as such positions have, except in one instance, always been held by men.

✣ ✣ ✣

Philosophy and Vivacity Attractively Compounded

TITIAN hair, freckles, and a brilliant smile make vivacious little Dr. Dora Peyser look much younger than her years.

She has been one of the important speakers at the National Council of Jewish Women's Conference in Melbourne, and is on her way to Sydney to take over a job with the Board of Social Study.

Dr. Peyser is a Doctor of Philosophy of Berlin University, and is a trained social worker. As secretary to Dr. Alice Solomon, a leader in social work and international women's movements, and vice-president of the International Council of Women, she has attended many conferences in different European centres. She was also listed to speak at the International Women's Congress in Melbourne on "Social Service and Citizenship."

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Country Women Joined in Welcome to the Duke

THE Country Women's Association of New South Wales joined in the welcome to the Duke of Gloucester. Although the real work of this organisation was not apparent to the Royal visitor at the C.W.A. Ball and reception on Tuesday, it was at least a means of bringing before his notice, and that of other overseas visitors, the existence of this band of women who have done such a lot for the people in the outback.

Mrs. Matt Sawyer, O.B.E., who acted as hostess, has been president of the New South Wales association for the past seven years. During her term of office she has travelled many thousands of miles by train and car in order to meet as many as possible of the 16,000 members and assist them with their work.

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Eighty-year-old Grandmother Enjoys Long Motor Tour

EIGHTY years of age, and delighting in a tour of West Queensland!

Six weeks on the road during a western summer have no fears for Alvinia Dehnert, of Broadmarsh, near Surat, and her eighty-year-old grandmother, Mrs. Thrupp.

After going north to Blackall, they toured over to Charleville, through Tambo, looked in later at Augathella, and then off to the far inland.

Alvinia Dehnert is an accomplished motorist, but it is quite on the cards that grandma will take her turn at the wheel, as from all accounts the elderly lady is quite a reliable driver herself.

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Blazed the Way For Women in Journalism

THE name E. J. Charlwood is well known to readers all over Australia, and Miss Emily Charlwood's retirement from active journalism was the signal for many appreciative parties.

Miss Charlwood began her career 41 years ago in the days when newspaper women were asked to go to the back door for any information they required.

It says much for her personality that she was the first of these women to be received at the front door, both actually and metaphorically.

As the best-known and most-loved woman journalist in Melbourne she has done much to raise the prestige of her calling, and for several years she represented the women journalists of Victoria on the Australian Journalists' Association committee.

Her reminiscences are full of delightful anecdotes, for she has met and talked with nearly every celebrity who has come to Australia within the last forty years.

Collaborating with the airman, Miss Charlwood wrote the story of the marvellous flight from England to Australia made by Ray Parer just after the war.

Her colleagues have suggested that Miss Charlwood should write the history of Australian journalism and, if she does so, it will be a book to be treasured.

Garden of Remembrance

OFFICIALLY dedicated in the presence of representative women from all the Australian States and from many other parts of the world, the Garden of Memory planned by the women of Victoria as an everlasting tribute to the pioneers of their sex was the centre of interest on Saturday.

The sunken garden overlooks a Melbourne that the pioneer women would not recognise as the spot they knew as a village; but the Women's Centenary Council, headed by Mrs. I. H. Moss, C.B.E., have planted flowers that these brave women might have brought out from England with them. There are fuchsia bushes, sweet-william, verbena, foxgloves, marigolds, carnations, and such old-fashioned flowers.

Represented Near East Association at Geneva

MRS. E. GLANVILLE, of Sydney, who went to Geneva as liaison officer of the Near East Association, is back in Australia. She travelled by way of Palestine, Syria, Turkey, and Greece specially to study conditions of the white slave traffic in these places.

Although constructive work to combat the white slave traffic at Shanghai has been done by the League of Nations this year, Mrs. Glanville says that no mention was made of the same problem which exists openly in Syria and other places on the coast of the Mediterranean.

After attending the sessions of the League, Mrs. Glanville went to England, and was present at the peace conference at Bourneville.

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Woman Inventor Wins International Fame

A WOMAN, Mrs. Elizabeth Richardson, has beaten all the men inventors at the International Exhibition of Inventions, London, and has won the gold medal which is the premier award. She has invented four methods by which to find and identify radio stations within a few seconds. She showed how simple her invention really is by taking a large square of graph paper with the names of the wireless stations of the world on it and an elastic band drawn across, and then proceeded to do her Mr. Magician trick while thousands of radio fans fired questions which she answered like lightning.

Mrs. Richardson is the first woman to win the gold medal in the history of the exhibition. It is her first invention.

She is middle-aged, smiling, and very unlike a highbrow. She lives alone in the wilderness of the London suburbs, Shepherds Bush, and has made wireless her hobby.

Mrs. Ernest Scott Prolonging Her Stay Abroad

MRS. ERNEST SCOTT, wife of Professor Scott of the Melbourne University, is staying in Europe for a few months longer than her husband, who is just returning from their two years' wandering.

It is highly probable that she will spend some of her extra time with Angela Thirkell, author of "High Rising," granddaughter of Burne Jones, and cousin of Rudyard Kipling. Their friendship started in Melbourne when Mrs. Thirkell was living in that city, providing a decorative as well as an artistic and intellectual note.

In her pre-marital days Mrs. Scott was Emily Dyason, of Bendigo, one of a clever family. She is a pianist of no mean degree, studied in Vienna, and since has travelled widely collecting material about music in different countries. Java and China are among the two last.

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Afternoon Pursuits of "Smart Set" Hungarians

ELSIE SEGAERT has returned once again from one of her conducted tours of Europe in the best of spirits and full of interesting stories of her travels.

"London," said Elsie, "was Princess Marina mad." The population could talk of nothing else, and photographs and stories featuring the Royal romance appeared by the dozen in the newspapers.

Of the Continental cities Elsie found Budapest wonderfully gay and fascinating. Gipsy music and colorful gardens made a setting for the swimming pool built around a medical thermal spring, where the Hungarian smart set disported themselves in the afternoon and enjoyed the artificially-made waves of the health-giving waters.

Each trip Elsie breaks new ground, and has thought out all sorts of new interest for the tour commencing in March.

Breaking New Ground In Timber Industry

THE timber industry is one that has not been invaded by women to any appreciable extent, and one seldom, if ever, hears of a woman occupying any definite position in it.

Mrs. Marjorie Aland, however, has broken the ice for her sex in this regard, as her extensive knowledge of Queensland timbers has earned for her an assured position in the trade.

On business bent, Mrs. Aland is visiting Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Hobart in the interestes of the Associated Timber Merchants of Brisbane.

✣ ✣ ✣

Coming Home After Ten Years Spent in London

ON her way back from London, where she has been living for the past ten years, is Lady Snowden, widow of the late Sir Eccles Snowden, at one time Agent-General for Tasmania.

The Snowden home is in Tasmania, but Lady Snowden and her three children will visit her relations in Sydney before crossing Bass Strait.

Still young and attractive, she has many of the qualities of the "live wire," always took a keen interest in politics and her husband's career, and was an active member of the British Commonwealth League, which has its headquarters in London, with Miss Chave Collison in charge of affairs.

✣ ✣ ✣

Promoting the Interests of N.S.W. Hospitals

MRS. R. R. S. MACKINNON, always a busy woman, has been unusually so within the past two weeks, for she has been concentrating on the second annual State conference of the hospital auxiliaries of N.S.W., which took place in Sydney.

Mrs. MacKinnon is a member of the Hospitals Commission, and she has travelled from one end of the State to the other, assisting in the formation of a big chain of hospital auxiliaries.

Last year she arranged for representatives of the country and city auxiliaries, as well as hospital matrons, to meet in conference, the first time such a thing had been done in N.S.W.

The first conference was a great success, but the one this year was even more so. Five hundred delegates and 300 visitors representing hospitals attended. Sixty hospital matrons conferred at a special session.

Mrs. MacKinnon has been a prominent Red Cross worker since the formation of the society in N.S.W. in 1914. She established the Junior Red Cross, the membership of which runs into thousands. She is also well known for her work in politics, and was the Australian woman delegate to the League of Nations Assembly a few years ago.

Home Ties Recall Prominent Y.W.C.A. Worker to England

WORRIED because of the illness of her parents, Miss Norah Jervis decided to give up her work in Australia and return post-haste to England to look after her father and mother. She left Melbourne last week, and was met on Thursday by the secretary of the South Australian branch of the Y.W.C.A., rushed up to Adelaide from Outer Harbor to take morning tea with the staff, and delivered at her boat again with many thoughts of goodwill.

Miss Jervis has been connected closely with the Y.W.C.A. ever since she arrived in Melbourne from England seven years ago. She is a physical education enthusiast and graduated at the Osterberg School in London in that branch of work.

She is a woman of culture and wide experience, and has done much Y.W.C.A. work in America and China, besides England and Australia.

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Change of President for Queensland Hockey Players

QUEENSLAND Women's Hockey Association is losing its popular president, Mrs. George Boulton, who has held the office for two years.

Mrs. Boulton, who will be remembered as Ethel Campbell in her teaching days, was a popular figure in the schoolgirl hockey world when she taught at the Presbyterian Ladies' College, Goulburn, New South Wales. Later, she taught at the Brisbane Girls' Grammar School.

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Ironing Inspired Some of Her Best Ideas

IT may solace some busy housewives who long to write but are too busy to do so to know that Alice Grant Rosman, the South Australian-born novelist whose latest book is reviewed in this issue, has stated that many of her best ideas come when she is ironing.

By now, perhaps, it may be "came" instead of "come." One would imagine that a writer of best-sellers, with thousands of readers waiting for her stories, would not have much leisure for the ironing-board!

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Lone Woman in Orchestra of Opera Company

THE one woman in the large orchestra of Sir Benjamin Fuller's Grand Opera Company, which has just completed a season in Melbourne and is soon to open in Sydney, is Elizabeth Rathonyi, and she is the harpist.

The name is Hungarian, but Elizabeth, who was born in Bendigo, Victoria, has lived most of her life in Sydney. It was there that Sir Benjamin found her doing broadcasting work.

According to the various famous conductors brought out for the opera season she is a tiger for work, and literally spends hours in the theatre practising.

Fair-haired Elizabeth has spent eight years studying abroad. First she worked under Sidonie Goossens in London, then with Alfred Kaffner in Los Angeles.

While in America she played in the California Women's Symphony Orchestra. That was her biggest experience till she obtained her present engagement with the opera orchestra, which boasts 46, and sometimes 51, performers—but only one woman.

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Mrs. Bonney Plans Another Long-distance Flight

MRS. DOLORES BONNEY, the Queensland airwoman, has announced her intention to plan another big flight. She is not divulging any particulars of it at this juncture.

Having flown to Melbourne for the Centenary celebrations, Mrs. Bonney mixed business with pleasure, and on several occasions the airwoman tried out the new Klemm low-wing monoplane.

Although bad weather dogged her flight, her passenger, Mrs. W. H. Smith, declared wholeheartedly "Mrs. Bonney is a wonderful pilot."

Mrs. Bonney's husband, Mr. H. B. Bonney, of Brisbane, who joined his wife in Sydney, has expressed his definite approval of the airwoman's new project.

IN *and* OUT *of* SOCIETY --- By WEP.

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SPECIAL FEATURE SECTION

EVERYBODY *Works* BUT FATHER!

"Everybody works but father." Father's point of view. A talk from station 2GB during The Australian Women's Weekly feature sessions.

MANY lyrics and poems have been written about Mother, but Father's only appearance in modern song seems to be in that well-known ditty, "Everybody Works But Father." It seems highly unlikely that anybody will ever write a "Father Maghree."

You could fill an entire art gallery with paintings of motherhood, but there are very few fathers adorning the walls of museums and galleries. Whistler's painting of his mother hangs in replica in thousands of homes, but very few people have seen a photograph of his father.

Why is it that mothers are glorified and fathers are not. One modern writer says it is because mothers enjoy being mothers more than fathers enjoy being fathers. They love to look after something that is helpless, and dependent on them.

Mothers deservedly take the limelight where their children are concerned, but it is interesting to view the situation from father's point of view, too.

Our modern writer, being a man, gives us an inkling of father's feelings when the first baby arrives in the home.

He says—"My son's mother is deep in an adventure that promises to grow more lovely and thrilling through the years. My son's father gave him, as a first birthday present, a large part of his wife . . . of her time, of her comradeship, of her ability to go out and do things with her husband."

He regrets the fact that there is no training school for fathers, because fathers are usually called in to give expert opinion during times of crisis.

Father's point of view is a very necessary one in an harmonious home. This subject will be discussed next **Monday, December 3, at 3.30 p.m., from 2GB by Dorothea Vautier.**

Apart from interesting talks and news by Dorothea Vautier every day at 11.45 and 3.30, The Australian Women's Weekly has arranged for special week-end celebrity recitals from 2GB on Saturday and Sunday, at 9.15.

The Outdoor Girl ... *Aquaplaning*

THE OUTDOOR GIRL, pictured above, is drawn by McClelland Barclay, one of the world's most famous black-and-white artists. As a tribute to Australia's healthy, athletic womanhood, The Australian Women's Weekly will run a series of this artist's Outdoor Girls during the summer months.

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Do You Suffer From "PICTURE EYES"? "SHOPPING HEADACHE"

FOR FREE BOOKLET — POST THIS COUPON

The Eyesight Preservation Council, 74 Pitt Street, Sydney. Please send me a FREE copy of your booklet "THE TRUTH ABOUT EYE EXERCISES."

Name

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Inserted by the Eyesight Preservation Council.

Eyes, or head, aching after the pictures, tell of more than pleasure spoiled. They are danger signals. They mean —most likely—*eye strain.*

"Shopping headache" and "car sickness"—nausea after travelling —are other variations of the same cause.

Such after-effects are not natural. They indicate a condition which if disregarded or carelessly treated by the purchase of ready-made spectacles may result in serious and sometimes permanent impairment of vision.

However slight these effects of eye-strain may be, the wisest course is to consult an Optometrist (consulting optician) without delay. Specialising in eyesight aid, he is fully equipped to carry out the work of eye examination with care and skill. Should medical or surgical attention be required, he will refer you for appropriate treatment.

Take the obvious course

Consult an Optometrist FIRST

SYDNEY'S *View* of DEPARTING ROYAL *Visitor!*

Unforgettable Scenes at Memorial

The Duke of Gloucester, now nearing Brisbane on the last lap of his Australian tour, will carry away some vivid if rather mixed impressions of his strenuous week in New South Wales.

One scene that is likely to come back to him in after years is that of the unveiling of the Anzac memorial on Saturday.

THE sunlit harbor, the crowded, welcoming streets, the massed Showground, the Randwick racecourse, the children's pageant, the Manly surf carnival, the fireworks, the dinners, the dances, the processions, the addresses, all these make a multi-colored mental picture, of which the lines will tend to run into each other.

It will always be remembered of the King's son that he answered every demand of him, was present at every one of his welter of engagements, and let nobody down.

It will be recalled, too, that he was at his best and seemed happiest at men's gatherings, especially among ex-soldiers and country people. The crowded, brilliant ballroom, with hundreds of Australia's most charming girls eager to catch his eye, was not the favorite rendezvous of this lover of the open.

At the Lord Mayor's Ball in Sydney he danced only twice—once with the Lady Mayoress, and once with Miss Stevens, the Premier's daughter.

Vast Expectant Crowd

BY his part at the unveiling of the Anzac Memorial in Hyde Park, Sydney will remember the Prince after other incidents have been forgotten.

The skies smiled on this outdoor pageant. Clouds tempered the warmth of the sun; it was early summer without its dust and heat.

The crowds began to gather early. An hour before the unveiling they had spread over the grass between Elizabeth St. and the Memorial, were ranged on all the high buildings in sight, and were standing, rank behind rank, on every square foot of pavement and roadway that offered a view of the spectacle.

Standing there we looked at the stone Memorial and its symbolic facings. Not beautiful or colorful, but massive, steadfast, and enduring. It seemed, with its carved figures in front and at the sides, to dominate the vast assemblage and the streets beyond; to be looking past the present, down the corridor of the Ages.

The Prince was due at a quarter to 12. The crowd stirred and shifted expectantly. Old men and young men, women of all ages and ranks of life, boys and girls from school, children hoisted on parents' shoulders, people from the country, people from the suburbs and the city—all were in this huge civilian army, mustering from vantage point to vantage point over 100,000 strong.

Pride of place went, by right, to returned men. It was their Memorial, and it was their day. They stood in divisional units in front of the stone edifice or were grouped to right and left of it, while the crowd pressed in from behind.

The ranks of the Old Army are thinning almost daily, but it was good to see so many. And as they stood in groups, with heads erect, some of the glamor and glory of the marching battalions come back.

Duke Is Punctual

THE Duke does not keep people waiting. A quarter of an hour before noon there came a sound of cheering from the southern approach. The figures on the platform turned their heads.

Presently a young man in khaki uniform, accompanied by one attendant officer, was seen coming up the steps. He shook hands with the Lord Mayor (Ald. Parker), and then turned to face the crowd, which by this time filled the whole space between the Memorial and the Elizabeth Street steps.

Very erect, with hand to cap, the Duke acknowledged the cheers that greeted his arrival. He continued to stand there, the target for tens of thousands of eyes, a straight, soldierly figure, unconscious, apparently, of the tremendous battery trained on him, concerned only with the ceremony in which he was to play the leading part.

The ceremony itself was simple and impressive. It was not long, but it was long enough.

They sang the old hymn, "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," and the senior chaplain (Rev. J. Boardman) offered a prayer. Then, in response to the invitation given by the Premier (Mr. Stevens), who attempted nothing in the way of speech-making, the Duke stepped to the edge of the platform.

His voice, when he spoke, came clearly through the microphone to every unit in the crowd. Even the skirmishers on the rooftops heard every syllable.

Note of Cheer

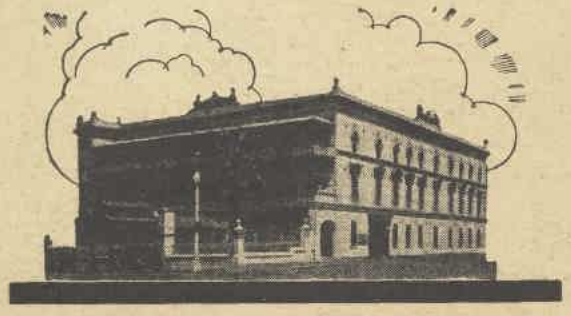
IT was a speech that had nothing pompous or official about it. The few sentences had a ring of sincerity which made you feel that the Duke had thought them out and phrased them himself. The note emphasised was the most appropriate for such a day, and such an occasion.

"A light heart under stress, . . fame as a fighting man, . . qualities of cheerfulness and comradeship, . . qualities we find most valuable in our own lives."

That was it. The Anzacs had never complained. Let those who like harp, as they do, on the horrors and tragedies of war. It seemed to the Duke that Australia's soldiers had set a standard for all time, not only by their valor, but by their absence of whining and complaining.

That was the quality—cheerfulness in the face of death—that appealed to him supremely as a soldier. And with that reminder to the countrymen of the dead men he declared the Anzac Memorial open.

They played the "Last Post," and, as the notes swelled over the heads of the throng the Duke, motionless as the stone frontage behind him, stood to attention, and continued standing after the thousands below him had started to move



IN SYDNEY . . .
You should stay at Petty's

There is something about Petty's Hotel that makes it much more than just a hotel. There is some unexplainable air of restful comfort prevailing. Indeed, it would seem that in its century and more of service—for this fine old hotel has been established for over one hundred years—it has acquired a flair for making its guests comfortable.

When you visit Sydney, stay at Petty's Hotel. Enjoy this atmosphere of quiet comfort. Take advantage, too, of its convenient central position, its easy access to all centres of business and social activity.

At Petty's Hotel appointments are modern, the cuisine is pleasing, and the service perfect. Tariffs are very moderate.

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Our New Exclusive Entertainment of the Family. . . . . Feature for the Fun

The Australian Women's Weekly offers "Mandrake the Magician" as a splendid addition to the amusement side of the paper. You will enjoy following the miraculous doings of this amazing creation of fiction.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

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BRILLIANT SCENES for *Royal* WEDDING

England Pours Out Money Lavishly in Honor of Most Memorable Royal Function Since Coronation!

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe.

BY BEAM WIRELESS

At this moment London is the gayest city in the world. Over a million visitors have arrived for the wedding of Prince George and Princess Marina.

The function will provide the most brilliant scenes witnessed in the Empire since the Coronation.

Four ruling kings and fifty-seven princes are included in the list of Royalty who will participate in the ceremonies.

PRINCESS MARINA'S wedding gown, designed by Molyneux, is truly magnificent.

The wedding bouquet is to be composed of orchids, carnations, and lily of the valley, and will later be placed on the Cenotaph. In the centre of the bouquet will be a sprig of myrtle, picked from the tree which has supplied sprigs for every Royal bride in England since the wedding of Queen Victoria.

Thousands of orchids, begonias, and red and white carnations are being most carefully nursed, so that they will be at the height of their beauty for November 29. Hothouses of the Royal Gardens at Frogmore, Windsor Castle, will supply quantities of glorious blooms for the decorations for the wedding festivities.

Her Majesty the Queen has chosen a frock of blue and silver, and the bride's mother will wear a gown in white mousseline-de-soie, embroidered in gold flowers.

Following the Queen's decree, ankle-length skirts are to be worn, no fur coats, white gloves, and no aigrettes. This has caused a flurry among guests, and many last minute alterations. Many guests are now unable to wear the expensive fur coats which they bought specially for the occasion, and even pearl grey gloves will be useless. Many of the long skirts are slit.

The Wedding Breakfast

THE conventional wedding breakfast will be served: Clear soup, fish, cutlets, peas, new potatoes, chicken, cold meat, salads, fruit, coffee, and wedding-cake. There are Australian currants in the wedding-cake, also the customary lucky souvenirs.

Princess Marina arrived with seventy trunks. Among her trousseau lingerie are garments of silk, mousseline, and very expensive matte satin called crepon. Colors are mostly pale blue, powder, and pink.

Made by White Russians with old lace from the family glory-box is a sumptuous dressing-gown of powder-pink ribbed silk made on redingote lines, knee length, with a wide, swathed, cherry sash. Another negligee of blue ribbed silk is like an ankle-length evening cloak, full skirted and with wide sleeves. Another of lavender satin is draped like a Greek mantle. All the Princess' lingerie is embroidered "M." under a coronet. Often the English rose is used as a motif. One white slip and panties set made of wide diagonal satin bands and crepon on Princess lines is trimmed with heirloom lace. A charming set of pale pink crepon cami-knickers is embroidered with English roses and drawn threadwork.

All the nightdresses are cut like evening gowns. One, in blue silk crepon, has short, wide sleeves, wide sash, and beautiful drawn threadwork. Another, of pale pink mousseline, is backless except for two wide lace straps, and has a matching short sleeveless coatee.

A special talkie machine has been installed at Himley Hall for the honeymoon, and several complete programmes ordered, both especially requesting a "silly symphony."

No visitors will be invited to the great house for the first week, when the lovers will be alone except for the staff. The swimming-bath in the great hall has been especially redecorated.

The Prince of Wales has given Princess Margaret and several other little girls rooms in his suite to view the procession, and they will be guests at a children's party afterwards. Princess Elizabeth and Lady Mary Cambridge are also entertaining little girls instead of adults at a bridesmaids' party.

A WHOLE workroom of girls at Molyneux, the famous fashion designers, hard at it making Princess Marina's wedding dress.

Londoners are spending thousands of pounds to see the wedding procession, and seats on stands erected overlooking St. Margaret's are fetching prices as high as ten guineas.

Owing to their Majesties' forethought, hundreds of thousands of people will be able to see the Royal couple after their wedding, as the bride and bridegroom will return to Buckingham Palace by an extended route, accompanied by a cavalry escort.

Three Processions

There will be three processions.

The King and Queen, driving in full State from Buckingham Palace, with an escort of Household Cavalry.

Princess Marina and her parents, driving from Buckingham Palace, where they will be staying as the guests of the King and Queen.

The Duke of Kent, driving from his residence, York House, St. James' Palace. He will probably be accompanied by the Prince of Wales, who is expected to act as "supporter" to his brother.

The bridesmaids are:—

Princess Juliana of the Netherlands, the 25-year-old daughter of Queen Wilhelmina.

Princess Irene of Greece, sister of King George of Greece, daughter of King Constantine, and cousin of Princess Marina. She is 30.

Princess Catherine of Greece, youngest sister of Princess Irene. Aged 21.

The Grand Duchess Kyra of Russia, the 25-year-old daughter of Grand Duke Cyril of Russia, who proclaimed himself head of the House of Romanoff in 1922.

Princess Elizabeth of York, who is eight years old.

Princess Eugenie of Greece, daughter of Prince George of Greece, Princess Marina's uncle, and cousin of King George of Greece. Aged 24.

Lady Iris Mountbatten, the 14-year-old daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Carisbrooke, and a great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria.

Lady Mary Cambridge, daughter of the Marquis of Cambridge and a niece of the Queen. She is 10.

This will be Princess Elizabeth's second experience as a bridesmaid. She was bridesmaid to Lady May Cambridge at her wedding at Balcombe, Sussex, in 1931.

THE royal guests include, in addition to the King and Queen of Denmark and the King and Queen of Norway, Princess Paul of Jugoslavia, Princess Marina's sister, and Count and Countess Toerring, her brother-in-law and sister.

Prince Paul of Jugoslavia will be unable to attend the wedding because of his duties as Regent.

The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Cyril of Russia, parents of the Grand Duchess Kyra, one of the bridesmaids, and Prince Valdemar of Denmark, Prince George of Greece, Princess Marie of Greece, and many other members of the Greek Royal family will be among the guests.

Most of them will stay as the guests of the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace, but several others will be accommodated at hotels.

PRINCESS MARINA and Prince George, with Westminster Abbey—England's historic Cathedral, which has witnessed the wedding of many Royal couples.

ROYAL MARRIAGES *for Love* — not DIPLOMACY

Since the Great War, little has been heard of Royal marriages or engagements. The old diplomacy, in which marriages played a big part, has given way to something more prosaic and less spectacular.

For that reason the marriage of Prince George of England to Princess Marina of Greece is an event that has roused far more than ordinary interest.

IT strikes a note of color in the post-war scheme of international relations. Though without dynastic significance, it recalls a time when the destiny of nations was involved in the alliances of Royal families.

An alliance by marriage with a Greek princess is something new in our history. One reason is that Greece came under the sway of Turkey in the 15th century, and from then until 1833 there was no reigning House of Greece.

The Crown of Greece has never sat easily on the brow of its wearers. Princess Marina's grandfather, George I., survived a lot of turmoil and several incipient risings before he was assassinated in 1913. His son and successor, King Constantine, was caught in the cross-currents of the great war, and finally driven from his throne in 1922.

Prince Nicholas, the father of the bride-elect, is ex-King Constantine's brother. He has seen his brother and two of his brother's sons—first, Alexandros, and then George II.—occupy for a space the throne of Greece. He has seen all three removed by death or expulsion. He has seen Greece pass from a monarchy to a republic (as it became by plebiscite of the Greek people in 1924).

Nicholas himself has managed to keep out of the turmoil. Not having aspired to the throne, he has given no one the chance to expel him from it.

It is interesting to note that the blood of three Royal Houses flows in the veins of the Princess who is to marry Prince George.

She is, as we have seen, the granddaughter of King George I of Greece. She is also the great-granddaughter of King Christian IX of Denmark. Further, she is, through her mother, the former Grand Duchess Helene of Russia, a descendant of the Imperial and tragic line of the Romanoffs, and numbers among her ancestors Peter the Great.

Another fact of interest to genealogists is that, although his bride is the great-granddaughter of a former King of Denmark, Prince George has more Danish blood in his veins than has his prospective bride.

Britain's Crown

HOW does Prince George stand in the matter of succession to the Throne of England? At present there are five lives in front of him in the following order: Prince of Wales, Duke of York, two daughters of the Duke of York, and Prince Henry. In the highly improbable event of these five dying before Prince George, and leaving no issue, the Crown would, in the ordinary course, devolve on Prince George.

Needless to say, the possibility of such a thing is remote. It is far more likely that Princess Marina's father, Prince Nicholas, may yet be called to the throne of Greece.

At the Greek plebiscite in 1924, about seven people to every three voted for a Republic as against a Monarchy. But the temper of the crowd is proverbially fickle, and there are signs in Greece, as in the rest of Europe, of a monarchist revival.

The man most likely to become King of Greece, should the monarchy be restored, is the father of Prince George's bride-elect.

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One of the most unforgettable incidents of the Prince's visit to New South Wales was the dedication ceremony of the Anzac Memorial in Sydney. Our photographer caught this wonderful picture of the Royal visitor making his address before the Shrine.

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RADIO HIGHLIGHTS

Station 2GB wishes to thank the scores of readers who responded to our request for letters of comment, and hopes they will all try again.

The prize of 5/- for the first week's best letter on 2GB goes to Constance Wilson, 27 Haig Av., Ryde.

Station 2GB does not necessarily accept the opinions expressed entirely. The winning letter reads:

"FIRST of all, I think that 2GB is the most popular station on the air, because of its variety and range of programme. Auntie Val and Bimbo in the morning session do good work, and may they continue to do so. Mrs. Dorothy Jordan adds a human touch to her session, and for this her work is more appreciated than that of any other woman announcer.

"Though Mrs. Steltzer is a good worker, I think she is a failure over the air, because for some reason or other she seems to forget that the microphone is there, and continually lowers her voice and turns away from the mike.

"Uncle George and his henchmen are good, and they are always ready to entertain.

"George Edwardes and Company are also good scouts and their work is first-class.

"Jack Davey is a good singer, but why does he drag his songs out when crooning, for some of the numbers he renders are absolutely murdered. He makes the mistake of trying to follow the pianist, instead of letting the pianist (Mr. Dech) follow him.

"Constance Wilson."

MRS. E. GORDON, 199 Addison Road, Marrickville, ran a close second; but the greater part of her letter concerned an alteration already made.

Her letter reads:—

"It is over the air, when one cannot see the speaker, that one must depend on the voice. And one is not immediately attuned to a speaker. That is why (in my opinion) your delivery of the news in the morning is a failure. Two speakers mean two voices, and at that time of the day one is very busy. A slow, steady enunciation enables the listener to get on with tasks and fully appreciate the speaker. Kathleen Jordan could improve in this direction a little.

"I would like to hear your lectures on numerology back again.

"I am very glad you cut out that 'fanfare' in which Harold Morton was introduced at one time, and for a reason I often felt inclined to tell you of when I happened to be changing my book at your library. As a child in England at a 'panorama,' the picture being 'Christmas Day in Australia,' a donkey helped itself to the edibles and brayed, and the braying was accompanied by that same 'fanfare.' Can you imagine the conjuring up of that picture during H. M's. talk on psychology. 'Ludicrous'?"

"E. Gordon."

BYRON AND THE LADIES

A BRILLIANT writer once said that you could give a lecture on Byron in the most puritanical parts of America and be sure of getting a packed audience, mainly of maiden ladies. What has Byron done to deserve that? Well he was very handsome, he wrote poetry that earned him a European reputation as the greatest English poet since Shakespeare, he took vinegar with his potatoes in order to keep slim, he was accused of being in love with his half-sister, he wrote one poem which you can't obtain even in his collected works, and he died in an attempt to free modern Greece from the Turkish oppressor. He was at the same time a Glorious Apollo and a very human man. And we must admit that we like Byron's poems, especially a short lyric about "going no more a-roving." It will be interesting to see what sort of Byron George Edwardes makes.—**"The Life of Lord Byron," Sunday, December 2, at 8.45 p.m.**

WOMEN THE REALISTS

ARE women more practical than men? We're not saying they are. But take the case of Charlotte Corday. She was a young aristocrat living in Normandy. She had liberal tendencies. The French Revolution wasn't going the way she wanted it to. She packed up her boxes and took coach to Paris, carried out some business that awaited her attention, bought a knife, and wrote a letter asking for an interview with Citoyen Marat, as she wished to "put it into his power to do France a great service."

He was ill, and did not reply. One evening she called personally. Marat was writing, in his bath, writing, it is said, the names of men to be guillotined. The young lady was admitted and as Marat looked up from his writing she plunged her knife into his heart.—**"Jean Jacques Marat," a George Edwardes production, on Tuesday, December 4, at 9.30 p.m.**

MOZART, INFANT PRODIGY

IN 1765 an English gentleman wrote reporting the existence of Mozart to the British Royal Society. If a child of eight years, seven feet in height, was worth reporting to that august body, he considered a child of eight who could hold an audience enthralled by his remarkable playing was also worth reporting. The gentleman was right, and if Mozart had betrayed the promise of his childhood, music would have been infinitely poorer.—**Programme Presentation, "Mozart, the Composer," Sunday, December 2, at 12.45 p.m.**

MUSICAL ACROBATICS

WURLITZER organs are a thing we never did care very much for, and time has proved us right. They are no longer the wonders they used to be. Once every picture theatre wanted one, biggr and better than its rival, and audiences sat rapt in wonder as the organist appeared from out of the floor, pneumatically elated, and played "Swannee River" somewhere up in the roof to an accompaniment of "Humoresque" coming from another end of the theatre, whilst somewhere else bells chimed the Angelus. They could do anything on these instruments, from imitating a dog fight to playing Battles of Waterloo. But the glory has departed somewhat, and people are only politely interested. Maestro of all Wurlitzer organists was Jessie Crawford.—**"Favorites Old and New, Jesse Crawford," on Tuesday, December 4, at 6.20 p.m.**

5/- For a Letter

ON this page we print the winning letter and one other from those received last week. We still want your letters. And remember it is in your interest to let us know what you think of 2GB—its programmes, its personalities, or its page. If you think they are good, let us know and stand a chance of winning 5/-; if you think they could be bettered, again let us know, and besides the possibility of winning 5/- 2GB will seriously consider your criticism. Send your letter—150 to 200 words—to Publicity Editor, 2GB.

AN OLD LOVE SONG

WE have always liked to imagine Shakespeare as having listened to his friend Ben Jonson's song "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes," sung to the same tune as we still hear it to-day. But historical research has banished another illusion. The present tune is comparatively modern. Still, "Drink To Me" has the distinction of being about the oldest love song still sung, for it was really cribbed by Jonson from two old Greek songs. Its nearest rival is "The Star," which tenors like to sing with resounding top notes, which is one of the trifles produced by Plato in his youth, long before he took up philosophy and invented platonic love.—**"Fireside Phantasies," Sunday, December 2, at 3.50 p.m.**

THE COMING RELIGION?

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE, as far as we can discover, is the only religion a woman has given to the world, and if Mark Twain is to be believed, it is the coming religion. Strangely unlike most new religions it attracts men in almost as large numbers as women.—**"What I Believe." J. F. Turner, Christian Science, on Sunday, December 2, at 7.20 p.m.**

PETER DAWSON

YOU may not think Peter Dawson has one of the world's great voices, you may not think the general type of songs he sings is very fine, but you must admit that there is something very appealing in a man and singer who can record 3000 different songs and still not wear his popularity out.—**Peter Dawson, Sunday, December 2, at 9.0 a.m.**

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Boys and girls! Wouldn't you love to win a bicycle for Christmas? A camera, a tennis racquet, a cricket bat, or one of the hosts of prizes given away by Fatty Finn?
Get a copy of this wonderful paper for boys and girls next Tuesday and try your skill at the puzzles and painting competitions. There are lots of prizes and anyone can enter.

Intimate Jottings

Did you know, my dear Juliet, that—

Beatrice, the eldest of Mr. and Mrs. Greg McGirr's eight daughters, was one of this week's debutantes and wore a charming floral silk with a black lace picture hat at the Government House garden party?

Mrs. John Robertson, of Toganmain, Hay, is on board the Orontes bound for Colombo?

High-crowned hats made their appearance in Paris the week Elsie Segaert left for Sydney, and she found them in our shop windows on her arrival here?

Mr. Hunter White, the owner of Oro, winner of the Duke of Gloucester Plate, consistently wears a white tie in the daytime?

What the Prince Said

ALL the Prince's partners have had the secrecy hoodoo put on them so effectively that they seem to think it is almost as much as their lives are worth to breathe a word about what H.R.H. said to them.

However, one dainty little girl, who danced with him at Canberra, confided in me that he was the very nicest thing! He told her that he knew quite well how nervous most girls felt on making their curtsy to Royalty and that it was quite a help to them to shake hands so that they could feel they had some support when they most needed it.

Orchid for Mayor

AS you know, Juliet, I never mix in civic scraps, but when Ald. A. L. Parker assumed the Mayoral robes, the baying of the pack reached even my secluded ears and made me sit up and take notice most furiously.

Well, who can now deny that he has scored a triumph? Never, in my experience of massed hospitality functions, have I attended so suavely run a show as the Lord Mayor's Ball for the Prince. From the wonderful decorations to the scrumptious supper, the whole thing was splendidly done, and Ald. Parker gets my orchid for his prowess as a host.

If H.R.H. has ever felt the pinch in his pocket money after buying a dozen or so oysters in London, he must have opened his eyes wide when he glimpsed them in their succulent thousands all ready to tickle the palates of the two thousand guests at the ball.

Society's Bad Manners

I REGRET to have to tell you, Juliet, that social Sydney made a nasty rent in its manners at the Mayoral Ball for the Prince. When H.R.H. arrived he walked along a massed lane of people to a little dais whereon he and the Vice-Regals and so forth were to be seated.

When the Prince sat down, the crowd surged round him and from the distance of about a foot away from him they stared and stared and STARED!!

If the Royal visitor had been a strange animal or exhibit A in a murder case, they could not have crowded or gaped more crudely.

Never have I seen a human being more exquisitely embarrassed. And when he got up to dance with Gwen Stevens, the staring crowd gave back only a little, so that the pair were dancing alone on the floor in a fearfully restricted space just as though they were giving a dance exhibition.

When, after what seemed a lifetime, the Games got up and danced, and some of the aides cleared the floor, it was a wonderful relief to the hundreds who were mortified at seeing such an ill-mannered spectacle.

With a Smile

I SHOULD think Commissioner Childs and Superintendent Mackay would be terribly pleased with themselves and their men over the Royal visit programme. Service with a smile was the police motto everywhere.

Along all the routes of the Royal progress, at the showground, racecourse—everywhere, it was the same story.

At the racecourse I watched three policemen on guard in front of the Vice-Regal box. They held quite a levee, and each must have answered a million questions about the Prince's movements.

TOP: MISS WINIFRED GILLESPIE, an accomplished musician, who made her debut at the Sussex Welcome Ball on Monday night.
—Raymond Sawyer.

RIGHT: ANOTHER debutante at the Sussex Welcome Ball—Miss Beryl Rosebery, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Sidney Rosebery, of Cremorne.
—Raymond Sawyer.

Moose in Roses

THAT dear old moose's head which surveys the comings and goings of members of the Australian Club looked most self-conscious in his drapings of Dorothy Perkins roses at the delightful party given at the club on the day of Prince Henry's arrival.

Wonderful floral decorations, mostly carried out in pink and blue, were arranged on tall green standards along the long narrow tables, where a most appetising buffet luncheon was in readiness.

On account of the alarming size of the crowds of sightseers, the main entrance to the club was firmly barricaded, and the tradesman's entrance was beflagged and almost hidden in greenery and flowers in readiness for the guests. By the time the party was over, and this most exclusive of Sydney clubs had done its duty by the fair sex, until the next Royal progress, the crowds had thinned enough to allow of a more formal mode of exit into Macquarie Street.

Sydney En Fete

THE fireworks were grand, Juliet, but how very much more thrilling would they have been if the suspense had not been so long drawn out and the rockets, fire hoses, procession of boats, and such like had all done a magnificent blaze together! Long before the final display thousands of spectators had drifted off to the many parties and dances being given in the vicinity of the harbor lights.

At Government House Prince Henry danced with Sadie Budge, and Audrey Nicholson, before retiring after a day of varied activities. The Motor Yacht Club at Woollahra Point surpassed themselves in the way of brilliant decorations at their club dance. The fun was still fast and furious when the stream of cars returning from the Royal Sydney Golf Club passed the point.

Gay Garden Party

NEVER has the weather been so much discussed as at the Garden Party at Government House last Friday. Everyone was overjoyed that the Prince should have sunshine tempered with a mild breeze for the occasion.

From the moment Prince Henry made his appearance, complete in elegant grey with a white camellia in his buttonhole, a crowd politely but persistently followed him on his peregrinations around the garden, when Sir Philip Game and the Aides accompanied him.

Clothes were so extraordinarily varied that no one could possibly feel uncomfortable in the quaintest garments. One small group included a lady in heavy English tweeds chatting to a guest, evidently just returned from the tropics, in spotless white ducks and solar topee. Nearby were some interested spectators who quite evidently were not personally known in Vice-Regal circles, attired in true Ascot fashions.

On the other hand, the brilliant uniforms of the services and the many elegant silk-hatted and frock-coated young men made an admirable setting for some of the most attractive fashions seen this season.

Silver Hair

AT the Grand Festival Ball at the Town Hall in aid of the Industrial Blind Institution, Enid Riddle, in gold satin and floating tulle draperies, was crowned Rose Queen by Lady Isaacs. Silver paint was thickly spread on hair, eyebrows, and lashes of Alys Danciger, another queen, and her attendant maids in contrast to their cameo pink frocks.

A bevy of debutantes were received by Lady Kingsmill at the A.I.F. Ball in the ballroom at Mark Foys, and both the H.M.A.S. Canberra and H.M.A.S. Australia were en fete, the guests on board having a close view of the fireworks, and being enabled to "see the wheels go round" from this vantage ground.

Historic Ball

FOR the first time in our history, Army, Navy, and Air Force combined to organise a social function for Royalty at the Palais last Friday and, believe me, Juliet, they made a good job of it!

The whole thing was flawless, from decorations to supper, and the brilliance of the uniforms and charm of the frocking added the last touch of distinction to the gathering.

Numbers of fair "civvies" gave a quite unnecessary hand to the gallant tars from the Canberra in holding the rope that made a laneway for the Prince's progress.

There was no jostling the Prince here, Juliet, no crowding him out on the dance floor—but everything done with a smooth finish that was most delightful.

And did you notice, Juliet, that—

Archbishop Mowll, Mr. Percy Higgins, and Mr. Randolph Trafford, an English visitor, all towered over their fellow men at this week's functions?

Mr. E. Maier, the Spanish tennis champion, is equally agile with his footwork on the courts and on the ballroom floor?

Jane Anne

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What do you think of this old frock . . . washed in Persil?

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ATALANTA

Continued from Page 5

"RATHER so. Regular jettatura."

"You'd like me to tell him?"

"Only joking, you know. But he does put me off."

"How—reprehensible!"

The Austrian champion came to carry off Miss Fortescue for a walk, and Lady Glendower moved to an empty chair next to Julian. She could not help noticing than his glances followed Miss Fortescue. Poor lamb! How unsubtle of him to be attracted by a little tin goddess.

"I have a message for you, my dear."

Julian's eyelids flickered. He had allowed himself to forget that other people could be socially proximate.

"I beg your pardon——"

"You have been doing a dreadful thing, Julian."

"I?"

"Yes, disturbing the concentration of a celebrity."

"Who? How?"

And then the truth dawned on him. He had stared rather at Miss Fortescue; there was so much of beauty in her movements. This persistent watching might have annoyed her.

"I'm terribly sorry," he said. "Miss Fortescue, I suppose."

"Yes, but go on and stare," Lady Glendower said. "It won't hurt her. Her mind is all on cups, nothing but cups." And her ladyship lit another cigarette.

The third day.

Joan had gone to the courts with her three racquets, and had forgotten her eye-shade. Very fatuous of her. She ran back through the gardens, and coming up the path she met a man. He was lame; he helped himself with a stick; he raised his hat, looked at her, and then looked away.

She nodded and smiled. She thought: "Why, he's a poor cripple" Something in those very sensitive eyes of his had surprised her. He had seemed self-conscious and guilty, as though the Glendower woman had told him that she—Miss Fortescue—resented being stared at. Suddenly she felt certain that the Glendower woman had told him. Well, really, hadn't the woman any sense of humor.

Returning to the courts she found herself bothered by his empty chair, which was preposterous. The man was lame, and she had hurt him. People shouldn't be so absurdly sensitive. But she was playing Mlle. Xanthos, and she was two games down to her in the first set. Oh, hang empty chairs. She gripped her concentration, and bent it to the crisis. This was the semi-final; unless she survived it she would not meet the Fink woman. She did survive, but very narrowly so. The Greek girl took the score to five all in the third set.

AFTERWARDS, she strolled across to watch Fraulein Fink, who was playing in a mixed doubles on No. 3 court. She saw Julian Peters there in somebody's vacant chair. She saw him applaud one of the Fink volleys.

"Oh, great shot!"

She was piqued. Had she driven him into the Fink family?

The fourth day was a blank day so far as she was concerned, for the finals of the singles were being reserved for the last day. She walked along the sea path in the direction of St. Jean and the Cape.

She passed through St. Jean, and took the sandy track along the headland, where the sea and the pines sang to each other. It was very solitary. She saw nothing but a roving yellow dog, who looked askance at her when she spoke to him.

Funny creatures French dogs.

But there were other funny creatures in the world. She heard someone calling.

"Hallo—hallo."

The voice was a man's, and English. It came from among the pines on the hillside. She paused to look, but it was some seconds before she picked out the figure among the trees. It seemed to be half lying, half sitting in the heather.

She turned up the hill.

"Did you call?"

"Yes—I'm awfully sorry, but could you——"

The recognition was sudden and simultaneous. She was conscious of a curious pang. The lame man!

He was shy, and apologetic.

"Awfully sorry to bother you. It's my wretched leg. It drags a bit, and I caught my toe on a root scrambling around here."

Almost, his face suggested shame, that he should have to appeal to a woman who was so strong and lithe and swift. He had been that once.

Miss Fortescue was other than Miss Fortescue. Why, she did not know or care. Something stirred in her, a strong, strange, and instinctive thing.

"You've hurt yourself."

"Just a twist. I shall have to get a lift back. So rotten—being a crock. And I used to be a wing three-quarter."

His protest hurt her. Really, how beastly self-centered one could be, think of nothing but hitting a ball. She knelt down and looked at his leg.

"I'm so sorry. Ought you to have a doctor?"

"Oh, no, sometimes the beastly thing behaves like this, and I have to humor it for a day or two. If I could get a taxi as far as the road."

She looked at him.

"How did it happen?"

His eyes opened wide to hers. She was so different. She. . . .

"I just caught my toe."

"No—I mean—the leg?"

"Oh, a motor smash." "What bad luck. I can get a taxi or a carriage in St. Jean.

"Could you?"

"Of course."

"It's awfully good of you."

"Oh, no. I'll go at once."

How absurd of her! She was suddenly hot and confused. She got up, and smiled—not at him—but over him. Her face was a different face.

"I won't be ten minutes."

She ran.

She found a carriage in St. Jean waiting by the little harbor.

Returning, she found Julian sitting there with the air of a patient child. He smiled at her.

"I've got a carriage. But do you think you can manage?"

He looked shy. If someone would lend him a shoulder? She understood. She helped him up, and made him put an arm across her shoulders; her left arm encircled him.

"Rather like a three-legged race."

SHE watched him take a step, moving to keep in rhythm with him.

"Put your weight on me. That's right."

"Yes, I can manage."

It took them five minutes to reach the carriage, and in those five minutes a completely new attitude to life had affected both of them. The intimacy of an impersonal occasion had become self-conscious. That racquet arm of hers was supporting a live thing. She got him into the carriage. He was a little flushed, whether with pain or pleasure, or both, she could not say. Her own face had come into sudden bloom.

"Where do you want to go?"

"Oh, the Bedford."

The carriage rattled back to St. Jean, and they sat self-consciously side by side, demure and dignified. They had become suddenly shy of each other, two young souls in profile. But their silence was like a pause between two musical movements.

He said: "I'm awfully sorry. I upset your game. It never occurred to me—that——"

She held her breath. So the old wretch had told him!

"But—really—you didn't."

"Yes, I did. It bothered you. You see, I can't move, and it was rather good watching you move."

She was speechless. And then she said in rather an off-hand way: "I wonder if it's worth while."

He looked at her a little anxiously.

"What?"

"Rushing about—banging a ball, and making such a beastly business of it. I think I'll lose to-morrow."

"Please, don't."

"I don't think I should mind much."

He said: "I should."

When the carriage drew up outside the hotel, she jumped out quickly.

"I'll get a porter."

And then she saw that he had something to say.

"Might I come to-morrow?"

Her eyes met his.

"But you can't. You mustn't."

"Oh, yes, I could. I've still got my old splint and a crutch. Kept in reserve, you know. But if it's going to put you off your game. And I won't stare."

Her face had a new mystery.

"I'd like you to come, if you want to. No, it won't worry me."

She ran up the hotel steps to fetch the concierge to help him.

IT was a crowded day. When she walked on to the court with the Fink woman she looked towards that particular place. He was there. He raised his hat, and she gave him a little wave of the racquet. Fraulein Fink, lean, kinky-haired, all teeth, flashed them at the crowd. Hands clapped. Fraulein Fink smiled upon the world. Her big nose seemed to transfix victory. She smiled upon her opponent. Oh, yes, she was feeling supremely confident, and Miss Fortescue was looking nervous.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
HOME MAKER

December 1, 1934. A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

Provocative Beauties For Your Homes

FIVE Witching Examples in "Boudoir" Dolls For You to Copy

Make one of them for yourself and make another to give as an "Extra Special" present to a favored friend at Christmastide . . . Directions will guide you

By Our Home Decorator

THESE petite beauties with all the sophistication and demure charm they can muster... with their silks and laces, crisp organdie, ruffles and bows, pert bonnets and quaint hats... are gathered together for your delectation. They are here for you to copy. Capture their loveliness for your home—or for some other lucky home. You can do it so easily, and withal inexpensively!

EVERY girl and woman who loves pretty things around her—and who doesn't?—will simply adore this collection, and will, I feel sure, lose no time in dressing at least one for their own delectation or the adoration of some much-favored friend.

Reposing on bed or lounge, they give to a room a certain air of sumptuousness which is very soul-satisfying; or used as covers for the prosaic telephone they lend a quaintness and charm wholly feminine.

Of course, the position of a telephone in every home does not lend itself to such a cover—and one can well imagine a man gingerly lifting the "thing" off, and then jamming it down somewhere out of the road, when feminine eyes are not there to see!

As we are all well aware, a well-dressed "French" doll usually costs guineas to buy—quite beyond the reach of the average person. But by buying the head and wire frame, or the "ready-to-be-dressed" doll (on sale in most of the bigger stores at varying prices), and dressing them yourself, they cost only a tithe in comparison.

Scraps of lace and silk, velvet, ribbon, and fancy straw material for the hats can be utilised, or remnants purchased for very little, and it is marvellous what visions of loveliness can be evolved by clever fingers from these odds and ends.

In this article explicit directions are given for dressing a doll for your bedroom or lounge, and for this I have chosen the smart Spanish senorita shown on the extreme left of the illustration.

Full directions are given, also, for making a telephone doll. For this the lovely "Period Lady" standing so demurely, but the better to be seen, at the top of the page, has been selected.

You will, then, be sufficiently enlightened as to the basic requirements and method of dressing any type of doll, and which, after all, is a very simple procedure. The ultimate success relies more upon artistry in selection of colors to harmonise with the color scheme of your rooms, and upon your "dressing" sense, than upon anything else.

DON'T you simply adore them—French dolls in their fascinating silks and laces? Reposing on the bed or lounge, or perched nonchalantly on the arm of an easy-chair, they give to your rooms a certain air of sumptuousness which is soul-satisfying!... And, by the way, if you want to give an extra special kind of present this Christmas, copy the telephone doll (shown top). Lovely heads can be bought at most leading stores, and the wire frames as well.

The Telephone Doll

WHAT a charming Christmas gift our "Period Lady" would make!

First of all, secure the "head" and the wire frame. You will also need about 14 yards of taffet to suit the color scheme of your furnishing (the original was in rose-pink with a deeper shade of velvet ribbon and coffee-colored val. lace), two yards each of narrow val. edging and velvet ribbon, and some matching thread.

Attach the "head" to the frame securely.

Cut a bodice and sleeves of silk, and sew on; make a tiny silk collar and edge it with the lace; sew a frill of lace at each wrist, and a second on at the elbows.

Now cut a length of silk the depth of the frame, and wide enough to have fullness back and front, sew the val. lace round lower edge, then sew four pieces one above the other, each one smaller than the last, as shown in the illustration. Sew the skirt to the frame.

Cut two strips of silk about 7 inches wide, and 10 inches longer than the skirt; hem both sides, gather one end and sew to side of waist, run a gathering thread 10 inches lower down, loop up and catch to skirt to form a pannier. Hem lower edge. Do the same to the other side.

The next step is to cut a length of the velvet, make into a bow, and sew to front.

Trim the frock with tiny bows of velvet, sewn on with a rose made in grub stitch.

For the hat, cut a circle of black velvet about the size of a penny, cut a tiny slit about ¼ inch in from the edge at each side, thread a piece of velvet through, put on the head, and tie in a bow at the back—and there you are!

TO dress the lovely senorita for your bed or lounge, you will, of course, need a "ready-to-be-dressed" doll, and the following:

One yard of yellow taffeta (or any other color you might prefer), 1½ yards of black lace about 10 inches deep, with a nice, scalloped edge, enough black taffeta to make the hat, and about 2 yards of narrow black val. edging.

Cut the silk whatever depth you wish the skirt to be, seam up the back, cut a yard of the wide lace, lay over the silk and run a "running" string through both round the waist.

Cover the upper part of the body with silk, and cut two lengths from the wide lace to make shoulder capes, reaching from the waist back and front, sew in place.

Turn up a hem on the skirt, and sew the lace edging round 1 inch above the hem. Gather the skirt round the waist, and sew.

Make sleeves of the taffeta, having 3-inch frills at the wrists.

Such a Pert Hat!

FOR the hat, cut a circle from the black silk (you could use a small saucer to do this), edge it with the narrow lace, cut a hole in the centre big enough to fit the head, then cut a small circle for the crown, gather the edge, and sew to the brim. Pin to the head, turning back the brim in front, as worn by the buccaneer.

This doll could be made into a telephone doll, also, by following the directions given previously (as regards the length and width of the skirt to cover the wire frame).

Copy These, Too!

THE three others pictured here may be copied with ease. On the extreme right is a darling in her pale blue taffeta with its overskirt and jacket of figured taffeta. She is wearing a gold straw hat, trimmed with tiny flowers, and a gold ribbon ties at the waist.

On the bed you glimpse a vision in a combination of primrose taffeta and floral georgette.

The skirt is composed of alternate panels of taffeta and georgette, each panel being scalloped at the hem. You'll note the bodice has a shoulder cape of the georgette, ending with a bow and long ends of jade green velvet ribbon.

The large taffeta hat is finished with a ruffle of the georgette.

This pert young lady boasts a taffeta underskirt to set off her bouffant frock.

Then there is the delightful one in crisp white organdie, sitting all expectant for your admiration at the foot of the bed. Her billowy skirt flaunts rows of narrow lace, and softest blue ribbon bows lend a touch of charm and distinction to her devastating femininity!—E.E.G.

CLEVER IDEAS

HERE ARE some hints on choosing our Christmas poultry:—Fowls: Young fowls have smooth combs and legs and are fat on the back as well as plump on the breast. Long hairs on the breast mean old age. Ducks: Choose them with supple, yellow feet, and hard, plump breasts. Turkeys: If young, the legs will be smooth and black; if old, they will be reddish.—**Mrs. R. Taylor, 3 Mill Hill Rd., Waverley, Sydney.**

TO PREVENT pastry at the bottom of fruit pies or jam tarts from becoming heavy and sodden, brush over the pastry with a beaten egg-white before putting in the fruit or jam.—**Mrs. R. Butters, 11 Scotia St., Preston, Vic.**

WHEN FEEDING children or sick people a good way to keep the napkins in place is to get two suspender grips and sew them on to a bit of ribbon. This will go round the neck and the grips will hold the napkin.—**Mrs. E. H. Pengilly, Alawoona, S.A.**

IT IS sometimes difficult to iron a blouse or shirt that has buttons down the front. To prevent breaking them or leaving a puckered edge, put a thick narrow pad of flannel under the right side for the buttons to sink into while you iron on the wrong side, then run the iron once along the outside edge on the right side.—**Doris Bell, Airlie, 74 Treneerry Crescent, Abbotsford N.9, Vic.**

IF YOUR fowls are not laying well, try the following: 2lb. linseed meal, 1lb. sulphur, 2oz. cayenne pepper, 2pkts. Epsom salts. Mix thoroughly and put in a tin. Allow about a tablespoon of the spice for a dozen birds. It should be mixed in with their food once a day.—**Mrs. A. Martell, 51 Charles St., Norwood, S.A.**

A GOOD hint for moving heavy pieces of furniture such as sideboards, writing-desks, and bookcases, without enlisting the aid of the menfolk, is: place underneath the article to be moved a piece of felt or carpet large enough to fit under the four legs. The article can then be pushed with ease to any part of the room without injury to the lino. I have moved heavy furniture this way without strain.—**Mrs. Thomas, Flat 5, The Regent, 396 Old South Head Rd., Bondi, N.S.W.**

CLEAN IRONS with bathbrick or knifepowder and a little kerosene. Take care not to scratch them. Rub well round the edges, and dry with a piece of flannel. Boil them for 20 minutes in the copper after washing, then put them in a tub of clean cold water, dry thoroughly at once, and put away.—**Mrs. J. Stone, Evelyn St., Wilston, Brisbane.**

No nom-de-plumes will in future be published in the "Clever Idea" section. Readers are asked to send in full name and address.

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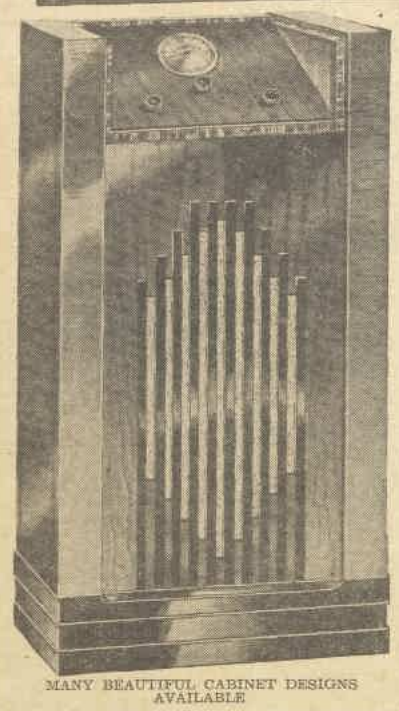


MANY BEAUTIFUL CABINET DESIGNS AVAILABLE

SYDNEY! LONDON! PARIS! AMERICA!

It matters not how DISTANT the Station, a RELIANCE RADIO will bring it to you CLEARER and BETTER!

The extraordinary quality of Reliance Radio—the remarkable economy in current consumption—the astoundingly low wholesale prices—all these features combine to make Reliance the most sought after set on the market to-day.

Buy Wholesale

From the Largest Direct Radio House in Australia. There is a RELIANCE Model for every purse. High-grade quality Sets may be purchased at Reliance Wholesale Prices—ranging from £7/16/8.

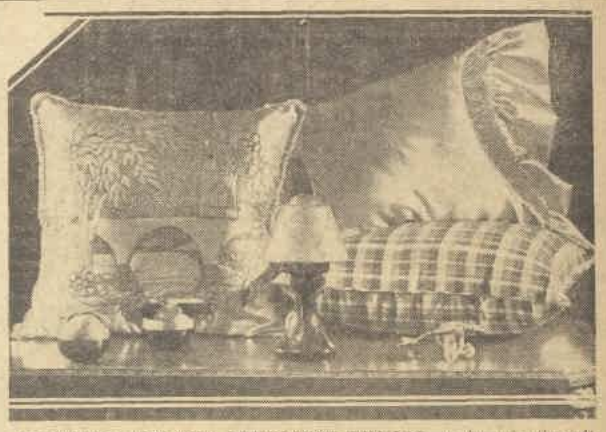
Reliance Duo-Grande
5 Valve Superhet.

RELIANCE WHOLESALE PRICE £17/13/4
WEEKLY PAYMENTS ARE ONLY 4/11
Normal Retail Price for this Set is .. £26/10/-

WE finance our own terms and arrange payments to suit you!
'PHONE B2223, BW6407. OPEN FRIDAY NIGHTS

Reliance RADIO CO. (A'SIA)
Radio Manufacturers & Wholesale Merchants

RELIANCE HOUSE (Opposite Wynyard Street) 45 YORK STREET SYDNEY



CUSHIONS ARE THE LOVELIEST THINGS—so luxuriantly soft and cuddlesome. Any one of the three pictured above may be obtained at Grace Bros., likewise the table-lamp and other novelties described in the article.

GIFTS of BEAUTY...
That Keep On Giving Beauty

The woman who has learnt to budget her income has also learnt to spend her pocket money to the best advantage. How many of us have wished, when we opened a Christmas parcel and found some frivolous, useless "luxury," that the donor had spent the same sum—or maybe less—on that attractive little bowl or ashtray that we really wanted, and which was a real luxury because we couldn't afford it?

MAYBE that wry thought has turned our attention inwards. Haven't we all, at some time or other, rushed pell-mell into a store at the last minute, and for want of previous thought bought some useless novelty that will probably cause the recipient a headache wondering who to pass it on to?

How much nicer to prove to the recipient that our gift is sincere by giving a little thought and care to our selection.

Give her, if possible, the thing she wants most. It might only be a nutmeg grater or a lemon squeezer to match the color scheme of her kitchen, but if she **wants** it, it is more a pleasure and a luxury than a bottle of Worth's perfume!

One bears on all sides the remark, "It isn't the gift that matters, it's the thought." Quite so. But how many put thoughtfulness into their gifts? Why not try this year to give the things that are wanted most and that will express our thoughtfulness and not be just an expression of thought.

Pictured here are several little "luxuries" chosen at random, but with an eye to their utility as well as their charm.

Most women would find a cushion a delightful gift . . . the gaily-colored "cottage weave" at 5/11 or the two-toned art satin, with its soft ruching and frill at 5/11, would find a corner in any home, while the quilted taffeta cushion in pastel shades is loveliest "luxury" in every sense of the word, and only 25/-.

The ash tray is something new . . . of alabaster, round as a ball, with a flat base; the black "stripes" you see in the first open out, making rests for the cigarette as shown. Obtainable in two-tone and one-color effects they are 11/6.

With every one "air-minded" these days, what happier thought than this aeroplane cigarette lighter . . . a touch on the propeller and the roof of the cockpit flies open and discloses a flame. It would be nice for HIS own room. Of gleaming nickel, it is priced at 8/6.

The table-lamp may be had in many colors and shapes, complete with flex and fittings, at 14/6.

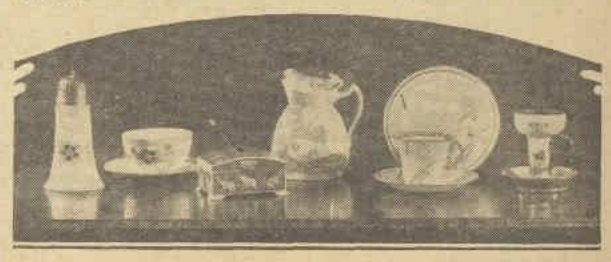
Quite a novel idea is the grapefruit bowl and plate all in one piece. Six of these, plus the sugar-sifter, hand-painted on cream English china, cost 10/6 the set, and would make a delightful gift for the lass with the glory-box—as well as her married sister.

Elephants are supposed to be lucky, and these bright little chaps adorning the brightly lacquered cigarette box look intriguing enough to be anything. Two and sixpence will buy them, and bring, we hope, endless good luck.

There's a lot to be said for the attractively patterned "cosy teapot" that has its roots in sound common sense. It is cleaner and more hygienic than the ordinary teapot, being so designed that it can be easily washed. The shape insures one against tea leaves, for the tea comes out clearly. In addition, it is spoutless and dripless, with a lid that doesn't fall out. 3/9 is the price. Others may be had at various prices, in various sizes.

Platinum is very fashionable, and when it "bands" a dainty cup, saucer, and plate, it is very attractive, too. The vogue for odd cups and saucers at a tea party, instead of matching ones seems to be growing. This is one of a large range, and is 4/6.

The delightful candlestick of old Cornish mottoware reminds one of the Land of Nod, and also rejoices in the motto, "Many are called, but few get up." 3/3 will buy it and give some lucky person mute evidence of good wishes—and thoughtfulness—on Christmas morn.



GIFTS OF BEAUTY that will assuredly keep on giving beauty long after Christmas is past. Details and prices of each are given in the story.
Photos by courtesy of Grace Bros.

Bed-making

DON'T carelessly make the bed, with the sheet inside out and upside down. Take care to put the bottom sheet on right side uppermost, and the upper sheet wrong side upwards, and see that the deeper hem goes to the top. Apply the same rule to blankets. This will not only add to the appearance of the bed, but, fitting so snugly, it will add to your own comfort.

For the Bath of Luxury

How restful to tired limbs and senses is the bath made fragrant and exquisitely refreshing with Morny Bath Soap and Talcum . . . How soft and delightful your skin feels. How fragrant is the perfume of "Tentation," the latest series by Morny, "June Roses," "Gardenia," "Pink Lilac," and other equally delightful Morny creations.

Morny Regent Street London

MADE BY THE FAMOUS BRITISH HOUSE OF MORNY
FROM ALL RETAILERS OF HIGH-CLASS TOILET PRODUCTS

Adventure Stories for Boys and Girls

PARENTS! Your children's mental fare is important. Order Fatty Finn's Weekly for them... healthy and amusing, full of interest.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

"PERFECT" WAVE SETTERS and END CURLERS

FROM ALL STORES AND LEADING HAIRDRESSERS

FREE GIFTS COMPETITION

1st Prize: Spalding Tennis Racket and Balls valued at £4/10/-
2nd Prize: Dressing Table Set valued at £2/10/-.
3rd Prize: Manicure Set valued at £1/1/-.
4th Prize: 3 Tickets in N.S.W. State Lottery.
5th Prize: 2 Tickets in N.S.W. State Lottery.
10 Consolation Prizes of 1 Ticket each in N.S.W. State Lotteries.

CONDITIONS
Do not Cut Out this Coupon.
Write Plainly on the back of card or cards sold with all "PERFECT" WAVE SETTERS and CURLERS the Missing Words on the dotted line at the Foot of this advertisement.
Each Card entitles you to one entry.
All entries to be addressed to
HAMILTON, SMITH, PERLSTEIN and CO.,
428 George Street, SYDNEY.

Prizes will be awarded to successful entrants in this competition in the order in which the correct entries are opened. The Judge's decision will be final. Competition closes at 4 p.m., December 6.

RESULTS of this Competition will be advertised in The Australian Women's Weekly on 15/12/'34.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

It is ACKNOWLEDGED THAT the "PERFECT" WAVE SETTERS and END CURLERS ARE BEST because they make .....

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The Scintillating Beauty of Cut Crystal

. . . Fashioned by Man's Ingenuity for Woman's Delectation . . .

WHERE is the woman who can resist the exquisitely wrought loveliness of hand-made and hand-cut crystal? Flowers look their brightest and best in a crystal bowl, fruit more tempting, a salad more inviting; while a table-lamp or dressing-table set of glistening, light-reflecting crystal gives an infinitely more luxurious touch to a bedroom. . . And to think that once. . .

HAND MADE and hand cut by skilled Australian artisans. Lovely examples of Grimwade crystal produced at the Crown Crystal Glass Company's factory, Bourke St., Sydney. Each one of the glittering facets is cut by hand and polished to smooth perfection.

NOT ONLY is crystal produced at this great factory. They make, too, heat-resisting ovenware and glistening kitchen glassware — indispensable to the woman who has experienced their many advantages.

GIRLS, too, share in this wondrous art of crystal-making. Marking the glass for the cutter. Simple to the onlooker, but speed and accuracy the keynote of success.

WITH metal wheel the glass-cutter incises the icy surface with lines that cleave quickly. Fascinating to watch.

CAN you imagine it! Crystal in its elementary stage is simply a mixture of fine, white sand, potash, sodium, calcium, lead, and other minerals!

These basic constituents are poured into a mixer and then fused together in a furnace at a terrifically high temperature. The result is a liquefied, sticky substance, which can be taken and rolled like a piece of dough, hollowed by an instrument, manipulated at will—be extended even to a long rod or tube!

All this may sound ever so strange to the uninitiated, but so it is.

If you were to visit one of our large and modernly-equipped glass-making factories to-day, you could, as I did, watch with fascinated eyes the whole procedure of crystal manufacture; discover that two methods of shaping glass have descended to us from antiquity, with almost no changes in tools and processes—blowing and casting.

Of course you have all heard of the glass-blower.

Wonderful it is to see him gather from the furnace the required amount of this substance on the end of an iron pipe and watch a hollow sphere like a bubble form. Then, as he works, you learn that if the pipe is held vertically with bulb uppermost, the bulb becomes flattened and shallow; if the bulb hangs downward, it elongates itself; if the end of the bulb is pierced and the iron held horizontally and sharply trundled, it opens out into a flattened disc.

You learn, too, that the blowpipe is more than just a blowpipe. It is also a lathe. As such, it is continually trundled in order to keep the glass piece under formation in an evenly moulded form. And this shape is further modified by a tool like sugar tongs, with which the blower manipulates the object.

THEN come the cooling, grinding, polishing, cutting, and etching processes, even more fascinating in their revelation of precision and skill of the workers' hands.

One feels like holding one's breath when watching the earnest young cutter at work—fearful lest under your inquisitive eyes he might make a slip and spoil the whole effect. . .

But, no! Angles and prisms are cut, and rainbow lights dance in the depths of the sharply defined facets as the polisher hands the finished article to you for close examination and admiration. . .

You turn round and the clear-cut beauty of a table lamp is set before you, followed by a glittering hand mirror. Your eye then catches sight of a glorious perfume decanter, next a circular tray, and you wonder just what home will be the richer for these.

Gently, ever so gently, you pick up in turn the pieces which make up an exquisite dressing-table set and turn them over and over. . . You can already see them on some lovely dressing-table, and you forget for a while the hot and smoky furnaces, the glass-blowers, the cutters—see instead a softly lighted room, subdued colors, and crystal scintillating in a woman's hand . . . you see a perfectly-appointed table with its array of fine china, gleaming silver, and crystal—tall vases, flower filled . . .

A voice breaks in upon your thoughts. You must leave. But you leave filled with the wonder of man's ingenuity; proud to think that Australian artists can produce crystal that matches the finest products of other places and other climes; and glad that more of us can afford to give our homes that little extra touch of luxury and charm.—Eve Gye.

Low Oven Electric Range.

Low Oven Model Electric Range with Plate Rack.

Cabinet Model Electric Range.

20 per cent. deposit is all that is necessary to have an approved electric range installed in your home. You have 2 years in which to pay the balance. The cost of installing the range (up to £6 — which is the average cost of installing a range) will be paid by the Electricity Department — and you will be supplied with electricity at a specially reduced rate.

Remember — the cost of cooking by electricity is less than a penny per person a day; there is no waste food and no lost time. You will be surprised at the ECONOMY, speed, comfort, cleanliness, ease and certainty of electric cooking.

Consult your nearest electrical dealer IMMEDIATELY regarding the purchase of an electric range ON EASY TERMS.

ELECTRIC COOKING DEMONSTRATIONS are being held this week at ANTHONY HORDERN & SONS LTD. BRICKFIELD HILL - - Continuous
YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND

Cook by ELECTRICITY

Address this Coupon to The Electricity Department, Town Hall, Sydney, for full details of Electric Range Easy Terms Offer.

MAIL THIS COUPON
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
WW 1/12/34 E.D.R.15

705—Stainless Steel Well-finished Table Knives. 16/6. Dessert 15/6 half-dozen. Others from 11/6 and 10/6 to 35/- and 33/6.

QUALITY TABLE CUTLERY

REDUCTIONS IN STERLING SILVER-PLATED SPOONS AND FORKS

	A1	A	B	
Tea Spoons. .	13/6	12/6	11/6	HALF DOZ.
Dessert Forks .	22/6	21/-	19/6	
Dessert Spoons .	22/6	21/-	19/6	
Table Spoons. .	30/-	27/6	25/-	
Table Forks . .	30/-	27/6	25/-	
Soup Spoons . .	26/6	25/-	23/6	

W. JNO. BAKER LTD.
3 HUNTER STREET : SYDNEY

Here's instant relief from racking pains. "Presto" will banish the headaches and backaches women find unbearable, and amazingly relieve the aches of sciatica and lumbago. You can take "Presto" Powders with absolute safety, they *will not affect the heart or cause indigestion.* "Presto," which is scientifically prepared to a *new, improved, A.P.C. Formula,* "acts like magic."

"The purity of Presto Powders is guaranteed because they are manufactured by Elliotts & Australian Drug Ltd., the largest manufacturing chemists in Australia."

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES
PRESTO HEADACHE POWDERS & TABLETS
MAGIC PAIN RELIEF

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G & B BIFOCAL

Modern science has developed an entirely new type of BIFOCAL. These lenses afford much sharper vision, and in addition show no disturbing colour fringes, which irritate the sight of the wearer and cause undue eye fatigue. G & B BIFOCAL lenses give you the eyes of youth—the power to see near and distant objects with the one pair of glasses.

GIBB & BEEMAN LTD.
OPTOMETRISTS AND OPTICIANS.
C. A. GIBB, Optometrist. 6 HUNTER STREET (3 Doors from George Street).
J. W. BEEMAN, Optometrist. 378 PITT STREET (opposite Anthony Hordernes).
SYDNEY, and at Newcastle.

D'YOU remember the reading you used to love when you were young? Present-day children will find it all there in the new colored FATTY FINN'S WEEKLY.

A Picnicker Passes on Some Good Advice

To Make the Picnic Ever So Much More Enjoyable

Have you ever been to a picnic where everybody remembered to bring everything? "Good gracious! I've forgotten the bread... And where's the tin-opener?" "Oh, I thought YOU were going to bring the knives and forks." "Do you mind if I sit on your coat, these blessed ants are after my food."... All in the day's fun, however, and nobody minds —much!

BUT to sit down at midday to an inviting lunch in the middle of the bush puts the final touch on a morning's enjoyment. And there are all sorts of simple ways to make your picnic lunch more inviting.

You simply must, of course, have a cloth. There must be no careless eating off grass or rock. So have a special picnic cloth. Not a white linen, which will get dirty and be ruined in a very short period, but a gay-colored one made from baize, with all-over pattern of flowers and leaves. These cloths protect the food from the grass and damp, and are very easy to keep clean. Just wipe them over with a damp cloth.

PICNIC DAYS are here again, so let's respond to the call of the bush and the sea, spelling fresh air, and sunshine—and happiness.

Another idea is to have waterproof patches in varied colors. These can be made at home from waterproof sheetings. Spread them on the ground when the lunch is to be eaten on dampish ground. They make such attractive seats!

Each mat should be edged with colored binding, and the set can be kept rolled up in the pocket of the car or folded away in the picnic-basket all ready for using when occasion arises.

Then never dream of taking your good china, nor yet your old, chipped cups. Good china is difficult to pack if you want it to take up a small space, and it is easily cracked. Therefore, invest in a set of mugs in unbreakable ware, and keep them only for picnics. Buy them in a set of six, and have each mug a different color. Or take with you the cheap, attractive kind, made from paper, which can so easily be destroyed afterwards.

INSTEAD of a linen cloth, use a square of baize. It can be purchased in all sorts of attractive patterns and colors.

Everybody enjoys frying sausages or bacon and eggs for a picnic lunch—they say it tastes twice as good, and it is certainly great fun. A small frying-pan will take up very little room in the picnic hamper. And don't forget that mustard can be carried in a tube, already mixed!

To Make a Cork Fit. . .

DON'T trim down the cork with a knife when trying to fit it into a smaller bottle, but soak the cork in boiling water for five minutes, and it will then fit.

"Fresh Fields" Revival

"FRESH FIELDS," the sparkling Ivor Novello comedy in which Grace Lane, Jane Wood, and Gerald Savory made their Australian debut, is enjoying a brief revival at the Criterion.

Miss Isabel Mahon, the young Australian actress, took the part of Una, the Australian girl visiting London. Miss Agnes Doyle, who previously played that part, is now with the "Blue Mountain Melody" Co. in Melbourne. Miss Mahon brings a quaint charm and much talent to her part.

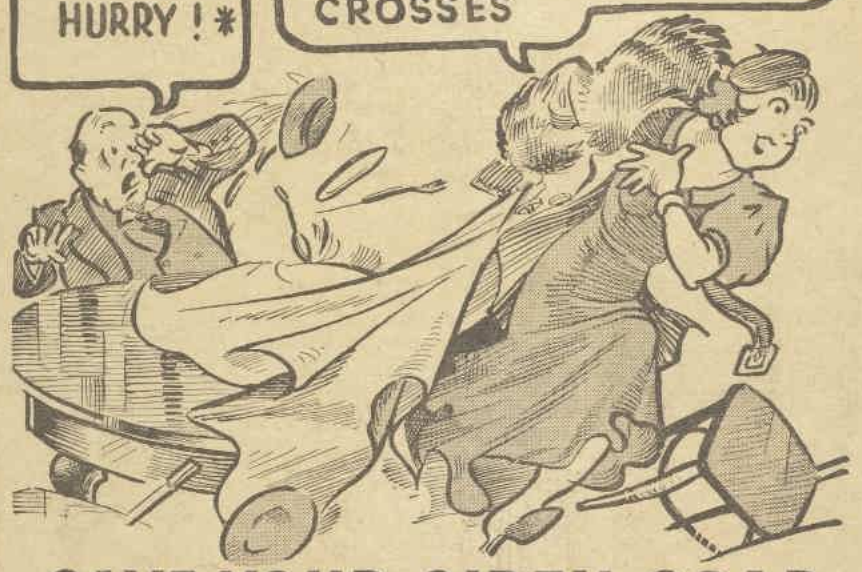
The remaining roles were taken by members of the original cast, who included, beside the principals, Katie Towers, Kathleen Goodall, Harvey Adams, and John Bedouin—all of whom play their parts with most satisfactory artistry.

HONEY FOR CAKE

A tablespoon of honey added to a fruit cake will not only keep it moist, but the cake will be much improved in flavor.

WHAT'S THE HURRY ! *

GOING TO GET MY FREE GIFT FOR SIREN CROSSES



SAVE YOUR SIREN SOAP CROSSES FOR A

FREE GLASSCLOTH OR A FREE BATH TOWEL

Everyone is hurrying to take advantage of the Siren Soap offer—don't be left behind! When you save Siren Crosses you know that you are saving for a really worth-while gift—Siren gifts are *always* thoroughly good quality.

HOW TO OBTAIN YOUR GIFT

FOR YOUR FREE BATH TOWEL SAVE:—40 crosses from 10 large bars of Siren Soap.

FOR YOUR FREE GLASSCLOTH SAVE:—24 crosses from 6 large bars of Siren Soap.

Take your crosses to:—Gift Showroom, 361 Kent Street (near King Street), Sydney. OR Ground Floor, Parkes House, 9-11 Hunter Street, Sydney.

If unable to call, or send personally, post your crosses, with your name and address, to J. Kitchen & Sons Pty. Ltd., Box 1990B, G.P.O., Sydney, stating number of crosses enclosed and gift required.

OFFER OPEN UNTIL 31st DEC., 1934

SIREN SOAP
J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

THIS isn't one of the towels that have to be pensioned off after a few months—it is splendid-wearing quality. 42 x 21 inches.

You will appreciate the way this Pure Irish Linen Glasscloth wears and works. It is large size, too—22x23 in.

22.10.15

Aches and Pains are NATURE'S WARNING

Bad Nerves
Rheumatism
Arthritis
Skin Troubles
Self Poisoning

Electric VIT-O-NET eliminates these.

Mrs. J. BENNET
MASSEUSE,
16 Years Here.
STATION HOUSE,
RAWSON PLACE.
Phone: MA 4108.

EVENING GARDEN Face Powder
2/6
AND GARDEN OF LILAC
1/6
by Imex

FREE TO YOU!

Sensational purchase of entire mill output of the famous "Red Line" double doff silk stockings. All shades. This stocking is worth 5/- a pair. We offer to you three pairs for 5/-. Post free. Money-back guarantee. With 3 pairs we will include, absolutely free, a pair of finest quality Dressmakers' Cutting-out Shears. These are made from Sheet Mirror Finished Stainless Steel, and length is full 8 inches. Don't miss this opportunity, and mention "The Women's Weekly."

Address only:

The Salvage Stores
(Regd.)
36 YORK STREET, SYDNEY.

Good cooks salute you-

if you use FOUNTAIN BAKING POWDER

AUSTRALIAN SUNSHINE RUINS COMPLEXIONS

coarsening and peeling the outer skin. This may be prevented, and the rough skin patches absorbed, by applying PORTIA CREAM each night. New, different, magical, it makes skins younger in a week. Obtainable only from A. LORD, Chemist, CARARTTA. Send 2/6 P.N. large jar will be posted anywhere.***

WANTED TO PURCHASE

OLD GOLD, Dental Plates, etc. E. E. Smith, 113a Pitt Street (near Hunter Street).***

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Gift Sewing Machine

For Our Free Novel Readers!

A British Jones sewing machine, valued at £15/10/-, is offered for the best letter setting out the writer's opinions of the new book-length novels given free with The Australian Women's Weekly.

EACH week The Australian Women's Weekly makes a present to its readers of a book-length novel by one of the best English, American, or Australian authors.

These novels in book form cost 6/- each, and hundreds of letters from our readers show how much this innovation in Australian journalism has been appreciated.

How do you like these novels? What do you think of our selection of authors? What other authors do you suggest our readers would like?

The Australian Women's Weekly wants to find this out, so that we can still further improve our service to the women of Australia with their own newspaper.

Write a short letter—one sheet of a writing pad will be sufficient—and tell us which of the book-length novels already published you liked best, and why.

For the best letter received we will award a prize of a British Jones sewing machine, valued at £15/10/-.

The competition is a very simple one, and there are no rules other than those stated above.

No Entry Fee

NO entry fee is payable whatever, and the competition is open to all our readers.

The book-length novels so far published have been:

"With This Ring," by Olive Wadsley.
"Stepsister," by Temple Bailey.
"The Black Swan," by Raphael Sabatini.
"Before the Dawn," by E. M. Bailey.
"Dilemma," by Hector Hawton.
"Force," by A. R. Wetjen.
"Dancing Flame," by L. A. Cunningham.
"Isn't Life Queer?" by Edna Roughley.

And this week's free novel is **"Beyond All Fear," by F. A. M. Webster.**

To Close on Dec. 15

THE competition will definitely close on December 15, and the winner will be announced in the issue of The Australian Women's Weekly of December 22.

The fortunate winner of the British Jones sewing machine will thus be able to take possession of her prize before Christmas, and, needless to say, it will come as a welcome Christmas box to one of our readers.

Even if you already have a sewing machine in the home, this should not prevent you entering for this competition, as what more appropriate present could be given to a friend or relative during the festival season than an all-British Jones sewing machine?

In addition to the first prize of a sewing machine, a consolation prize of a special discount coupon of £1 will be awarded to every unsuccessful entrant in the competition.

THIS IS an actual photograph of the prize-winning British Jones sewing machine, valued at £15/10/. The fortunate winner of our very simple competition will be able to take possession of her prize before Christmas. What a wonderful Christmas Box!

These coupons will entitle the holders to a special discount of £1 on the purchase of a British Jones sewing machine from the Pinnock Sewing Machine Co., of 72 Druitt St., Sydney, the Australian agents for the British Jones Company.

Many readers are wondering why we have selected the British Jones sewing machine as the prize for this novel competition. The answer is easy. Not only is a reliable sewing machine a necessity in every home, but it is also a valuable addition to the household furniture, and the British Jones sewing machines, with their Australian-made cabinets are very handsome pieces of furniture.

The Australian Women's Weekly stands for the purchase and use exclusively of Empire products in preference to non-British goods, and the British Jones sewing machine is entirely an Empire product, the manufacture of which provides employment for thousands of workers in England and Australia.

The British Jones sewing machine has been specially commended to the women of Great Britain by Her Royal Highness Princess Mary, and holds the Royal warrant of the British Crown, and is used in the great Government departments in England.

We consider the British Jones the best quality machine available in Australia to-day, and it is sold in Australia at a lower price than non-British machines on the market, owing to the advantages that Empire goods obtain in the matter of tariff, freight and exchange.

Messrs. Pinnock and Company advise that the special discount coupon will be available to entrants in this competition who desire to purchase a machine on their very easy terms of £1 deposit and 3/6 per week.

The prize sewing machine is on view at the showrooms of the Pinnock Sewing Machine Company, 72 Druitt St., opposite the side entrance to the Sydney Town Hall.

Renaissance Beauty Relives . . .

in the Splendor of Fringe and Tassel!

Four hundred years ago Lorenzo the Magnificent boasted just such fringes, cords, and tassels as are being made to-day for English castles and town houses.

COLOR, splendor, gorgeous display, were then the ruling passions. Everywhere possible, draperies, fringes, and cords were looped up and hung in intricate and superb designs.

And now modern home decoration is reviving in England this beautiful vogue.

These, as in those older times, are made by hand. The revival of draped and embroidered curtains has created the new furore—to adorn curtains and pelmets.

Each of these silken cord trimmings is really a superb copy of medieval art. Those chosen by the Duchess of York for one of her reception rooms at Royal Lodge are inspired by the beauties of Spanish churches. The fringe is in blue, crimson, and cream, and the gay Spanish colorings look most attractive on blue damask curtains, while the light design is on the lines of medieval architecture.

* * *

TRELLIS work designs carried out in stone and wood in old churches are also being done in fringes to decorate the beautiful homes of to-day.

Some of the tassels that hold back velvet or damask curtains are made of real silver, covered with gold thread. One of their most modern uses is to cover the "push" of the electric bell and light hanging over the bed in period rooms, the long flex being concealed in thick, rich-looking cord.

The revival of white satin embroidered curtains has led to a demand for sumptuous braids and fringes to match the colors in the embroidery.

Cook Milk Puddings Slowly

HERE'S a warning: Cook your milk puddings slowly. When milk is cooked quickly evaporation takes place. Moreover, a cereal such as rice when cooked too fast will become mushy on the outside and remain hard at the centre, so that, since the food is badly cooked, a considerable amount of its food value is lost.

PULSFORDS

119 BATHURST ST., SYDNEY (between Pitt and George Streets)

Xmas GIFTS

that are welcome in every home!

QUALITY *Guaranteed*
Genuine LOW PRICES

12/9 16/6

SMOKERS' STAND in Jacobean style, 24in. high, with heavy base. Fitted metal ash-tray and match-holder 12/9

The second style is 29in. high, with fluted post. Metal ash-tray and wooden cup for cigarettes 16/6

29/6

COFFEE TABLE of Elizabethan design, in heavy dark oak with turned legs and "biscuit-cut" edge. 18in. wide, 18in. high. SPECIAL AT..... 29/6

£6/15/-

Bureau - Bookcase

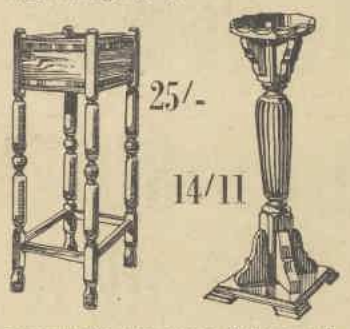
This useful and attractive item combines Writing Bureau and Bookcase in one; handy cupboards and modern leadlight doors; centre is fitted pigeon holes, etc., with drop-flap writing desk. Solidly made throughout .. £6/15/-

27/6

COFFEE TABLE with round top and curved legs, with tray below. Full-polished walnut colour. Size, 18in. diam., 21in. high PRICE 27/6

19/6

OAK TRAYMOBILE made solidly of oak, polished rich dark brown. Fitted with easy-running silent wheels. Very Special Value at 19/6



25/- 14/11

PALMSTAND with square bucket top in rich dark or light tone. Nicely-turned legs 25/-
PEDESTAL for Palms, etc., with 9½in. square base and top; 27in. high. Very solidly made. Light or dark tone 14/11

39/6

REFECTORY TABLE, Elizabethan style, with heavy turned legs and shaped rail and feet. Size, 36 x 18in. PRICE.... 39/6

55/-

TRAYMOBILE with Cupboard and Drawer, strongly made of dark two-tone oak, with attractive leadlight doors. A beautiful gift 55/-

Country Clients: There are hundreds of pieces of Occasional Furniture all suitable as sensible Gifts, at Pulsfords. Write for Free Catalogue of quality Household Furnishings at lower prices. Deferred Terms arranged.

45/-

COFFEE TABLE in modern design with beautifully veneered top; legs are smartly fluted. Top, 20in. square, 15in. high. Full-polished walnut colour 45/-

Handsome GLORY BOXES *and* GLORY CHESTS

£4/15/-

GLORY CHEST of special design, with shelves and sliding trays. The doors are richly grained maple veneers. Best make throughout. 3ft. 1in. high, 3ft. 2in. wide Special Value £4/15/-

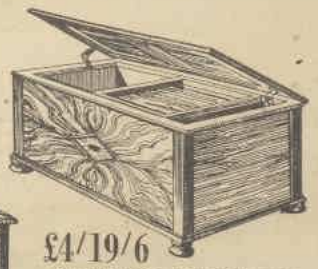
Shown below:

A commodious Glory Box of highly-polished maple, with top upholstered in Genoa velvet. Fitted inside with sliding tray. Size, 3ft. 3in. wide, 18in. deep, 20in. high 79/6

Others from 45/-

79/6

GLORY BOXES FROM 37/6.



£4/19/6

GLORY BOX, beautifully made, very well finished inside, fitted with sliding tray. Richly grained panels in front with inlay medallion. Full polished. Size, 2ft. 3in. wide, 21 inches high £4/19/6

PULSFORDS 119 BATHURST STREET — SYDNEY —

COUNTRY CLIENTS: We Pack Free and Deliver Free to Rail or Boat

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"I've proved that DYNAMEL *dries dust free* in ONE HOUR!"

Paint a small piece of tin with Dynamel. Let it dry for one hour. Then, strew sand on the surface.

Shake off loose sand, dust with cloth. It's DRY and DUST FREE in ONE HOUR. Bend the tin—Dynamel will not crack or chip.

"I COULDN'T believe that enamel *could* dry so quickly, yet spread so easily—but Dynamel convinced me! It really dries dust free in one hour!"

These pictures show you how to test Dynamel's drying qualities for yourself!

Dynamel brushes on so easily that you're sure of a perfect finish, even though you've never painted anything before! It dries rapidly, but there's no need to work at frantic speed. You can paint leisurely, thoroughly! One coat covers completely, smoothly, perfectly!

Stores everywhere sell Dynamel, in 30 attractive colors, in household sizes. Tune in to Taubmans "Favorites Old and New"—2 GB, 6.20 p.m. Mons., Tues., Wed., Thurs., 3 DB, 9.15 p.m. Mon., Tues., Wed., Fri.

TAUBMANS DYNAMEL

THERE'S A TAUBMAN PAINT FOR EVERY POSSIBLE PURPOSE

WHAT DO YOU ASK FOR WHEN BUYING MERCERISED SEWING THREAD?

Some just say—"Sewing thread"; some ask for "Sylko"; but the really discerning woman, who takes no risk about getting the best, always asks for

DEWHURST'S "SYLKO" MACHINE TWIST

Supplied on **100 yards Reels**, size **No. 40**, in Black, White and **OVER 300 COLOURS**, and sold by leading Departmental Stores.

Dewhurst's "Sylko"

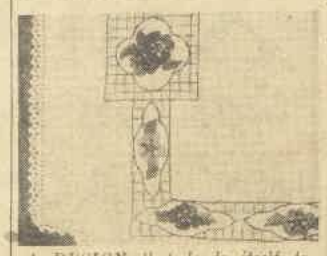
(SILK SUBSTITUTE) MACHINE TWIST

KIDDIES LOVE COMPETITIONS. The new Fatty Finn's Weekly is offering splendid prizes for boys and girls. Buy it for your youngster.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

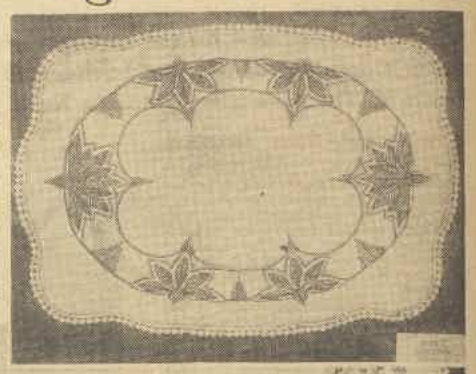
CONDUCTED BY EVE EVE

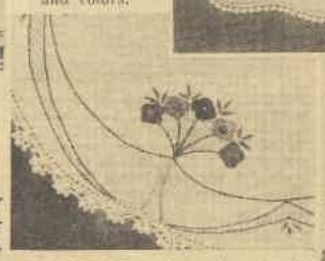
Exquisite, New Designs in Traced Linen for You to Embroider!



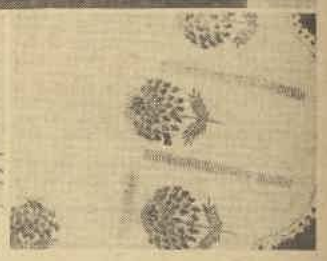
A DESIGN that lends itself to every purpose, and which, in any form, would find a delighted recipient at Christmastide.

SMART designs such as this one (shown right) are being freely used overseas. Your home will be given extra charm if you introduce such lovely new designs and colors.





EVERY bride-to-be anxious to fill her glory-box with unusually lovely linens will love this design.



TREES—a quaint design in color. Worked in bright colors as directed on the chart, it is bound to be the admiration of your friends.

Do you want some really lovely pieces to add to your glory-box?... Are you wondering what to give at Christmas?... Or are you looking for something unusually sweet for your home? Here is the answer.

MANY odd minutes and happy, restful hours may be spent between this and Christmas embroidering all manner of exquisitely colored motifs, which are traced onto these linens.

Color charts and suggested stitches to be used are supplied with every piece ordered.

All you need to do is to clip out the design you favor most, and state whether you want a supper cloth, tray cloth, pillow shams, table runner or centres, three-piece duchesse sets or traymobile cloth.

All are supplied in a superb quality cream linen spoke stitched for applying a crochet or lace edging, and traced ready with newest of new designs for working. Should you require any special article or size, this can be supplied to you on request.

Here are some of the sizes available, with prices, post free:

Oblong centre, 14 x 20. Price, 1/6.

Round centre, 18 x 18. Price, 1/6.
Table runners, 12 x 36. Price, 2/3.
Pillow shams, 20 x 30. Price, 2/9 each.
Duchesse sets (three pieces.) Price, 1/9.
Traymobile, 14 x 28. Price, 2/3.
Supper cloths, 36 x 36. Price, 5/-.
Supper cloths, 40 x 40. Price, 6/-.
(Larger sizes available, prices on request.)

Remember, color charts, showing exactly the color used in the original lovely designs are sent with every order; also a guide as to what kind of stitches to use for each motif. This is incorporated in the color chart.

Here's a Gift Suggestion

...Quite a Pretty and Inexpensive One, Too!

A DAINTY gift with a personal touch is a pair of office cuffs made of organdie with the initial of the recipient worked in stitchery.

Two pairs can be made out of ¼ yard of organdie which is now procurable at less than 2/- per yard. With scraps of silk thread and four pearl buttons, the complete cost for the two gifts should not be more than 7d. or 3½d. per pair!

First cut out a paper pattern for the shape of the cuff. Cut an oblong 9 inches on one side—this will be for the wrist-edge—slope it out to 11 inches for the opposite edge. Have a depth of 7 inches. Slightly hollow out the wrist so that the gentle curve fits the arm nicely. For the same reason, bulge out the top edge.

This pattern can then be marked out with very large scallops drawn round the edge of a teacup. There should be four scallops at the wrist, with six on the top edge and about four or five down the sides.

To cut out the stuff from the pattern, place the organdie over the pattern and pencil in the scallops before cutting. Then they can be worked in buttonhole stitch and the edge cut away after the embroidery is finished.

Place the organdie over our little motif so that the pattern comes at the centre back near to the wrist. Pencil over the lines as they show through. Then find a printed letter for your friend's initial. Any magazine or newspaper advertisement will give you a large-sized type letter that can be traced off. Trace this into the curl of the pattern instead of my letter "E."

Please turn to Page 29

KAYSER LEATHERETTE GLOVES

AT ALL BETTER CLASS STORES

Make Going to Business a Pleasure

LIVE AT MANLY.

Travel to and from town in fast, comfortable, roomy, glassed-in Saloon steamers. Enjoy twice daily the most delightful Harbour Trip in the world.

ONLY MANLY CAN OFFER YOU THIS

Manly's gigantic wonder pool, at night floodlit over and under the water, contains Slippery Dips, Diving Towers, Floating Pontoons, Water Wheels, Spinning Floats, Rolling Logs, numerous Springboards, and a host of other aquatic novelties, and is

FREE TO THE PUBLIC DAY AND NIGHT

The Company's magnificent Dressing Pavilion, with its up-to-date Tea Rooms and Open-air Kiosk, is situated at the end of the Pool, and provides the acme of comfort and convenience for all. The Tea Rooms are also available for supper, bridge, and birthday parties, dances, etc.

'PHONE FU2188 AND MAKE YOUR RESERVATION NOW!

SEASON TICKETS COST PER DAY: GENT'S, 4¾d.; LADIES', 3¾d.; CHILD'S, 1½d.
WEEKLY TICKETS—7 DAYS' TRAVELLING (ALL DAY, ANY DAY, ANY TIME): GENTS, 4/-; LADIES, 3/-.

DAILY FARE: ADULTS, 6d.; CHILDREN, 1d. (5 Years and Under, FREE).

THE PORT JACKSON AND MANLY STEAMSHIP COMPANY LIMITED.
No. 3 JETTY, CIRCULAR QUAY. TELEPHONES: B3224, B3743.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602410

DON'T ... FORGET

GRANBROOK'S Xmas Fair in aid of the school funds, is to be held this Saturday (December 1), in the school grounds, commencing at 2 p.m., and continuing till 10 p.m. This fete promises to be an outstanding success.

Numbers of men are doing a great deal of work to assist the enthusiastic body of women workers for the fete. Mr. R. C. M. Gunn has secured 30 ponies for the afternoon, and riding should be a popular feature of the afternoon's fun.

Messrs. A. B. Cox and W. B. Scott-Pell, and Roy Buckland, have organised a golf competition, at which Mr. Joe Kirkwood will be present. Mr. Kirkwood will give half-hour demonstrations of his famous trick shots during the afternoon, also some interesting talks on the game.

☆ ☆ ☆

Messrs. C. S. Skarratt and R. H. Swainson are in charge of the soft drinks, and many other attractions are being provided for the afternoon. In the evening a display of fireworks and a dance in the gymnasium are two items on the fine programme.

☆ ☆ ☆

In aid of the Friendly Union of Sailors' Wives and Mothers an entertainment will be held at the Waverouga Church Hall, December 7. Mrs. J. B. Stevenson and Mrs. C. L. Westbrook are organising the evening.

☆ ☆ ☆

The annual general meeting of St. Luke's Hospital, December 5, at 3 p.m., at David Jones' old building, George St.

☆ ☆ ☆

The appeal launched by the Children's Hospital for Christmas. Mr. Clarence Moss is the general organising secretary, and will be glad of all subscriptions.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Christmas Tree function at the Sydney Town Hall, December 10 and 11, arranged by the Kindergarten Union of N.S.W. Tickets are obtainable at the head office, 12 Spring St.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Exhibition of Christmas Gifts to be held in the Lecture Room of the St. John Ambulance Association, 44 Margaret St., from December 3 to 8.

Here's a Gift Suggestion

Continued from Page 28

Applique can be chosen to work that old-fashioned flower shape, if liked. The scrap of organdie that is left over can be dipped into the red ink pot, then ironed. This can be placed over the main shape of the flower drawing, pencilled round and cut out. The cut-out is then slip-stitched into position on the cuff and the edge covered by narrow buttonhole-stitch. When the applique method is used, that trellis of lines need not be worked.

Without applique, work the little pattern in any simple outline stitch in gay

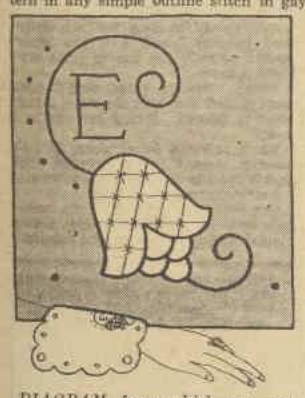


DIAGRAM from which you may trace. The letter "E" is only a suggestion. Bias binding may take the place of the scalloping shown immediately above. See story.

colors. Put a spot in each scallop along the edges. Sew a pearl button with a buttonhole for fastener at the wrist and upper edges.

Choose your friend's favorite colors. All black silk on white organdie is very smart. The edges can be bound with black or a check bias binding instead of scalloping.

Handy Hints

PAINT-BRUSHES

Hot vinegar for paint-brushes makes them pliable again after use. Soak them in the vinegar until soft.

PINCH OF SALT

Don't forget to add a pinch of salt to the coffee after it has been made—it tastes twice as good.

SALTY FOODS

Sugar is a splendid antidote for a dish that is a little too salt. Add about half a teaspoonful of sugar.

CHILDREN'S NEW SHOES

When your kiddie has a new pair of shoes, with a nutmeg grater roughen the soles and heels and you will prevent a nasty fall.

Grace Bros

Hear the ROYAL MARINE BAND of H.M.S. "SUSSEX" at GRACE BROS.' to-day and to-morrow, Thursday and Friday, 3 to 4 p.m. —— Second Floor, Furniture Building.

Two Smart Ensembles of
ART. SILK MAROCAIN
one featuring an all printed design with lattice insets, the other, plain coat and Skirt with fancy Bodice and fancy inset on sleeve of coat.
Style A.—In sizes S.S.W., S.W., W. only. Colors: Navy, Black, Cruise Blue, Pink.
Style B.—In sizes: S.S.W., S.W., W., O.S., Colors: Black, Navy, Brown, Cruise Blue.

39/11

The Latest
SWIM SUITS
Keenly Priced

1. Smart Ribbed Wool Costume with adjustable straps. In Green and Black with White stripes. Popular low back.
PRICE, each 15/6

15/6

13/6

2. Elastic knit All Wool Striped Swim Suit in smart shades of Brown, Green, Red and Black, with White Stripes.
PRICE, each 13/6

EXTRA SPECIAL PURCHASE!
EASTERN KIMONOS

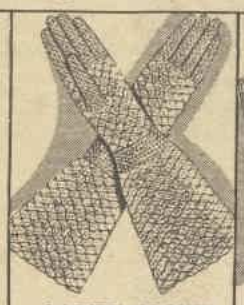
Extraordinary value in Art Satin Kimonos heavily hand-embroidered. Available in a wonderful variety of shades. Regular value 13/6.
SPECIAL PURCHASE PRICE 9/11
(1st Floor, 7-Storey Building)

13/6 9/11

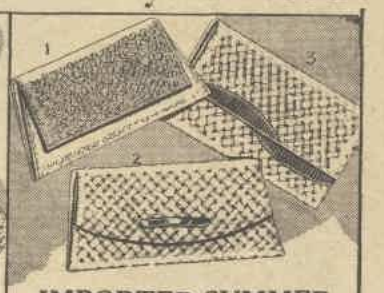
SMART ACCESSORIES—All Keenly Priced!

DAINTY COLLAR OF WHITE ORGANDI
With jabot attached, gives the up-to-date touch to your frock.
PRICE, Each **1/6½**

Special!
Ladies' Pure Silk HOSE
Fully fashioned, silk throughout, smart picot top, and panel heels. New season's shades. USUAL VALUE, 6/11 Pair. Slightly imperfect.
SPECIAL PRICE, Pair
3/11



LADIES' GLOVES
THE SMART NEW CROCHET EFFECTS in slip-on styles; obtainable in White, Beige, and Silver Grey.
SPECIAL PRICE, Pair **5/11**
Similar styles, in White and Beige. Price, 4/11 pr. White only. Price, 3/11 pair.



IMPORTED SUMMER HANDBAGS
Smart envelope styles, in assorted shapes. Fitted with mirror in pocket, and obtainable in White, Beige, Nil, Green, Blue and Rose.
SPECIAL PRICE, Each **4/11**

NOW ON—Bring the Children
PONYVILLE
Happy Rides on Real Ponies!

Never was there such an exciting Xmas attraction!—You'll get the thrill of your life, when you mount these lively prancing ponies, and actually canter around the real Pony Track! And don't forget to see the smallest pony in Australia—only 33in. high! The famous adventures of Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday is another thrilling attraction you'll never forget, while a hundred-and-one other Novelties help to make this Xmas Show the best ever! And, of course, Santa Claus is here, too! Come early to-morrow.

DAILY SESSIONS
MONDAY TO THURSDAY
Morning, 10 o'clock to 1 p.m.
Afternoon, 2.15 p.m. to 5 p.m.

FRIDAY
Morning, 10 o'clock to 1 p.m.
Afternoon, 2.15 p.m. to 5.30 p.m.
Night, 6.45 p.m. to 8.45 p.m.
Saturday—10 to 12.15 p.m.

(3rd FLOOR, 7-STOREY BUILDING)

GRACE BROS. LTD., BROADWAY, SYDNEY 'PHONE: M6505

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MISS SYLVIA WELLING, the gifted English actress, who became so popular with Sydney theatregoers. Miss Welling has returned to Sydney, opening in a revival of "The Dubarry" at the Theatre Royal this Thursday, November 29.

Why Not Raise Your Own Plants?

They Have a Much Better Chance of Thriving . . . Says the OLD GARDENER!

TRANSPLANTING seedlings is just like placing a person under an operation—the whole system receives a shock. And so very careful attention is needed during this trying time. This is where plants sold in bundles fail and die. The Old Gardener tells you here how to grow seed of various flowers and vegetables, how to transplant and set out, their flowering times and style of growth.

Here's a little tip for the garden lover: Use for comfort (and as a safeguard against possible chill) an old mat to kneel upon when weeding or transplanting a border.

I AM often surprised, Miss, on going into so many gardens on my travels, to find that so few people raise their own plants. When planting time arrives, amateurs wake up to the fact that they have no plants to fill the beds which have become vacant. Then they must go to the shop and make their purchases.

Plants that are sold in some shops in bundles of a dozen and so on are not worth the time and trouble of planting. If purchased by the box, of course, it is quite a different matter, as they can be transplanted without any setback. But plants dug out of the seed bed, done up into bundles, and sold over the counter, are not worth while.

These plants in most cases are forced in hot houses or under glass, and are grown for profit. On the other hand, when we raise our own plants we do so for results. Hot house plants will not stand up to the sudden change. That is why 90 per cent. of the plants bought in bundles become a miserable failure.

Notice the difference when a bed of plants is planted from a box when one can take a certain amount of soil with them. No check to growth is received, and the plant is healthy and sturdy. But transplanting seedlings dug from the seed bed and waiting for them to commence growing is tedious and unhappy business.

Let me advise you on the seed to sow, position required, when they flower, and the average height the plants grow to.

Sow asters now, transplant into a warm position. They grow about 2 feet high, and bloom in autumn.

Balsams grow from 1 to 2 feet high, they flower in late summer and autumn, and thrive in a sunny position. Sow antirrhinum (snaps) now. In transplanting, see that the position is well drained and naturally dry. They grow from 1½ feet to 3 feet.

Sow stocks now. Early sowing of stocks is much more successful than sowing later. If sown early, they commence blooming through the winter, and have larger and better quality flowers. These grow from about 6 inches to 2 feet.

Petunias will flower in almost any position, but, of course, like most flowers, enjoy a good deal of sun. They often grow from 1½ to 2 feet.

Phlox thrive in plenty of sun and well-drained soil, and grow about 1 to 2 feet high.

Zinnias can still be sown, and then transplanted into a sunny position. They flower in late summer, and grow from 2 to 4 feet, according to varieties grown. Verbena sown now will flower through the summer, and thrive in cool positions.

Scabious (often catalogued by seed merchants as "Scablosa") also will give a profusion of flowers in the autumn. Any position suits them. Amaranthus, with that beautiful colored foliage, thrives in an open, hot position, and grows from 2 to 3 feet high. Cosmos will flower in the autumn, in any position, and grow as high as 4½ feet.

Marigolds are both summer and autumn blooms, and if sown again in February and March, will keep your garden bright throughout the winter months. Any position suits them, and they grow from 1 to 3 feet high.

Salpiglossis thrive in a sunny position, and give a splendid autumn display. Unfortunately, however, we very rarely see these splendid flowers. Linaria, that gay little flower like a miniature snapdragon, will do well right out in the open, makes a splendid border plant, and gives a good, quick summer display. Height, about 2 feet.

Godetia thrives in a sheltered spot, and flowers during the summer, growing to about 2 feet.

How To Sow Them

PREPARE the plot well, by thoroughly digging a little blood and bone into the soil—say, one handful to the square yard. One must not manure too heavily in the seed bed, otherwise weak, spindly growth will be the result.

All seedlings, if growing too quickly, should be nipped back. This makes them grow into sturdy plants with a good root system.

Mark your seed bed into sections. Sprinkle the seed lightly. If small seed, mix with sand and a more even distribution will be the result.

A pepper-shaker is another good method of even sowing. Press the seed firm with a piece of flat board, the larger seed can then be covered with manure rubbed through a fine sieve. This makes an excellent covering, the seeds having no difficulty in pushing their way through such a light covering.

Very small seed needs no covering when firmly pressed into the soil as stated. Care must be taken in watering. A very fine rose on the can is ideal, otherwise heavy watering will wash the seed to one corner.

When the plants have their third leaf, prick them out into boxes filled with specially-prepared soil. See that there is plenty of drainage in the bottom.

Plants in the box should be spaced an inch apart, so that when transplanting to their permanent positions they can be cut out in blocks with plenty of soil adhering to the roots.

Try growing your own plants and note the success against those purchased in bundles over the counter.

And Now To Vegetables

HERE are some hints on the right planting depth of vegetable seeds; what space to allow between rows and plants when transplanting; also average time they take to reach maturity:

Plant cabbage seed ½-inch deep; transplant into rows 3 feet apart; allow 18 inches between plants; ready for use in four to six months.

Beet: Seed 1 inch deep; 18 inches between rows; 6 inches apart.

Carrots: Plant seed ¼-inch deep, 1 foot between rows and 2 inches between plants. Ready for use in five months.

Celery: Plant seed 1-8-inch deep; 3 feet between rows, 6 inches between plants. Ready for use in from six to eight months.

French Beans: Plant seed 2 inches deep, with 2 feet between rows, 9 inches between plants. Ready for use in six weeks.

Turnips: Plant ¼-inch deep, 18 inches between rows, 9 inches between plants. Ready for use in from two to two and a half months.

Tomato: Plant ½-inch deep, with 4 feet between rows, and 3 feet between plants. Ready for use in five months.

HOST HOLBROOK says: No sugar is used in brewing my vinegar. I call it Holbrooks' Pure Malt Vinegar.

MAKES ALUMINIUM LOOK LIKE NEW!
Steelo
This fine steel wool, properly made and graded for aluminium, restores the natural sheen and colour of the metal. It does it quickly, too, with less rubbing than ever.

Help Kidneys
Don't Take Drastic Drugs
Your kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by neglect or drastic, irritating drugs. Beware! If Kidney trouble or Bladder weakness makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Stiffness, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Burning, Itching, Smarting, Acidity or Loss of Vigour, don't delay. Try the Doctor's new discovery called Cystex (Sis-tex). Soothes, tones, cleans, and heals sick kidneys. Starts work in 15 minutes. Brings new health, youth and vitality in 48 hours. Cystex costs little and is guaranteed to end your troubles in 8 days or money back. At all chemists.

Fascinating IRENE DUNNE
...TELLS HOW TO MAKE NEW CONQUESTS

"Years ago my lovely Southern grandmother first taught me that a girl who wants to break hearts simply must have a tea-rose complexion.... Now that I am on the screen I realize more than ever the fascination there is in pearly-smooth skin. I follow my Lux Toilet Soap beauty treatment *regularly every day.*"

Irene Dunne

R.K.O. Radio Pictures Star.

Shortly to be seen in "Stingaree."

Artistic studies of your favourite film stars wrapped around every tablet

A LEVER PRODUCT

6.163.15

LUX *supercreamed* TOILET SOAP
THE OFFICIAL SOAP IN HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS

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THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

BEAUTY *at your* FEET

...and the essentials are coolness, comfort, and regular attention

.. By .. EVELYN

DAINTY AND diminutive Lilian Harvey, of Fox Films, is wearing the smart toeless sandals so favored by Fashion for beach wear. Such sandals are very restful, and are ideal for house wear for feet afflicted with corns.

SOMETIMES I think our feet work the hardest and get the least consideration from us... walking, dancing, running, cramped into ill-fitting, high-heeled shoes. No wonder corns and callouses form, arches fall, bunions arrive. No wonder, when we want to branch out into sandals — display pink-tipped toes for Fashion's sake—we suddenly wake up to the fact that they look simply terrible. Then it is we pounce upon them, do the right thing by them, and just as suddenly forget all about them when they "ease" or when Fashion calls the tune.

BUT—I want you to remember that each of your feet is made up of a number of small bones fitted ingeniously into one another in what may be called hinge joints. So when you are buying new shoes keep the fact clear before you that it is impossible to force bones into a space that is really too small for them without causing injury, and, consequently, pain and trouble for you.

Hammer toes, enlarged joints, and bunions are some of the results of wrong footwear, while aching feet, fallen arches and corns are others.

In caring for the health of the feet one might well spare a few moments to their beautifying, too. A weekly pedicure —filing the nails to a neat edge, pushing back the cuticle, and, if liked, a polish to finish up with—induces a wonderful sense of well-being, and its effects are very observable in the improved appearance of the toes.

Rough, hardened skin under the feet may be quickly and painlessly removed with pumice-stone after the bath.

For foot coolness (with summer in mind), the best aid is talc powder. A good dusting with powder every time the stockings are changed ensures both thorough dryness and fragrance.

Crooked toes and bunions are best treated by going barefoot or in toeless sandals as much as possible in the house.

Before a heavy day's hike, or a dance, this treatment will be found helpful:

After a hot bath, in which plenty of salt has been dissolved, finish in cold water, and rub well with a rough towel.

Then fold the towel lengthwise, catch hold of each end, and rub briskly under the soles, over the insteps, and round the heels.

Pat in some drops of vinegar and eau-de-cologne in equal parts, and finish with a liberal powdering, not forgetting plenty between the toes. You will feel that they will carry you with fairy-like lightness many miles after this.

Pretty Feet Exercises

EXERCISES, too, help. One is to stand on a book, and stretch the toes first downwards as far as possible over the edge, then upwards. With feet together and straight, raise yourself slowly on tiptoe as high as you can, then lower as slowly.

For flat arches walk round the room on the outside edge of the feet, and every possible moment cross the legs alternately, and make as large a circle in the air as you can with the point of the toe.

To straighten and make supple the toes, practise picking up things with them: a dropped kerchief, pencil, matchbox, marbles, etc.

By the way, if you suffer from corns or callouses, give your feet a good soaking for twenty minutes in a basin of very hot water to which has been added two ounces of epsom salts. After this soaking you will find you can rub off most of the callouses with a coarse towel.

After this, a good rinsing with warm water and five minutes' massage with ordinary olive oil and a rubber brush will make them feel rejuvenated.

Those Tender Corns!

ATTEND to corns as soon as they appear is my strong advice. Use emery boards to rub them down at night, and in the morning after bathing apply a little iodine.

Soft corns may be painted with iodine.

Another way to treat a soft corn is to soak the foot first in warm, soapy water for five minutes, then in clear, warm water, and after this a pint of hot water to which has been added two teaspoons of boracic crystals.

It should then be dried, and a tiny bit of lint spread with boracic ointment, or zinc ointment, placed over the corn. This should be changed twice a day.

A number of women who have many steps to walk during the course of the day rub them daily with methylated spirit, and powder them as before directed profusely with talc.

Ingrown toe-nails may be relieved by cutting the nail straight across, cleaning it well and then placing a tiny piece of cotton wool soaked in vaseline between the inside of the nail and the toe.

To Correspondents

It is not always possible or feasible to answer correspondents' requests in this column. A stamped, readdressed envelope should be enclosed with each inquiry.

To "Jean": I would suggest that to allay the perspiration, you try powdering your back profusely with talc—rubbing it well in—and bathe afterwards; or try a lotion reputed to close the pores of the skin. There are several on the market. This is a more expensive procedure, however.

Again, you might feel inclined to make a little "apron" from rubber. Attach strings and tie it around you after powdering well the shoulders and back with talc.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

..BY A DOCTOR..

PATIENT: I have a great dread of ptomaine poisoning, and, foolishly perhaps, the fear of it robs picnics of half their joy for me. As the summer holidays are now almost upon us and my family is already talking about week-end camps and picnics I'd like to know something about the causes of ptomaine poisoning and what can be done to prevent it.

I DO not think you should allow the thoughts of ptomaine poisoning to spoil all your glorious days out of doors. It has no connection with food eaten in the open air except that perhaps in your mind is the memory of newspaper reports and scare line headings concerning a picnic party that has been stricken with ptomaine after eating some particular food.

But such a thing could just as easily happen in a home; and a poisoned condition arise from numerous sorts of food.

To most people "ptomaine poisoning" means poisoning from fish and shellfish. As a matter of fact, poisoning of the system from any kind of food may be so designated. The word "ptomaine" itself signifies a chemical substance produced when food "spoils" and putrefies.

We may become poisoned, not because the food has deteriorated and therefore has produced substances within itself which are dangerous for human consumption, but because the food may actually carry disease germs. Examples of the latter are lettuce or celery contaminated by the germ of typhoid fever, milk by the tuberculosis bacillus, etc.

An otherwise healthy animal may feed upon plants which are infected with poisonous fungi and these in turn may cause poisoning in the human being although the meat of the animal may itself be wholesome.

Furthermore, certain foods like the poisonous varieties of mushrooms are themselves sources of danger to persons eating them. Lastly, perfectly whole-some food may be exposed to flies and insects and their eggs poison the consumer.

Although certain varieties of fish are poisonous to human beings—because of unusual glands which they contain—these kinds are never sold in the general market.

What usually causes ptomaine is the fact that the fish has not been properly iced, or it has been kept too long, and in consequence bacterial growth has flourished.

MILK that is not pure, is old, and has not been scientifically handled is a source of considerable danger during summer months. Particularly are infants susceptible to such poisoning. And what is true of milk applies also to puddings and other products made from milk.

Ice-cream, despite the fact that it is cold, may quickly become bacteria-laden, even within a few hours after making. Since such huge quantities of this dessert are consumed everyone should be careful to ascertain where his ice-cream comes from, when it was made or, at least, he should assure himself that the manufacturer is reliable.

Pork is not an uncommon source of poisoning, especially when in the form of sausages or pork-pie. Less frequently is poisoning from veal and beef encountered. Mutton seems to be an especially safe food in this respect.

Even potatoes may cause poisoning due to a substance called "solanin," which is present in all potatoes in small amounts, but which may at times be abnormally increased. Then grains may be contaminated by the fungus known as "ergot."

The symptoms of food poisoning are an upset stomach, pain, vomiting and general prostration. They may be mild and they may be most severe, so much so that death may ensue. If the patient seems very ill, a physician should be called and promptly.

EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY

AN EXERCISE to strengthen the stomach muscles. Kneel on the ground with toes together, and with hands on hips, bend back as far as possible. Retaining this position, sway from side to side. Demonstrated by Glennis Lorimer, Gaumont-British star.

No Soap
No Froth—
Just Pure
Phosphates

GIVE YOUR TEETH *a new brilliance*

— and it makes the breath sweeter

THE moment you try Listerine Tooth Paste you will wonder why you ever put up with less efficient and often more expensive dentifrices.

From the moment you begin using it you will note an improvement in the appearance of your teeth. After a week or two they will have a new cleanliness, a brilliant lustre, a flashing loveliness they never had before.

It is a tribute to Listerine Tooth Paste—and proof of its efficiency too—that 10,000,000 people use it regularly in preference to all others.

"WHO'S AFRAID OF THE BIG BAD BREATH?"
The answer is, Nobody, if Listerine Antiseptic has been used, for it instantly makes the breath sweet, pure, agreeable beyond power to offend others. Of all chemists, 1/6, 3/- and 5/9 a bottle.
Write for booklet on personal hygiene to the Lambert Pharmacal Co. (Aust.) Ltd., Box 1913 TT, G.P.O., Sydney.

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PICK-ME-UP SAUCE

"Makes all the difference"

Ensures Appetising Meals

The piquant goodness of this genuine Worcestershire Sauce appeals to every palate. It "makes all the difference" at mealtimes—a difference you'll enjoy, whether the meal be indoors or outdoors.

Prove the appetising quality of Pick-Me-Up Sauce with hot or cold meats, fish or fowl, soups, stews, and gravies, salads and savouries, cheese and sandwiches.

Order this Made-in-Australia Sauce from your Grocer.

Refreshing Drinks for Summer Days

Don't merely wish for them—make them when you need them with—

P.M.U. FRUIT EXTRACTS

Convenient to prepare and enjoyable to drink. These extracts contain highly concentrated fruit juices and ensure refreshing beverages that appeal to thirsty palates.

One 6oz. bottle makes half a gallon of fruit cordial—enough for 50 large glasses of healthful refreshment.

Made in the following flavours:
Orange, Lemon, Raspberry, Strawberry, Pineapple.
Order a bottle from your grocer.

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CORNWELL'S
PURE MALT
VINEGAR
bought everywhere by everybody

ATALANTA

THE game began in an atmosphere of tension. The German girl was at the top of her form, and she won the first two games with supreme ease. Joan was netting or driving out. Most of her first services were faults. The crowd's tension relaxed. The affair looked like being a walk-over, and the crowd began to be a little sorry for Joan.

Their compassion was premature. Suddenly, and apparently for no reason at all, she found herself, and one of those sudden changes came over the game. She had been fumbling and asleep, but now her thrusts were deep and true, her counters cunning and swift. Her drives went deep into the corner, pitching within a few inches of the base line. Her anticipation became exquisite. She ran in on some of those deep drives, intercepted the return, and put the ball away.

The crowd grew clamorous. Fraulein Fink was still all teeth and smile, but her eyes were anxious. She began to lob the English girl, but her lobs lacked length and subtlety. Joan killed most of them, or gave back more deadly lobs.

First set to Miss Fortescue at 6-4.

Julian Peters seemed to be sitting on a hot chair. He squirmed. The lady next him became annoyed. Why couldn't the man sit still?

In the second set Joan lapsed. She became cautious. She lost that set, though it was a long-drawn duel. Both girls were all out, but it became obvious that Miss Fortescue was the fitter of the two. The German's big mouth was open—not to smile, but for air. Her nose looked pinched.

Before the third set Miss Fortescue did an unconventional thing. She went and spoke to somebody in a chair, and that somebody said to her: "Go in and volley. Put them deep in the corners, like you did in the first. You'll win."

She did. She attacked from the first stroke. She had a tiring opponent running to and fro. Once more—her anticipation was beautiful, her volleying crisp and deadly. She played like a man, and on her day few men could have beaten her. She won the final set at 6-2.

Applause, hand shakes, smiles, a very eminent gentleman standing forward to congratulate both ladies, a lame man with a crutch hobbling behind rows of chairs to stand at a gate.

"Splendid! I knew you could. The best game you ever played."

She looked strangely confused.

"I felt—like—playing in my sleep."

He laughed.

"Well, it was a wonderful dream."

And that was what he imagined his own affair to be, a beautiful, tantalising and poignant incident, a little bitter to him in its beauty, perhaps, but just a day in the life of Atalanta. He could not play with her. She was—in a sense—a public person, a draw, a prize for the photographers, but not for him. This crowd was dispersing, but other crowds would gather at Monte Carlo and Mentone and Cannes, and Joan Fortescue would perform before them. No, he was not going to Monte Carlo or Mentone or Cannes.

The Hotel Bristol was concluding the week's festival with a Bal Fleuri. Everybody was going to it; but Julian did not go. He remained at the Bedford Hotel nursing his leg and a secret and absurd passion.

Said the Austrian champion to Joan as they fox-trotted: "You are going to Cannes, of course?"

She seemed tired, a little distraught. Her glances wandered, and were not for him, which was unusual, for he had been given to understand that all women were mad about him.

"No, I'm scratching."

"Scratching?"

"Yes, feeling stale."

Which, of course, on her day's brilliance, was absurd. He could only suppose that she was shy of meeting the Pink woman a second time.

A DREAM and an awakening—but why either? She sat in the gardens and walked to St. Jean, but she saw no Julian. Had he gone on to Cannes? She climbed the steps of the Bedford Hotel and, feeling absurdly self-conscious, she inquired casually for Mr. Peters.

"How is Mr. Peters? I hope his leg is better?"

She was told that Mr. Peters had gone out for a drive.

She remembered that wonderful drive of theirs. She was feeling acutely romantic. She walked to St. Jean, and on to the headland. She would go and sit among the pine trees where he and she had come together for a moment in their lives. She came upon a taxi waiting under the pines. Had he——? She held her breath for a moment, she hesitated. Was he, too, up there redreaming a dream?

She saw him. She waved a hand. She ascended through the sunlight and shadow. She saw that he was trying to rise.

"Don't. Please—don't move."

His face was a complete self-betrayal, and hers was not much better. She sat down.

He said: "I thought you had gone to Cannes."

"No, I scratched."

"Scratched? But, you——"

"Oh, I'm rather stale. I'm rather off rushing about and hitting things. I think I want to sit and stare."

He looked infinitely grave.

"That's what I do. I have to—but you. Do you know what it means?"

She looked at the sea showing blue between the pines.

"I'd like to find out. One must miss such a lot just rushing about. More than you miss, perhaps."

He prodded the ground with his stick.

"There's a difference. If you get tired of sitting—and staring—you can rush off; I can't. I watch life and scribble about it. Of course there is a lot in life—my sort of life, but it's limited."

She watched that restless stick of his.

"Not so limited perhaps—as—mine. I'm reading one of your books."

He glanced at her sharply.

"Yes, I do get some movement in books, but wouldn't that bore you?"

She had the air of a woman marvelling over some mystery.

"No. It didn't bore you watching me play?"

"Hardly. I could always watch you."

She gave him a shy little laugh, and a glimpse of her eyes.

"Doesn't that cut both ways?"

And suddenly he had hold of her hand, and for half a minute they sat in silence.

Then, he said: "It's too wonderful. I simply—had it at first sight. But it can't go on. I can't ask you to marry a crock."

She looked at the sea.

"Then if you don't ask me—— Won't it be rather hard—for the real crock—that's me."

"My dear, my——"

They looked steadily at each other, and kissed.

So, in spite of mutual protestations, a star fell from the firmament of the tennis world. Mr. Peters insisted that Mrs. Peters must not disappoint her public, and Mrs. Peters humored him and herself, but when Mrs. Peters became a wife and something more than a wife, the rhythm of life altered. Some people said: "What a pity"; others: "How very old-fashioned," but Joan was not listening to what people said of her, or what the Press had ceased to say.

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LIFE'S Philosophy

"Man is a worm!"

"Yeah?... Bait for women!"

Miss Gibbs says:

"I'VE been cooking for a long time, and I know when a dish is *just right.* This Hansen's Essence for making Fruit Junkets makes the smoothest, creamiest, most delicious Junket I ever saw! And it's so inexpensive to use, too."

Follow this expert advice by the head of a Sydney Cookery School! Get some Hansen's Essence for making Fruit Junket to-day—it comes in four delicious flavours—and make sweets that are different from any you've ever had before!

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REDUCE SAFELY

Do as hundreds of women have done, take a course of
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and gain correct and charming proportions. This is a scientifically correct treatment. Six weeks' treatment, 10/-, 3 months, 20/-. Post free from:
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PERMANENTLY WAVE YOUR OWN HAIR

The "RAYWAVE" is the ONLY device for home use that is GUARANTEED to PERMANENTLY wave hair. No electricity. Waves last 6 to 9 months. Price 15/-, Postage 1/-. A lifetime's use. SPAR TRADING CO., 10 Rawson Place, Sydney.

D'YOU remember the reading you used to love when you were young? Present-day children will find it all there in the NEW colored Fatty Finn's Weekly.

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First Aid For INDIGESTION

You cannot afford to miss this Letter if you suffer from—

ACIDITY
FLATULENCE
DYSPEPSIA
HEARTBURN
GASTRITIS
ULCERATED STOMACH

No longer need you suffer the agonies of faulty digestion. De Witt's Antacid Powder brings an entirely new principle to bear on your complaint with amazingly satisfactory results. Such evidence as is quoted below (one letter from thousands on our files) is testimony to its complete success.

Dale Road, Buxton.

Dear Sirs,

Some time ago I was troubled with nasty bitter fluid arising from my stomach, and disliked my food. I went to see my doctor, but instead of getting better I got worse. I could get no relief. I was in continual pain and soon had to cease my work and take to my bed. I spent any amount of money on different medicines, but nothing did me any good. I was sent to hospital, where an operation for gastric ulcers was performed. Later, all my troubles returned. At last I heard of your Antacid Powder. I got a sample and this seemed to stop the sickness, so I decided to persevere. After three days I was able to leave my bed and get out. I kept on with the treatment, and before the first tin was finished I was able to enjoy my meals. Pain and sickness were gone and I was able to take long walks without discomfort. I am now feeling better every day.

(Signed) JOHN HARRIS.

De Witt's Antacid Powder acts in a commonsense way. Firstly, it immediately neutralises the excess acidity, the root of the whole trouble. At the same time, it coats the stomach walls with a thin, soothing film of colloidal kaolin, so that the inflamed tissues are protected from the burning acid. One ingredient of De Witt's Antacid Powder actually digests a portion of your food so that the tired stomach is enabled to "pick up."

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE

We make a free offer of a generous sample of De Witt's Antacid Powder to every sufferer from digestive troubles. When you have tried the sample, we urge you to continue with the treatment. Even sufferers from gastritis, dyspepsia or ulcerated stomach will experience relief, although, for such serious complaints we strongly recommend the purchase of a full-size canister, month's supply, price 2/6.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

For INDIGESTION. Price 2/6

Sold in handsome canisters containing average month's supply. Be sure you get the genuine remedy in sky-blue canister.

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To E. C. De Witt & Co. (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. (Dept. D.24), P.O. Box 38, MELBOURNE.

Please send me, free and postage paid, a sample of De Witt's Antacid Powder.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss
Address

FOR YOUNG WIVES & MOTHERS

The Advantages of Home or Hospital

By . . . **Mary Truby King**

Daughter of Sir Truby King, the World-famous Authority on Baby Welfare.

Considering the advantages to both mother and baby of confinement in a hospital or maternity home, one wonders that any woman living within reasonable distance of either should have any hesitation in making her choice.

FIRST of all, the hospital wards are built for this purpose and are in readiness. There is no minute cleaning of an ill-spared bedroom to be done. Often the mother and father must sleep in the bedroom until the actual day of the confinement, thus leaving far too little time in which to put the room into that perfect state of cleanliness which is absolutely necessary.

Even the most spotless bedroom is not to be compared with the lying-in ward and labor-room of a hospital, for only a room designed and built for the purpose can be really satisfactory.

Everything in Readiness

IN hospital everything needed in case of emergency is at hand. It is always wise, even when confidently expecting a perfectly normal labor, to be prepared for the unexpected. In a hospital all appliances are necessary, and, though their use will, in all probability, not prove necessary, the mother has the very comforting feeling of security and safety for herself and baby.

* * *

QUITE apart from this, the mother should not be worried by household duties at this time.

If she is at home, someone is sure to ask her just how to do this and that. She often has the whole worry of the household on her shoulders.

The mother needs a fortnight's real rest after the birth of the baby. In hospital this is the rule; at home it is often impossible.

This rest is just as necessary on baby's account as on the mother's, as complete rest encourages full natural feeding, which is of supreme importance in the proper building of baby's body and brain.

Right habits formed at the beginning will stand baby in good stead later on in life.

Very often, when baby is born at home, the mother gets up too soon and does too much, as a direct result of which the breast milk supply falls off.

* * *

MANY women with a choice of maternity hospital versus home choose to be confined in their own homes with the idea of saving money.

Actually it is often less expensive in the long run to have baby in a hospital, besides being decidedly safer.

One has always to remember that the local doctor may not be able to come when he is needed, whereas in a hospital a doctor is always on hand, day or night.

* * *

AS soon as the mother decides in which hospital she will be confined, she should write to the matron of that hospital for a list of the garments, etc., to be brought in. The requirements vary with different hospitals.

If it is necessary for the child to be born at home, early arrangements should be made with both doctor and nurse, and the mother is advised not to engage any nurse who does not hold the requisite qualifications.

MRS. TRIMMER, of West Ryde, with her two fine "Truby King" children, Keith and Peter.

A secret and capturing fragrance...

Care of the complexion and the choice of a perfume are the concern of every woman who wishes to be attractive, but it is the woman who has about her whole person a flower-like freshness who cannot be resisted. There is one toilet powder more delicate and more indulgent than any other, and that is Johnson's Baby Powder, intended originally to make the skin of a baby sweet and lovable. Sprinkle it all over yourself after the bath and you will carry with you and about you wherever you go a fragrance and a fascination.

FOR MEN, TOO!

Johnson's Baby Powder makes its appeal to men who desire the maximum of comfort after shaving and showering. It dries, cools and protects the skin. No chafing—just a feeling of freshness and cleanliness.

Johnson's BABY powder
BEST FOR BABY—BEST FOR YOU

A product of Johnson and Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Tek the Modern Toothbrush, Modess, Etc.

S2.34

Things That Happen

TOLD BY READERS

EXCITING or humorous incidents brought to your knowledge may be of interest to others. Tell them to The Australian Women's Weekly and mark your envelope "Things That Happen." Items must be true, and must not have been published before, or submitted to other journals. Payment for every item used in this section will be posted to contributors immediately after publication.

"A Bit Thick"

FOLLOWING my usual custom, on washing-day I made the starch in a large enamel washing-up dish and left it on the kitchen table to cool. A little later my brother came along, and, thinking to help me, he decided to wash the breakfast dishes stacked up on the kitchen table. He proceeded to wash up in my basin of starch.—A.H.

* * *

Maternal Morse Code

A BOARDER at one of Melbourne's big public schools, a little curly-headed fellow, sits up in bed at a certain hour each night and watches for a signal from the window of a house several miles away. An understanding headmaster shuts his eyes to this pretty little ceremony of a mother saying good-night to her young son in this novel manner.—L.F.

* * *

Not So Cheering

SOME years ago, when the New Settlers' League was inaugurated in Victoria, my mother engaged one of the immigrants as a domestic. She was a good maid, but had a curious habit of cutting out frills of paper for everything. The kitchen shelves, tables, and cupboards were all prettily decorated with multi-scalloped newspaper; all the dishes that came to the table were enveloped with ornate paper frills.

Mother was talking to the girl one day, and she asked her what she had done before she came out to Australia. "I was a coffin-trimmer" she replied.—T.B.

The Truth About Herself

AN aunt of mine had often been told by a man whom she knew only slightly that she was very like her sister, who had died some eighteen months before. My aunt, however, thought that she was unlike her sister, and concluded that he just wanted something to say. Recently this man told my aunt that he had always been under the impression that it was she who had died . . . so he was not merely making conventional remarks when he told my aunt how very like herself she was.—K.V.M.

* * *

A Chameleon Rose

MY landlady had for some time admired a fine red rose in the garden of her neighbor. After many judicious remarks she was presented with a cutting. The following season the progress of the bush was watched very carefully. When the first bud opened, instead of a red rose it was a most decidad pink. The lady was very disappointed. She decided that her neighbor had given her the wrong cutting. However, a few weeks ago she saw the first bloom for this season on the same bush. Once more the rose was red.—A.T.

For tasty hash—Bisto

A GOOD plan is to keep a small elastic band round all bottles in the medicine chest, the contents of which have to be applied with a brush. When this is done, the little brush can be slipped under the rubber band, and it will always be at hand when required.

HOST HOLBROOK says: I have stored Olives ready for sandwiches. Have you ever tried an olive sandwich?

FLY-TOX

● Insects are the filthiest things alive; they cause sickness and death. Guard your health; kill all insects quickly, with genuine Fly-Tox.

KILLS ALL INSECTS

INSIST ON GENUINE FLY-TOX

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PICK-ME-UP SAUCE

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Ensures Appetising Meals

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"Well, it was a wonderful dream."

And that was what he imagined his own affair to be, a beautiful, tantalising and poignant incident, a little bitter to him in its beauty, perhaps, but just a day in the life of Atalanta. He could not play with her. She was—in a sense—a public person, a draw, a prize for the photographers, but not for him. This crowd was dispersing, but other crowds would gather at Monte Carlo and Mentone and Cannes, and Joan Fortescue would perform before them. No, he was not going to Monte Carlo or Mentone or Cannes.

The Hotel Bristol was concluding the week's festival with a Bal Fleuri. Everybody was going to it; but Julian did not go. He remained at the Bedford Hotel nursing his leg and a secret and absurd passion.

Said the Austrian champion to Joan as they fox-trotted: "You are going to Cannes, of course?"

She seemed tired, a little distraught. Her glances wandered, and were not for him, which was unusual, for he had been given to understand that all women were mad about him.

"No, I'm scratching."

"Scratching?"

"Yes, feeling stale."

Which, of course, on her day's brilliance, was absurd. He could only suppose that she was shy of meeting the Fink woman a second time.

A DREAM and an awakening—but why either? She sat in the gardens and walked to St. Jean, but she saw no Julian. Had he gone on to Cannes? She climbed the steps of the Bedford Hotel and, feeling absurdly self-conscious, she inquired casually for Mr. Peters.

"How is Mr. Peters? I hope his leg is better?"

She was told that Mr. Peters had gone out for a drive.

She remembered that wonderful drive of theirs. She was feeling acutely romantic. She walked to St. Jean, and on to the headland. She would go and sit among the pine trees where he and she had come together for a moment in their lives. She came upon a taxi waiting under the pines. Had he——? She held her breath for a moment, she hesitated. Was he, too, up there redreaming a dream?

She saw him. She waved a hand. She ascended through the sunlight and shadow. She saw that he was trying to rise.

"Don't. Please—don't move."

His face was a complete self-betrayal, and hers was not much better. She sat down.

He said: "I thought you had gone to Cannes."

"No, I scratched."

"Scratched? But, you——"

"Oh, I'm rather stale. I'm rather off rushing about and hitting things. I think I want to sit and stare."

He looked infinitely grave.

"That's what I do. I have to—but you. Do you know what it means?"

She looked at the sea showing blue between the pines.

"I'd like to find out. One must miss such a lot just rushing about. More than you miss, perhaps."

He prodded the ground with his stick.

"There's a difference. If you get tired of sitting—and staring—you can rush off; I can't. I watch life and scribble about it. Of course there is a lot in life—my sort of life, but it's limited."

She watched that restless stick of his.

"Not so limited perhaps—as—mine. I'm reading one of your books."

He glanced at her sharply.

"Yes, I do get some movement in books, but wouldn't that bore you?"

She had the air of a woman marvelling over some mystery.

"No. It didn't bore you watching me play?"

"Hardly. I could always watch you."

She gave him a shy little laugh, and a glimpse of her eyes.

"Doesn't that cut both ways?"

And suddenly he had hold of her hand, and for half a minute they sat in silence.

Then, he said: "It's too wonderful. I simply—had it at first sight. But it can't go on. I can't ask you to marry a crock."

She looked at the sea.

"Then if you don't ask me—— Won't it be rather hard—for the real crock—that's me."

"My dear, my——"

They looked steadily at each other, and kissed.

So, in spite of mutual protestations, a star fell from the firmament of the tennis world. Mr. Peters insisted that Mrs. Peters must not disappoint her public, and Mrs. Peters humored him and herself, but when Mrs. Peters became a wife and something more than a wife, the rhythm of life altered. Some people said: "What a pity"; others: "How very old-fashioned," but Joan was not listening to what people said of her, or what the Press had ceased to say.

(Copyright)

LIFE'S Philosophy

"Man is a worm!"

"Yeah?... Bait for women!"

Miss Gibbs says:

"I'VE been cooking for a long time, and I know when a dish is *just right.* This Hansen's Essence for making Fruit Junkets makes the smoothest, creamiest, most delicious Junket I ever saw! And it's so inexpensive to use, too."

Follow this expert advice by the head of a Sydney Cookery School! Get some Hansen's Essence for making Fruit Junket to-day—it comes in four delicious flavours—and make sweets that are different from any you've ever had before!

HANSEN'S
Essence for making
FRUIT JUNKETS
ORANGE—LEMON
RASPBERRY—VANILLA

REDUCE SAFELY

Do as hundreds of women have done, take a course of
FORD'S REDUCING CAPSULES
and gain correct and charming proportions. This is a scientifically correct treatment. Six weeks' treatment, 10/-, 3 months, 20/-. Post free from:
NOEL P. FORD, M.P.S. (S. Aust.) Chemist, 246 King Street, Newtown. Tel. L1712.

PERMANENTLY WAVE YOUR OWN HAIR

The "RAYWAVE" is the ONLY device for home use that is GUARANTEED to PERMANENTLY wave hair. No electricity. Waves last 6 to 9 months. Price 15/-, Postage 1/-. A lifetime's use. SPAR TRADING CO., 10 Rawson Place, Sydney.

D'YOU remember the reading you used to love when you were young? Present-day children will find it all there in the NEW colored Fatty Finn's Weekly.

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First Aid For INDIGESTION

You cannot afford to miss this Letter if you suffer from—

ACIDITY
FLATULENCE
DYSPEPSIA
HEARTBURN
GASTRITIS
ULCERATED STOMACH

No longer need you suffer the agonies of faulty digestion. De Witt's Antacid Powder brings an entirely new principle to bear on your complaint with amazingly satisfactory results. Such evidence as is quoted below (one letter from thousands on our files) is testimony to its complete success.

Dale Road, Buxton.

Dear Sirs,

Some time ago I was troubled with nasty bitter fluid arising from my stomach, and disliked my food. I went to see my doctor, but instead of getting better I got worse. I could get no relief. I was in continual pain and soon had to cease my work and take to my bed. I spent any amount of money on different medicines, but nothing did me any good. I was sent to hospital, where an operation for gastric ulcers was performed. Later, all my troubles returned. At last I heard of your Antacid Powder. I got a sample and this seemed to stop the sickness, so I decided to persevere. After three days I was able to leave my bed and get out. I kept on with the treatment, and before the first tin was finished I was able to enjoy my meals. Pain and sickness were gone and I was able to take long walks without discomfort. I am now feeling better every day.

(Signed) JOHN HARRIS.

De Witt's Antacid Powder acts in a commonsense way. Firstly, it immediately neutralises the excess acidity, the root of the whole trouble. At the same time, it coats the stomach walls with a thin, soothing film of colloidal kaolin, so that the inflamed tissues are protected from the burning acid. One ingredient of De Witt's Antacid Powder actually digests a portion of your food so that the tired stomach is enabled to "pick up."

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE

We make a free offer of a generous sample of De Witt's Antacid Powder to every sufferer from digestive troubles. When you have tried the sample, we urge you to continue with the treatment. Even sufferers from gastritis, dyspepsia or ulcerated stomach will experience relief, although, for such serious complaints we strongly recommend the purchase of a full-size canister, month's supply, price 2/6.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER
For INDIGESTION. Price 2/6

Sold in handsome canisters containing average month's supply. Be sure you get the genuine remedy in sky-blue canister.

FREE GIFT COUPON

To E. C. De Witt & Co. (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. (Dept. S.34), P.O. Box 26, MELBOURNE.

Please send me, free and postage paid, a sample of De Witt's Antacid Powder.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss .....

Address .....

FOR YOUNG WIVES & MOTHERS

The Advantages of Home or Hospital

By . . . **Mary Truby King**

Daughter of Sir Truby King, the World-famous Authority on Baby Welfare.

Considering the advantages to both mother and baby of confinement in a hospital or maternity home, one wonders that any woman living within reasonable distance of either should have any hesitation in making her choice.

FIRST of all, the hospital wards are built for this purpose and are in readiness. There is no minute cleaning of an ill-spared bedroom to be done. Often the mother and father must sleep in the bedroom until the actual day of the confinement, thus leaving far too little time in which to put the room into that perfect state of cleanliness which is absolutely necessary.

Even the most spotless bedroom is not to be compared with the lying-in ward and labor-room of a hospital, for only a room designed and built for the purpose can be really satisfactory.

Everything in Readiness

IN hospital everything needed in case of emergency is at hand. It is always wise, even when confidently expecting a perfectly normal labor, to be prepared for the unexpected. In a hospital all appliances are necessary, and, though their use will, in all probability, not prove necessary, the mother has the very comforting feeling of security and safety for herself and baby.

* * *

QUITE apart from this, the mother should not be worried by household duties at this time.

If she is at home, someone is sure to ask her just how to do this and that. She often has the whole worry of the household on her shoulders.

The mother needs a fortnight's real rest after the birth of the baby. In hospital this is the rule; at home it is often impossible.

This rest is just as necessary on baby's account as on the mother's, as complete rest encourages full natural feeding, which is of supreme importance in the proper building of baby's body and brain.

Right habits formed at the beginning will stand baby in good stead later on in life.

Very often, when baby is born at home, the mother gets up too soon and does too much, as a direct result of which the breast milk supply falls off.

* * *

MANY women with a choice of maternity hospital versus home choose to be confined in their own homes with the idea of saving money.

Actually it is often less expensive in the long run to have baby in a hospital, besides being decidedly safer.

One has always to remember that the local doctor may not be able to come when he is needed, whereas in a hospital a doctor is always on hand, day or night.

* * *

AS soon as the mother decides in which hospital she will be confined, she should write to the matron of that hospital for a list of the garments, etc., to be brought in. The requirements vary with different hospitals.

If it is necessary for the child to be born at home, early arrangements should be made with both doctor and nurse, and the mother is advised not to engage any nurse who does not hold the requisite qualifications.

MRS. TRIMMER, of West Ryde, with her two fine "Truby King" children, Keith and Peter.

Things That Happen

TOLD BY READERS

EXCITING or humorous incidents brought to your knowledge may be of interest to others. Tell them in The Australian Women's Weekly and mark your envelope "Things That Happen." Items must be true, and must not have been published before, or submitted to other journals. Payment for every item used in this section will be posted to contributors immediately after publication.

"A Bit Thick"

FOLLOWING my usual custom, on washing-day I made the starch in a large enamel washing-up dish and left it on the kitchen table to cool. A little later my brother came along and, thinking to help me, he decided to wash the breakfast dishes stacked up on the kitchen table. He proceeded to wash up in my basin of starch.—A.H.

✣ ✣ ✣

Maternal Morse Code

A BOARDER at one of Melbourne's big public schools, a little curly-headed fellow, sits up in bed at a certain hour each night and watches for a signal from the window of a house several miles away. An understanding headmaster shuts his eyes to this pretty little ceremony of a mother saying good-night to her young son in this novel manner.—L.F.

✣ ✣ ✣

Not So Cheering

SOME years ago, when the New Settlers' League was inaugurated in Victoria, my mother engaged one of the immigrants as a domestic. She was a good maid, but had a curious habit of cutting out frills of paper for everything. The kitchen shelves, tables, and cupboards were all prettily decorated with multi-scalloped newspaper; all the dishes that came to the table were enveloped with ornate paper frills.

Mother was talking to the girl one day, and she asked her what she had done before she came out to Australia. "I was a coffin-trimmer" she replied.—T.B.

The Truth About Herself

AN aunt of mine had often been told by a man whom she knew only slightly that she was very like her sister, who had died some eighteen months before. My aunt, however, thought that she was unlike her sister, and concluded that he just wanted something to say. Recently this man told my aunt that he had always been under the impression that it was she who had died . . . so he was not merely making conventional remarks when he told my aunt how very like herself she was.—K.V.M.

✣ ✣ ✣

A Chameleon Rose

MY landlady had for some time admired a fine red rose in the garden of her neighbor. After many judicious remarks she was presented with a cutting. The following season the progress of the bush was watched very carefully. When the first bud opened, instead of a red rose it was a most decided pink. The lady was very disappointed. She decided that her neighbor had given her the wrong cutting. However, a few weeks ago she saw the first bloom for this season on the same bush. Once more the rose was red.—A.T.

A secret and capturing fragrance...

Care of the complexion and the choice of a perfume are the concern of every woman who wishes to be attractive, but it is the woman who has about her whole person a flower-like freshness who cannot be resisted. There is one toilet powder more delicate and more indulgent than any other, and that is Johnson's Baby Powder, intended originally to make the skin of a baby sweet and lovable. Sprinkle it all over yourself after the bath and you will carry with you and about you wherever you go a fragrance and a fascination.

FOR MEN, TOO!

Johnson's Baby Powder makes its appeal to men who desire the maximum of comfort after shaving and showering. It dries, cools and protects the skin. No chafing—just a feeling of freshness and cleanliness.

Johnson's BABY powder
BEST FOR BABY—BEST FOR YOU

A product of Johnson and Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Tek the Modern Toothbrush, Modess, Etc.

S2.34

For tasty hash—Bisto

A GOOD plan is to keep a small elastic band round all bottles in the medicine chest, the contents of which have to be applied with a brush. When this is done, the little brush can be slipped under the rubber band, and it will always be at hand when required.

HOST HOLBROOK says: I have sliced Olives ready for sandwiches. Have you ever tried an olive sandwich?

FLY-TOX

Insects are the filthiest things alive; they cause sickness and death. Guard your health: kill all insects quickly, with genuine Fly-Tox.

KILLS ALL INSECTS

INSIST ON GENUINE FLY-TOX

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HOST HOLBROOK says:

"My guaranteed Pure Malt Vinegar has been brewed by the House of Holbrook since 1798.

It imparts a delicious flavor to salads and mayonnaise, and I use it in the preparation of my high grade Sauces and Pickles."

HOLBROOKS VINEGAR

GUARANTEED PURE MALT

VIN 3.

BEST RECIPES

Every week readers win cash prizes in our popular "best recipe" contest. Look through your collection and send in the family favorite, too. It may win you a cash prize of £1, or one of the twelve cash consolation prizes awarded each week.

This week's prize-winners are:

STUFFED LIVER ROLLS

Cut liver in large slices. Stand in boiling water 15 minutes. Take out of water and spread each slice with seasoning to taste and roll in rashers of bacon. Half cover with water; cook in oven ½ to ¾ hour; make gravy. Serve hot.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. D. Forbes, 6 Weedon Rd., Artarmon, N.S.W.

GLACED ORANGES

Divide mandarins or oranges into sections and remove every scrap of pith and peel. Then dry them in a cool oven for 4 hours. Take 1lb. sugar and ½ cup water and boil until a drop, when put into cold water, snaps like glass. Now stand the pan inside another containing hot water so that the syrup may remain hot without getting more cooked. Dip the sections of orange into the syrup, one at a time. Lift them out with a fork and arrange them on oiled paper. Let them become quite hard and dry; then store in a tin with white paper between layers. Apples and bananas can also be done in this way.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to E. Bennett, 22 Hounston Av., Hilton, S.A.

CHERRY MOULD

Three and a half dessertspoons gelatine, 1lb. cherries, 4 dessertspoons sugar, 1 cup hot water, juice of one lemon, 1 cup milk, vanilla, cochineal.

First layer: Dissolve 2½ dessertspoons gelatine in hot water; add 3 dessertspoons sugar, lemon juice. Stone cherries; cook till tender with as little water as possible. Strain off juice and add to gelatine liquid. If necessary add water to make 2½ cups of liquid. Pour a little in a round cake tin. When firm, arrange cherries (cut in half). Pour in a little more jelly; allow to set.

Second layer: Add sugar and essence to taste to milk, stir until sugar is dissolved. Dissolve the dessertspoon gelatine in ½ cup hot water. When cool, mix with the cold milk and pour on to the cherry layer.

Third layer: Take jelly remaining from the first layer. Remelt, if set. Add a little cochineal; when quite cool pour over the blanc mange layer, which should be firm. Leave to set. Turn out on a flat dish.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Patmore, Thistle St., Kedron, Brisbane.

MINT SAUCE SUBSTITUTE

Two dessertspoons gelatine, 1½ cups water, ½ cup mint leaves, 1½ oz. sugar, ½ cup vinegar, pinch of salt.

Warm water and dissolve gelatine in it. Allow to cool. Chop mint finely. Add sugar, vinegar, and salt to gelatine, and stir till nearly set to prevent mint from sinking. Then pour into flat mould. When quite set, turn out and serve with cold lamb.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. A. Case, Noliedame, 37 St. John St., Windsor, Melbourne.

SARDINE RUPARMESAN

Four ounces flour, 1 egg yolk, squeeze lemon juice, a little cayenne pepper, salt, 2 ozs. grated cheese, 2 tablespoons water, 1 oz. butter, sardines.

Sift flour, salt, and cayenne together. Rub butter into flour, add cheese. Beat egg yolk, lemon juice, and water together and add sufficient to make dry dough. Roll thinly and cut into three squares. Glaze edge with water, place sardine in each piece, and sprinkle with cheese. Fold as for sausage rolls, pressing ends securely together. Brush with egg and cover with breadcrumbs. Wet fry (in deep fat) a golden brown. Serve as a savory.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss D. Coleman, 101 New St., Brighton, S.5, Vic.

TOMATO CAKES

Half-pint sieved tomatoes, 1 breakfastcup well-boiled rice, 1 breakfastcup fresh breadcrumbs, 3 teaspoons grated onion, 1 teaspoon powdered herbs, salt and pepper to taste, 1 egg.

Mix rice with all other ingredients, and be careful to mix the seasoning very thoroughly. Allow to stand for half-hour to swell crumbs. Then make mixture into round flat cakes, brush with beaten egg, roll in crumbs, and fry. Drain on paper and serve with bacon.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. S. Keith, Pine Creek, via Canurgea, Qld.

BUTTER-MILK PLUM CAKE

Cream 1 cup sugar, ½ cup butter, add 1 cup butter-milk (or little more) 1 dessertspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon grated nutmeg, ½ teaspoon mixed spice, a pinch of salt. Stir well.

Mix and sift together 1 level teaspoon bicarbonate soda and 2 large cups flour. Add to first ingredients and beat to smooth batter. Then stir in 1 cup currants, 1 cup raisins, and 2 ozs. chopped peel. Bake in greased tin in steady oven for 1½ to 1¾ hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss R. M. Smith, care Mrs. H. C. Evans, Narrawa, Cobbora, via Dunedoo, N.S.W.

CORN FLAKE MACAROONS

Two egg-whites, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups corn flakes, ½ cup nutmeats, 1 cup coconut, ½ teaspoon vanilla extract.

Beat egg-whites until they are stiff enough to hold their shape. Fold in sugar carefully. Fold in corn flakes, nutmeats, and coconut. Add vanilla. Drop on a well-buttered baking-tin. Bake in a moderate oven (350deg. Fah.) about 15 to 20 minutes. Either brown or white sugar may be used. Yield, two dozen.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to Miss M. Dixon, Wood's Flat, R. Murray, S.A.

PRUNE AND APPLE MARMALADE

One and a half pounds apples, 2lb. prunes, 1lb. sugar, juice of 1 orange and 1 lemon.

Stew prunes gently in just enough water to cover them, until very soft. Turn into dish, cool, and remove stones. Put sugar into pan to warm. Peel, core, and cut up apples. Add to sugar along with prunes and fruit juice. Bring slowly to the boil, then boil for about thirty minutes or until apples are merged with the prunes into a nice firm marmalade. Bottle and seal while hot.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to Mrs. F. J. Farthing, Shepparton East, Vic.

ALMOND SAUCE
(For Christmas Pudding)

Quarter pound ground almonds, 3oz. castor sugar, 1 whole egg and 3 yolks, ½pt. cream, ½pt. milk, 1 wineglass brandy, ½ teaspoon essence bitter almonds.

Pound almonds and sugar together in a mortar; add eggs (well beaten), then milk and cream by degrees. Turn into a jug; place in a saucepan of hot water and stir 15 minutes till mixture thickens. Remove from fire and continue stirring at intervals till nearly cold; add brandy and essence, and heat again in the saucepan before serving.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to Miss N. Carl, William St., South Brisbane.

CUCUMBER BASKETS

As many large apple cucumbers as required, diced tomatoes, diced celery, and a crisp lettuce.

Cut cucumbers in halves, scoop out the middle, and dice. Mix with diced tomatoes and celery. Refill cucumbers and pour salad dressing over them; place a slice of tomato on top of each. Serve on a dish surrounded by shredded lettuce.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to Mrs. H. King, 11 Alice St., Flinders Park, Adelaide.

MUSHROOM KETCHUP

Peel and break into a basin your mushrooms, sprinkling them with salt and putting a layer of salt on top. Stir now and then for three days. Put on a slow fire and boil up; skim well and strain them through a sieve. To each quart of liquid thus got add 2 peeled eschalots, 3 cloves of garlic, a blade of mace, 2 bay leaves, 1 tablespoon of peppercorns, 4 cloves, 1oz. ginger, 1 tablespoon of grated horseradish. Boil again slowly and skim well. When cold, bottle and cork. This will keep for twelve months without reboiling.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to Mrs. T. Emslie, 10 Monmouth St., Stockton, N.S.W.

SWEET POTATO SAVORY

This dish may be used cold for sandwiches or served hot on toast for breakfast or supper. Take one large sweet potato, peel, and slice thinly into piedish. Cover with milk; add salt and pepper to taste, and a teaspoon of butter; also, if liked, quarter cup of grated cheese. Bake in hot oven for half an hour; at intervals mash potato with fork; do not stir. It is like thick cream when cooked.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to Miss J. Breckenridge, Breckendale, Kendall, N.S.W.

Our Diet Hint

Cheese is Very Condensed Milk!

By R. E. FIGGIS, hon. dietitian, New Health Society, one of Australia's foremost authorities on food.

FOR the summer months we do well to reduce the quantity of meat in our daily diet, and a substitute often overlooked is cheese. This is one of the most nutritious of foods, for 20lb. of cheese equals 60lb. of mutton in food value. It is about the most concentrated form of food. It is really milk in disguise. A pound of cheese contains all the protein and fat of a gallon of milk, and as a supplement to bread, vegetables, and fruit, it forms a perfect diet; but it requires good mastication. It is "very condensed milk." For those who have poor teeth and are unable to masticate thoroughly, the cheese should be grated. Some of the finest physiques in the world have been built up on good wholemeal bread and cheese.

RHEUMATISM GOES WITH EXCESS FAT

Both Banished by Kruschen

When one realises that the cause of overweight is closely associated with the cause of rheumatism, it is easy to understand how it is that the two troubles can so easily be overcome by the same remedy.

The experiences told in the following letter are typical of those of many other sufferers:—"I first started taking Kruschen Salts for rheumatism in my ankle joint. Being rather stout, I thought perhaps they would remedy both troubles, and you cannot realise how surprised I was with the effect. I don't feel anything of my ankles now. And not only that—my weight has reduced 19 lbs. in just three weeks. I am still reducing, and yet I eat what I like, and I feel a different woman in every way."—(Mrs.) B.

Gently, but surely, Kruschen rids the system of all fat-forming food refuse, of all poisons and harmful acids, which if they were allowed to accumulate, would give rise to rheumatism, digestive disorders and many other ills.

Gov.-General's Widow Leaves £200,000 For Australian Immigrants

SHOWING that she had not forgotten Australia, the Rt. Hon. Alice Stephen, Baroness Northcote, widow of Lord Northcote (the former Governor-General of Australia), willed her large fortune to help young people who want to emigrate to Australia.

She left her whole estate, less various legacies, for a fund to assist poor children, particularly orphans, to emigrate from Great Britain to Australia. The fund is to be called the Northcote Children's Emigration Fund for Australia. Moreover, Lady Northcote provided that they should be helped to "establish and equip themselves there."

Lady Northcote left an estate of the gross value of £365,605, but death duties amount to £105,030.

The legacy for the fund therefore amounts to more than £200,000.

The late Lord Northcote was a popular Governor-General of Australia from 1904 to 1907. His widow (who died on June 1) was adopted daughter of Lord Mount Stephen, the Canadian railway magnate, from whom she inherited her fortune.

FAR ABOVE THE PRICE IN QUALITY

Speedo

The Lowest-Priced QUALITY SWIM SUITS

S.S.I.

Actually KILLS FLEAS

Then keeps others away.

Many "Flea" powders simply stun the pests, but Pulvex kills them dead and prevents reinfestation. It is so repellent to fleas and lice that others keep away. Pulvex is economical, harmless, odourless and non-irritating.

Sold by all good dealers, in tins at 1/3; double size, 2/-.

Wholesale Distributors:
Wm. Cooper & Nephews (Aust.) Ltd.
4 O'Connell St., Sydney

PULVEX
KILLS FLEAS OFF—KEEPS THEM OFF

"VAREX" FOR BAD LEGS

NO RESTING REQUIRED

There's no need to lie up with a bad leg. One man actually worked overtime while using "Varex" Treatment. Four to six dressings—one a week—usually suffice. "Varex" heals all ulcers, old or new. Very soothing, and relieves pain quickly and permanently. Easy and inexpensive. Write for free booklet to-day, to Ernest Healey, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Varex Ltd., 3rd Floor, Dymock's Building, 424M George Street, Sydney.

USE GOOSEBERRIES & CHERRIES *While* THEY LAST!

Their Season is Brief, and They Make Delicious Jams, Chutneys and Desserts

By Margaret SHEPHERD
Instructor in Cooking to Leading Hospitals

ALL these recipes have been tested by Miss Shepherd in her own kitchen.

FRESH, RIPE FRUIT is indispensable to a well-balanced diet. Tastefully arranged, fruit possesses, also, a unique decorative value.

JUST before you commence Christmas preparations, it would be as well to take advantage of the fleeting season for gooseberries and cherries, which are cheap and plentiful in the market to-day. By the time the festivities are over they will be a thing of the past.

WHEN gooseberries are preserved in jams and chutneys, the flavor is improved if they are stored in a dry, dark spot for a few months before using. In desserts, the tart, cool flavor of gooseberries lends itself admirably to custard, junkets, and other milk foods.

SPICED GOOSEBERRIES.

Two lbs. brown sugar, 2½ lbs. gooseberries, ½ teaspoon cloves, ½ teaspoon allspice, 2 cups vinegar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 3 blades mace, 1 dessertspoon salt.

Put the vinegar, sugar and spices into an enamel preserving pan. Bring to the boil. Wash, top and tail the gooseberries. Put into the boiling syrup; simmer till soft. Lift the fruit out carefully. Boil the syrup until thick. Return the fruit, when hot. Bottle and seal the jar.

Cherries may be stoned and preserved in the same way.

GOOSEBERRY SAUCE.

One cup hot milk, 3 dessertspoons melted butter, pinch cayenne, 2 tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ oz. butter, little grated nutmeg, ½ teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 pint gooseberries.

Melt 3 dessertspoons butter in a saucepan. Add the flour and cook gently, until it froths. Add the milk, slowly, stirring constantly. Add salt, cayenne, and nutmeg. Stir, until it boils, and simmer 4 minutes. Add the remainder of the butter, a little at a time, and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Strain into another saucepan. Add the chopped parsley and the gooseberries, which have been topped and tailed and covered with boiling water for 2 minutes.

This sauce is delicious served with fried or grilled fish.

CHERRY SALAD.

Half lb. cherries, 4 oz. cream cheese, juice ½ lemon, lettuce leaves, mayonnaise.

Wash, stone cherries, and cut in halves. Mash some cream cheese; add mayonnaise, until the consistency of thick cream. Work in the lemon juice. Mix with the cherries and serve on small crisp lettuce leaves.

CHERRY FLAN.

Six ozs. flour, 3 eggs, 1 tablespoon brandy or rum, ½ lb. soft black cherries.

Sift the flour into a basin. Make a hole in the centre; put in a pinch of salt. Add the three well-beaten eggs gradually, beating constantly. Add water, until the batter is the consistency of thick pancake batter. Flavor with rum and stand aside for ½ hour to cool. Add the cherries; pour into a well-greased mould. Bake in a moderate oven 1 hour. Serve warm or cold with plenty of sugar and a sprinkling of lemon juice.

GOOSEBERRY JAM.

4 lbs. gooseberries, 3 lbs. sugar, thinly pared rind of 1 lemon.

Put 1 cup of water and the sugar into the preserving pan. Bring very slowly to simmering point and allow to simmer for 5 minutes. Add the washed, topped and tailed gooseberries and the lemon rind; bring to the boil. Boil rapidly, until jam sets when tested and is pink in color. Remove lemon rind; bottle and cover.

(If the gooseberries are sour, add more sugar).

GOOSEBERRY CHUTNEY.

Four lbs. green gooseberries, 2 lbs. sugar, 1 lb. eschalots, 1 lb. minced and stoned raisins, ½ lb. washed and dried mustard seed, ½ lb. whole ginger, 2 oz. chillies, 2 oz. garlic, ½ oz. cayenne, ½ gallon vinegar.

Dissolve the sugar in the hot vinegar; pound the eschalots and garlic together. Add to the vinegar; cut the gooseberries in halves. Mix all the ingredients together; allow to stand over night. Next day, boil 4 hours, very slowly. Bottle and cover.

CHERRY SOUFFLE.

One lb. cherries, 3 cups breadcrumbs, ½ pint milk, 3 eggs, 1 tablespoon butter, 3 oz. castor sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, pinch salt.

Heat the milk. When boiling add the breadcrumbs and the sugar. Allow to stand until the milk is absorbed. Beat it well; add the well-beaten egg yolks and the washed and stoned cherries, also the cinnamon. Fold in the stiffly-beaten egg whites and salt. Pour into a well-greased souffle or baking dish. Bake in a hot oven for 1 hour, and serve immediately with a sweet sauce.

GOOSEBERRY COBBLER.

Quarter cup butter, ½ cup sugar, 1½ cups flour, 1 egg, 2½ teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup milk, 2 cups gooseberries.

Cream butter and sugar; add well-beaten egg and milk. When well mixed, add the sifted flour, salt, and baking powder. Mix lightly together. Grease a shallow baking dish and add the washed, topped and tailed gooseberries. Sprinkle over them ½ cup sugar. Pour the above batter over the fruit in the dish. Bake in a moderate oven, about 30 to 35 minutes. Serve with lemon sauce.

Lemon Sauce: Put 1 cup of water and ½ cup sugar into a saucepan. When boiling, add 1 dessertspoon cornflour blended with cold water. Stir until it boils and thickens. Simmer 3 minutes; add the juice 1 lemon, 2 tablespoons butter, 1-8 teaspoon salt, and a little grated nutmeg. Do not boil after adding the lemon juice.

COMPOTE OF GOOSEBERRIES.

One lemon, 4 cups gooseberries, 1½ lbs. sugar.

Wash, top and tail the gooseberries. Put into a saucepan with sufficient water to cover. Simmer gently until soft, but whole. Lift out carefully with an egg poacher or draining spoon. Add sugar to the water and the lemon juice. Boil until it is a syrup. Pour over the berries. Serve cold with whipped cream.

GOOSEBERRY CUSTARD TARTS

One and a half cups gooseberries, 1 cup milk, 3 eggs, ½ lb. flaky pastry, castor sugar to taste.

Line lightly-greased patty tins with flaky pastry. Line the pastry with paper and fill with 1 dessertspoon rice. Bake in a hot oven. When cooked, remove paper and return to oven for 5 minutes to dry the centre of tartlets. When cold, fill with the following gooseberry custard. Heat the milk and pour it into a double boiler with the sugar. Slowly add the well-beaten eggs and stir until the mixture thickens and coats the spoon, taking care not to allow it to boil. Wash, top and tail the gooseberries and cook in sufficient water to prevent them burning. Put a lid on saucepan and cook gently until they are soft. Rub through a sieve and, when cool, add to custard. Fill tartlets. Bake 10 minutes in a moderate oven. Serve hot or cold with whipped cream on top and garnish each with a ripe gooseberry.

JAMAICAN BANANAS.

Three or four bananas, ½ cup pineapple jam, strips of bread fried in butter, whipped cream, ginger syrup, rum.

Cut pieces of bread as long and as wide as the sliced bananas, and ½ inch thick. Fry in butter. Stand aside. Peel bananas; cut in two lengthwise. Simmer gently in the butter. Spread the strips of bread with the pineapple jam. Lay the bananas on top. Cover with whipped cream, which has been flavored with very little rum and ginger syrup.

BANANA PUREE.

Six bananas, 1 orange, 1 cup milk, sugar to taste, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, cherries.

Mash the bananas; rub through a sieve. Add the milk, beating it in, also sugar to taste, pinch of salt, and grated rind of ½ lemon. Bring gently to the boil; add the blended cornflour. Cook gently for three minutes. Serve iced and garnished with maraschino cherries.

QUICKLY *Prepared* ... *Chicken* DISHES

THOUGH the price of poultry is getting higher as Christmas approaches, young chickens are still comparatively cheap, and their value as an adjunct to the menu is unique. Almost everyone appreciates a savory chicken dish and, with a good recipe and a little care, culinary success with chickens is easy enough to achieve.

SMALL, tender chickens make an excellent meal, which can be prepared at short notice and served with an attractive sauce and garnish.

To Grill: See that your griller is very hot. Split the chicken in halves down the back. Open out on the hot griller. Brush over with melted butter, and place, skin side up, under the griller until it browns. Then drop it to the bottom of

the grilling dish and cook until done, turning once.

Serve with melted butter, mixed with lemon juice and baked and fried bananas.

FRIED CHICKEN (Princess)

Divide chicken into neat joints. Plunge in very cold water for [illegible] minute. Drain, sprinkle with salt, pepper, and plenty of flour. Fry in salt pork or bacon fat until well browned. Pack into a hot earthenware dish at the back of the stove. Dot with pieces of butter. Cover and stand at the back of the warm stove for 20 to 30 minutes.

Garnish with fried sweet potatoes and macedoine of carrots, peas, and young turnips.

FRIED CHICKEN

Cut the chicken into neat pieces for serving. Put into very cold water for one minute. Drain, do not wipe. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Coat thickly with flour, the more flour that adheres the better. Heat some pork or bacon fat to boiling point and cook chicken slowly until well browned. Serve with a good white sauce made with half milk and half cream or grilled tomatoes and watercress, or buttered vegetable marrow.

MARYLAND CHICKEN

Divide chicken into neat joints for serving. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, and dip in flour, egg and breadcrumbs. Press the crumbs on and dip once again in egg glazing and breadcrumbs. Place in a well-greased baking dish. Bake 30 minutes in a hot oven, basting every five minutes with 1-3 cup melted butter. Serve with small savory sweet corn fritters and a rich brown gravy.

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Another delicious dish from Elizabeth Craig's RECIPE BOOK

★ ALMOND CUSTARD GATEAU.

8 sponge cakes, 2 oz. almonds, 2 tablespoons raspberry jam, ½ pint FOSTER CLARK'S ALMOND CUSTARD.

● Split sponge cakes in two. Spread each half with jam and put halves together. Cut in three crosswise and sandwich together with jam. Cover with custard just off the boil. Stab over with blanched and split almonds. Chill and serve with whipped cream, sweetened and flavoured with vanilla to taste.

Foster Clark's Creamy Custard is made of the purest and finest ingredients. It's flavour is delicious and it is wonderfully economical. Write for Eliza-beth Craig's free recipe book. Enclose 1d. stamp. 17 Thurlow St., Redfern, N.S.W.

Foster Clark's creamy CUSTARD

CUT OUT THIS RECIPE

J4-84

A MASTER *of* MEN

NEXT morning they left the jungle; the ocean shone pure and wide in front of them.

The pursuing natives paused where the undergrowth left off; but, as the sailors marched towards the sea, they came out of their shelter and stood about, silent and staring.

Standing close in to the shore was the Southern Light. Away to the northward gleamed the white canvas of the Frigate Bird.

Bellews looked back towards the jungle.

"Those arrow-shooters are still there," he said.

Bill Kay nodded carelessly.

"Sure. They'll stay there until we've gone now. I reckon they must have been pretty daffy about that old image."

"Almost as daffy as we were," said the mate seriously.

Suddenly Bill halted. The men behind him edged forward. They began to shout across the water to the others on the Southern Light.

A boat put off. There were men in her, all armed to the teeth.

"This looks like it," said the mate uneasily.

Bill Kay watched the boat approach with a scornful smile.

"Maybe you're right, mister," he said, "but they didn't name me a master of men for nothin'."

Suddenly he wheeled. Before the men from the Southern Light standing round had time to think Kay was among them.

"Drop your guns," he snarled, "an' line up along the water. There's a boat comin' to take you back."

One hesitated. Bill sprang at him. The man turned and ran straight down into the water, waving his arms wildly at the crew in the approaching boat.

Remorselessly, he hazed them until at last every man of them was in the water, waist-deep, waiting for the boat from the Southern Light to reach them. It arrived, and under Kay's threats they tumbled in as best they could.

Kay's remnant of a crew stood on the beach, their guns ready; they could have riddled the boat from the Southern Light and sunk her in a few seconds, and the men from her were swift to realise their disadvantage.

A second boat, this time from the Frigate Bird, was now approaching. The precious fragments were put in her, and she was rowed back swiftly to the schooner; the boat made a second trip for the purpose of taking off Bill Kay and his men.

The Southern Light was already heading out towards the open sea as Bill clambered aboard his ship.

A case of whisky was speedily opened. Soon the men were singing and shouting and dancing on deck.

The captain himself had gone below; when he came on deck again he saw Bellews leaning on the rail and staring across the water. The sky had grown dim; night was almost upon those lonely wastes.

Bill Kay, following the direction of the mate's fixed stare, saw a small, flat-topped schooner, circling slowly round them on the darkening waters.

"Who is she?" he demanded.

The mate laughed gruffly.

"Looks like one of those mission boats to me," he said.

"Mission——" said Bill, and stopped suddenly, as if something had stuck in his throat.

"She's sending a boat across," said the mate. "Better get the men below and everything cleared up, hadn't we?"

The captain made no reply to that. He stood near the mate, his powerful hands gripping hard at the rail, his eyes watching the boat approach.

Bellews went to the rope-ladder. An old man was sitting in the boat; he looked up at the mate and called:

"Is this the Frigate Bird?"

"That's her," shouted the mate.

"Captain Kay on board?"

"Yes."

The little old man rose. He cupped his hands.

"Well," he shouted back, "will you please tell him his wife is here and wishes to see him?"

Before the mate could recover, he saw the figure of a woman rise up beside the little old man. Then he heard Bill's stumbling feet on the deck behind him.

"What—what did he say?" breathed the captain hoarsely.

"Your wife," said the mate, "she's in that boat, wanting to see you."

The sway of the rope-ladder told Bellews that the lady was already in the act of ascending. Next instant her face and form appeared.

A green riding-light now swung above, and she stood sharply silhouetted. At first glance this woman was not at all bad-looking; tall, slim, and with well-formed features. Her mouth and eyes daunted one, however; a grim, tight-lipped mouth and eyes like polished steel.

Instinctively, as she stared at him, the mate backed away. Her steel-like gaze directed itself straight at Bill Kay.

"Well, William?" she said.

The mate stared at the captain. He looked a sight, standing there; a wild, savage-looking man, covered in mud and blood, afraid of neither heaven nor hell, it seemed.

But, somehow, Bellews went on staring. For, now, Bill Kay seemed to be altering before his very eyes. The great shoulders drooped, the fierce, fighting glitter went out of his eyes. He seemed to Bellews to shrink visibly as she stood there.

"Hul-lo, Miranda," he said, and his voice seemed weak and shaken, somehow.

She advanced grimly across the deck.

"This is a disgusting business," she said, pointing a finger in his face, "and you ought to be heartily ashamed of yourself, William. I know all about it, so denial's useless.

"We've just come from Martin's Creek, where we had to stay and doctor three poor natives you and your men had shot. There's only one thing to be done now, I suppose. You must return the image to these people at once. It's the only way of making restitution left to you now."

"But—but——" said Bill Kay, and then he seemed to stand there, transfixed and fascinated.

"You heard me," she snapped. "You've robbed these poor people. I'm not going to stand by and see you carry away your—your blood-stained loot. Well, have you lost your tongue, William?"

BILL KAY stared an instant. Then he swung round and shouted an order to his men. They stood and looked at him incredulously.

"Go on," said Miranda Kay, "you're master on your own ship, aren't you?"

Bellews jumped forward.

"You must be cracked," he cried, furiously. "After risking what we did, losing our men . . ."

Bill Kay seemed to be struggling with himself. For an instant defiance glittered in his eyes; then, as Miranda looked at him again, he jumped round upon them.

"Dummit!" he roared, "how many times do I have to give an order in this ship?"

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WOMAN'S WHIM *Has Force* of LAW!

Marriage Void if She Changes Her Mind

Woman's prerogative to change her mind is now officially upheld by law in America...

In an opinion recently filed in the Baltimore Circuit Court, a judge declared void the marriage of a certain Miss Virginia Classen Thompson on that ground.

"DECISIONS dissecting the feminine mind, soul, and body, and their several requirements are," said Judge Eugene O'Dunne (the judge in the case), "mere man-made law, and law never accepted as binding on the female of the species.

"Has any man ever been born who could interpret the female heart?

"What are the limitations, if any, legal or human, on the right of the female to change her mind at any time on any subject, as she would her dress or any perfume?

"There is none. Woman may change her mind without regard of consequences and without any sense of responsibility either to God, law, or man, especially in all affairs of the heart.

"It is a God-given, if not constitutionally recognised and guaranteed, right. She needs no legal guarantee. She simply exercises the female prerogative."

The decision of Judge O'Dunne has created a profound effect in American legal circles. It is felt by many that this case will be taken as a precedent by many other brides who change their minds after marriage, and want to be free again. So all the poor married men in U.S.A. can do is to wait patiently and see if the oncoming years change their wives' minds.

"Good Lookers" a Danger

INCIDENTALLY, while on the subject of marriage, perhaps it would be a wise plan to quote another judge, namely, Judge Joseph Sabath, of Chicago. He says "It's only when men jump for good-looking women, and women for good-looking men, considering nothing else, that the matrimonial trouble starts."

Australian men and women may have something to say on this point, and the writer could say reams, but, nevertheless, we shall leave it as the learned judge puts it.

HOST HOLSHOOK says: "When appetite's in sorry plight, Holbrooks' Sauce will put it right." The World's Appetiser. 6-6-

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WITH SHAPED YOKE.

WW809.—A very smart summer model with a shaped yoke forming sleeves. Skirt introduces the low trimming with inverted pleats. Material for 36-inch bust, 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

NEW JUMPER SUIT.

WW810.—In this new model jumper suit, front and sleeves favor a soft cowl, the latter terminating at the elbows. Skirt is fashioned with flared godets. Material for 36-inch bust, 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

A USEFUL BLOUSE.

WW811.—A blouse suitable for golf or a hiking tour. The turn-down collar and bow give a sports finish. Material for 36-inch bust, 2 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

THREE-QUARTER COAT.

WW812.—This very desirable three-quarter summer coat has the full sleeves, which fit closely at the wrists. Material for 36-inch bust, 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

CLEVERLY SMOCKED.

WW813.—The charm of this little frock is in the smocked panels. Flared shoulder frills are soft and dainty. Pattern for child 1 to 2 years. Material required, 1 yard, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

DAINTILY BE-FRILLED.

WW814.—This dainty frock would be delightful in Swiss muslin with gathered or pleated frilling used as a trimming. Pattern for 6 and 8 years. Material required, 2 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

SMALL BOY'S SUIT.

WW815.—This fascinating little suit comprises a blouse, worn with an open front and elbow sleeves. Bloomer pants button on to the blouse. Pattern for 2 and 4 years. Material required: Blouse, 1 yard, 36 inches wide; pants, ¾ yard, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

LOUNGE PYJAMAS.

WW816.—Beach or lounge pyjamas are both effective and comfortable worn with a tuck-in blouse. Trousers have a shaped waist band and wide legs. Material for 36-inch bust, 3¾ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

PRACTICAL LINEN FROCK.

WW817.—An unusual style for a linen frock with a quaint fastening which forms a turn-back rever. Material for 36-inch bust, 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

Our Free Pattern

THIS week our free pattern provides a Parisian design suitable for the most exacting social occasion. A low flare in the skirt confers a graceful line. It is achieved by means of pointed panels, inlet from just above the knees.

The sleeves offer a choice between an elbow puff, threaded with elastic, or a long line finished with a straight cuff. A soft flared trimming at the neck is a further becoming note.

Pattern is cut to fit a 36-inch bust. Material required: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ¾ yard, 36 inches wide. Turnings must be allowed when cutting out.

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Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

BEGGARS' *Horses*

Continued from Page 11

ENGLAND, home, and beauty; all the beauty of life—that wealth can purchase.

For Miss Julia Askroyd had indeed bequeathed an income of some three hundred and fifty thousand pounds per annum to her former companion, Mary Harrington-Spens, nee Hazelrigg; and to the latter's husband, should he survive her, the capital sum which produced this colossal revenue.

What had really been at the back of her muddled mind, Mr. Henry Matheson (who somehow was also the long-deceased Messrs. Arding, Hanstey, and at least two Itchins) could not tell his inordinately-esteemed clients, Colonel and Mrs. Harrington-Spens.

"She was always making wills," said he, leaning back in his revolving desk-chair and tapping his blotter with a pencil. "She made one in favor of a plausible adventuress, a Minna Minelli, who professed to be her sister-in-law, Henry Askroyd's wife. Yes, she made many wills and, fortunately, this one happened to be the last.

"Fortunately indeed," and he bowed gravely, first to Mary and then to her husband, who eyed him stonily.

"I think she had some idea that, so long as we were trustees of the property, Mrs. Harrington-Spens would have no bother; would have nothing to do, in fact, but sign quarterly receipts. Miss Askroyd had the greatest horror—as Mrs. Harrington-Spens may remember—of anything in the nature of what she called 'business bother,' though she liked to threaten contumacious tradespeople with the terrors of our wrath.

"I rather gathered, too, that she felt it might be a little uncomfortable and infra dig for Colonel Harrington-Spens to be compelled to have his business affairs managed for him. Hence the provision that the total capital should become his, in the event of his surviving his wife."

"So that if my wife becomes a widow," remarked Colonel Harrington-Spens, "she promptly does get all the business worry attached to inheriting the capital! A bit of muddled thinking, I should say."

"ER—yes," agreed Mr. Septimus Matheson, "poor Miss Askroyd was given to muddled thinking; and she was obstinate, too, like most rather weak-minded and weak-willed people. But there it is, in a nutshell, Mrs. Harrington-Spens receives the income for life; and Colonel Harrington-Spens receives the capital if he survives his wife."

"It's a silly will," sighed Colonel Harrington-Spens.

"But it isn't. It isn't," smiled Mr. Septimus Matheson. "Or, at any rate, there's nothing silly about the income—and Mrs. Harrington-Spens gets that as long as she lives, though she would have to assume charge of the capital upon widowhood. And you, my dear sir, would have to do so upon—er—widowerhood."

"A damn silly will," repeated Colonel Harrington-Spens, as he rose to his feet.

Mr. Septimus Matheson (or Messrs. Arding, Hanstey, Itchin, Itchin, and Itchin) eyed the Colonel appraisingly and with some curiosity.

In a long, wide, and deep experience of men, and of women, he had not yet discovered a specimen of either sex who considered a will under which he or she received a colossal fortune, to be a silly one; much less a damn silly one. What did the man want? He didn't look a hog.

Was he aggrieved that Miss Askroyd hadn't left the money to him outright?

Surely he was on velvet, whatever happened? He'd got his three hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year for as long as he lived, whether he survived his wife or not. And if he did survive her, he got the capital. What more did he want?

As he rose and bowed them to the door, he again shot one of his long, keen, appraising glances at the face of Colonel Harrington-Spens.

No. It was a good face, if he knew anything of faces—and he fancied he knew a good deal.

What more could he want?

In point of fact, what Colonel Harrington-Spens wanted was less. A great deal less. Ten million pounds less.

For, from the day that conviction had come, and they had realised the incredible truth, a cold fear had settled about his heart, the fear that he should become a rich man—through the death of his wife.

Wealth beyond the dreams of avarice—and misery beyond the conception of anyone but himself.

For, with the bitter gain would come the cruel loss, the loss of all that made life worth living; the loss of the woman whom he so adored that ten thousand times ten million pounds, and all the world beside, was less than a grain of dust weighed in the scales against her.

CHAPTER 4

IT has to be admitted that their accession to an income, greater than they could spend, added little or nothing to the actual happiness of Colonel and Mrs. Harrington-Spens.

True, every conceivable form of pleasure could be bought, but pleasure is not happiness. In point of fact the one has small relation to the other.

At first there threatened to be a much in love—to let money come between them.

So he listened to all that she had to say on the subject of the money really being their joint possession, and she listened to all that he had to say on the subject of a man being kept by his wife; and in the end they found a common denominator, used their common sense, and regarded the money as their common property.

Together they visited every part of the world that Mary wished to see, together enjoyed every form of sport that appealed to them, followed the sun, entertained the charmingest people in the loveliest places, and bought the most beautiful toys—the most satisfying of which was a magnificent yacht that was a floating home, a wonderful house-on-the-water that took them over the said water at a steady twenty knots.

Mary's only fear was that wealth might make her vulgar, lazy, cynical, ostentatious or self-indulgent. Her husband's only fear was that he might become one of the richest men in the world—and in his own right; that in finding vast wealth he would lose the only thing he really valued; that he might become a multi-millionaire widower, Midas-rich and Midas-wretched.

Sub-consciously desiring to propitiate the little gods, he gave lavishly, sending empty away none who appealed to him for money. This, in addition to the enormous sums that he and Mary devoted to hospitals, and similar deserving bournes of benevolence.

rift within the lute that made the sweet music of their lives; a dark cloud upon the clear and sunny skies of their perfect happiness.

For Colonel Harrington-Spens began by stoutly refusing to give up his job and be kept by his wife; to resign from the Service he loved and take distasteful service as the assistant-spender of his wife's income.

He said that he would feel humiliated—a parasite, "a jumping gigolo"—and that his wife would soon be keeping a cat, a canary, a Pekingese . . . and himself . . . to look after the canary and the dog.

Frankly he was jealous of the legacy, of its awful power, its power to come between them, to give his wife all those things that he had so longed himself to give her.

But both the Colonel and his wife were too wise, too anxious each to act in the best interests of the other, too

Please turn to Page 39

Beach Parade

When Grandmama bathed in the briny
She looked like a captive balloon;
With a bathing machine
And a lot of sateen
She outwitted the spark who would spoon.

Edwardian manners were kinder
And often an ankle was seen,
But still a gel wore
An enormous lot more
Than she did when she danced—which was mean.

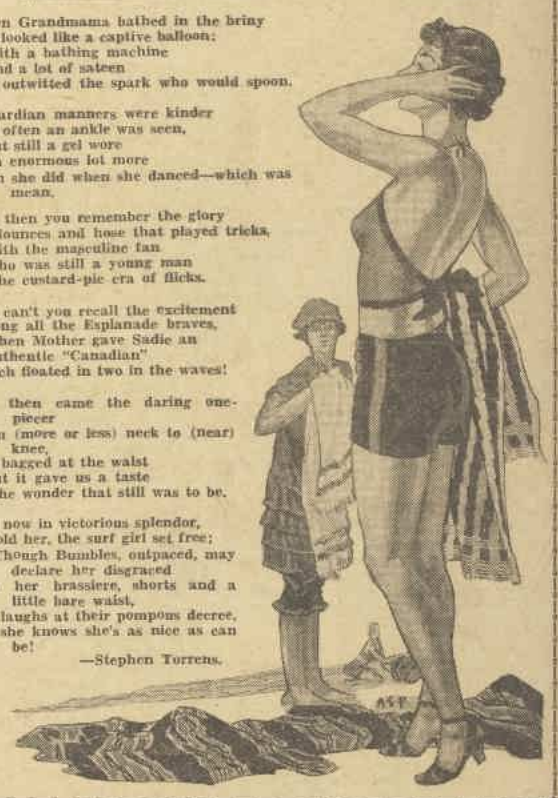
And then you remember the glory
Of flounces and hose that played tricks,
With the masculine fan
Who was still a young man
In the custard-pie era of flicks.

And can't you recall the excitement
Among all the Esplanade braves,
When Mother gave Sadie an
Authentic "Canadian"
Which floated in two in the waves!

But then came the daring one-piecer
From (more or less) neck to (near) knee,
It bagged at the waist
But it gave us a taste
Of the wonder that still was to be.

And now in victorious splendor,
Behold her, the surf girl set free;
Though Bumbles, outpaced, may declare her disgraced
In her brassiere, shorts and a little bare waist,
She laughs at their pompoms decree,
For she knows she's as nice as can be!

—Stephen Torrens.



HOST HOLBROOK says: I have a variety of Olives called Small Queens. They are economical and tasty.☆☆☆

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

ADELAIDE: Shell House, North Terrace, Adelaide.

BRISBANE: Shell House, 301 Ann Street, Brisbane.

MELBOURNE: "The Age" Chambers, 239 Collins Street, Melbourne, C1.

SYDNEY: 221 Pitt Street, Sydney.

LONDON: 102-5 Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, London, EC4.

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Social letters to be addressed to either Adelaide, Melbourne, Brisbane, or Sydney office as applicable.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTISTS

(a) Forward a clipping of matter published, gummed on to a sheet of note paper, showing date and page in which par was published.

(b) Give full name, address, and State.

Unsuitable contributions will only be returned if a stamped, addressed envelope is forwarded.

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PATTERNS

See special notice on the pattern page.

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BEGGARS' *Horses*

Continued from Page 38

BUT far greater than the satisfaction, the superstitious re-assurance, that he gained from giving to the poor and needy, the sick and the suffering, were the anxiety, apprehension and dread that he suffered each time that he helped Mary to buy some new dangerous toy.

When they took a house in Leicestershire for the hunting, and filled the stables with the finest hunters that money could buy, each horse that Mary rode was to him a fresh source of anxiety. When he had been poor, one of his greatest pleasures, his keenest joys, his most appreciated luxuries, had been a run with a good pack, even on a screw, a hireling hack, or the dubious mount provided by a host only less penurious than himself.

In India he had been able to afford good horses and membership of the Vale of Peshawar Hunt. In England, on furlough, badly mounted, it had, of course, been different; not a case of "good hunting" at all.

But how different are English turf, horses, foxes, weather, and conditions generally, from their Indian prototypes.

And what pure joy, what exhilaration, thrills incommunicable to the non-hunting person, had not his former second-rate English hunting given him.

Pure delight; pure joy.

And now that he could hunt under the most perfect conditions imaginable, enjoy the very finest hunting in the very finest style that money could procure, he did not enjoy it at all.

The whole time when he, hard-riding thruster, was not following his wife, it was a case of—

Where's Mary? What is Mary doing? Is that horse too strong for her? Suppose it's a bolter. Suppose it's come down with her, and rolled on her. Suppose it's thrown her, and that patent stirrup has not acted, and she's been dragged. Did she get over the brook safely? People had been drowned under their horses in three or four feet of water. Does she know about that chalk-pit?

And instead of enjoying the sights and sounds so enthralling to the heart of the hunting man, he constantly saw, in imagination, his wife thrown, dragged, rolled on, drowned, crushed, meeting with that sooner-or-later inevitable "accident in the hunting-field"; and heard above the music of the hounds and of the master's horn, the sound of a thud, a crash, a cry for help, a scream of pain.

And, if possible Mary's wonderful car which she drove with such dash and skill and verve was a greater source of anxiety to him than was her string of hunters. That she drove as well, or better, than he did, he was quite aware; but, as he told himself, it isn't what you do, it's what the damned-fool-whom-you-meet does. The cur, the swine, the criminal homicidal maniac that suddenly whizzes round the bend in front of you on the wrong side of the road, and just has time to miss you by a hair's breadth, with a fatuous grin on his foolish, oafish face.

HOW many times had he longed to stamp some such face into the mud? To kneel up in the car that his wife was driving and let off a magazineful of rapid fire at the disappearing car that had been within an ace of smashing them.

The most perfect driver can be wrecked and maimed, blinded or burned alive, by the most brainless ape-in-goggles that chooses to make himself a road-hogging menace to pedestrian and fellow-motorist alike. And not the most competent of drivers is immune from dangers due to mechanical defects, tyre-bursts, skids, or self-sacrifice in swerving to avoid the sudden rush of a child, or even a dog for that matter.

No, when Mary was motoring, life was nearly as wearing and carking an anxiety as when she was hunting.

But neither of these pursuits gave him one tithe of the anxiety he suffered when she talked of going up in one of these flying machines! Balloons had always attracted her, and now she wanted to own one! Good God! . . .

On board the yacht things weren't so bad; though his obviously painful interest in meteorological conditions and in the behaviour of the barometer caused the Captain to misjudge his employer and write him down as about the most nervous man who had ever put to sea.

Fortunately, Captain Holsen was a man who never discussed his employers and, indeed, rarely discussed anything at all, so the Captain asked no one to find the answer to the question that so frequently presented itself to his thoughtful mind:

"Why on earth does the man ever go to sea at all? What does he want a yacht for? She must have cost a big fortune to buy, and must take another big fortune to maintain, and he doesn't enjoy one hour of the time he spends on board her."

This was, of course, something of a facon de parler and a slight exaggeration, for Colonel Harrington-Spens did enjoy many hours on board the Witch Hazel. (Hazel was Mary's second name, her facetious father having wished to christen her Hazel Hazelrigg and compounded with her protesting mother on "Mary Hazel.")

In snug harbors on the Riviera, in Norwegian fjords, in land-locked bays such as that of Mytilene or Arosa, with anchors down and the pure, clear sea water still as that of a lake, Colonel Harrington-Spens was happy — as happy as any man can be across whose mind fall the shadows of coming events, dangerous events, such as hunting runs, motor runs, balloon flights, stormy passages in a yacht . . . even drinking water in Continental, African, and Oriental hotels, notoriously unsafe.

EVERYTHING seemed unsafe. All life was unsafe. And not only things, but people, were dangerous. One grew suspicious of them—of everybody, almost.

"No," reflected Colonel Harrington-Spens, "we mustn't let this wretched wealth make us cynical or suspicious, make us lose our faith in our fellow-men and women—as Mary says."

There was danger of it, for the notoriously-wealthy are daily invited to view something of the seamy side of human nature, and are early compelled to realise the worthlessness and dishonesty of the average begging-letter writer, of the pseudo-philanthropist, of the false charity-monger, the wholly unattested raiser of funds for noble public schemes—which are private schemes.

And there were worse people than these begging and swindling pests.

Minna Minelli, for example.

That had been a most unpleasant experience.

As privately and quietly as was possible, Colonel Harrington-Spens and his wife had crossed from London to Paris, "on high matters of state—the state of my wardrobe," as Mary observed. Of the fact that the buying of clothes gave her unlimited satisfaction and uncloying pleasure she made no secret whatever.

IN the great over-gilded and all-glorious lounge of the Ritz-Meurice, Colonel Harrington-Spens sat one afternoon, awaiting his wife's return from the ateliers of the greatest of Europe's gown-confectioners. She had promised to join him for tea at about four o'clock, and he was engaged in making an imaginary bet of a million pounds that she would not pass through the revolving doorway before five o'clock, when he was aware of a lady of whom he had been aware before.

Once or twice he had caught sight of her, just recently, and had taken note of her because she had a remarkably striking face — whether pretty, handsome, or beautiful he did not know—and because she had looked at him in a certain way, and in no uncertain way.

Each time that he had seen her, he had been with Mary, and he had rather gathered the impression that she had turned aside and avoided Mary, and that, had he been alone, the woman would have spoken to him.

Colonel Harrington-Spens was very gifted at gathering correct impressions, savoring mental and social atmospheres, receiving and decoding telepathic messages—in short, at summing-up people and situations with swift observation, intuition, and instinct.

It had been part of his business to do this when he was in the Secret Service.

This woman had something to say to him. Something important. Important to her, at any rate. And she wanted to say it privately, and to him alone.

Rather interesting.

Was she a vamp?

The Colonel smiled to himself at the notion of Mary's husband being a suitable subject or object for the attentions and machinations of the female adventuress—though not all his professional experiences of the sisterhood had been wholly amusing.

This woman didn't look like any sort of a harpy, however. Nothing of the common gold-digger or mantrap about her. The more reason to be wary, when she showed her hand—or her claws. For he felt quite sure that he was going to see and hear more of her; her glance at him had been too meaning to mean nothing.

Please turn to Page 41

HOST HOLBROOK says: I blend, I stir, and I brew the Sauce of the House of Holbrook. The World's Appetiser ...

Girls don't trust to LUCK

THESE LIPSTICKS GIVE YOU ALL THE CARDS!

Great Freshener-Uppers for Drooping Spirits!

— 3 great helps if you want to Ride the Crest of the Wave! . . .

LIPSTICK, No. 1. A friendly little soul with a big heart. New shape Midget Case—smartest of all small Lipsticks. Turns your Old World into a Brave New World. When you put on the colour it "stays put." 4 shades—each a thriller. This Lipstick speaks American! 1/6d.

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P.S.—With all this glamorous new loveliness on your lips you may as well get the last word in stunning hair effects also—so use the new Kathleen Court Soapless Shampoo. Just use it and laugh as your 'Phone Bell keeps ringing to denote your new popularity! In wallets, 1/-.

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Tired nerves are the cause of Headache, Neuritis, Neuralgia. Get instant relief from all nerve pains with genuine Vincent's A.P.C. Avoid imitations—they may be injurious. 12 for 1/6; 24 for 2/6.

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Neave's Food

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IT is a priceless boon to all who use it, for their relatives or friends. If you suffer in any way through the liquor habit, let the voluntary testimonials of actual users convince you that EUCRASY will soon sober the drinker and make you happy. EUCRASY is guaranteed harmless and can be given SECRETLY or Voluntarily. NOT COSTLY. Call or write to-day for FREE SAMPLE, Booklet, and Testimonials.

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Now . . . toothbrushing has become *a treat*

MOTHERS who understand child-psychology seldom *force* children to brush their teeth. For they know that it is better to get them to *like* to brush their teeth!

These mothers use psychology by giving their children Colgate's. For Colgate's delicious Peppermint Foam actually makes youngsters look forward to a twice-a-day treat.

And how fortunate that this best-*tasting* toothpaste also is the best-*cleaning*! Colgate's removes all seven kinds of stains that discolour teeth. Because it has *two* cleaning actions . . . not one.

Some stains yield best to *emulsive* action. Colgate's *emulsive foam* loosens these stains . . . washes them away.

Other stains yield best to *scrubbing* action. Colgate's has this, too. It rubs and polishes stains away . . . safely, without scratching enamel.

Get Colgate's. Notice how the children *like* to use it. And Colgate's contains no ingredients that may upset delicate little stomachs.

For beautiful, stain-free teeth . . . have children use Colgate's twice a day. Take them to see the dentist regularly.

Send for FREE Sample of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Enclose 3d. to cover cost of packing and postage.

Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co. Ltd., Box 2701 C, G.P.O., Sydney.

The 7 causes of stains that discolour teeth
1. Meats and other proteins
2. Cereals and other starchy foods
3. Vegetables
4. Sweets
5. Fruits
6. Beverages
7. Tobacco smoke
Colgate's removes all seven

1/3 A LARGE TUBE

10.204 ALSO IN POWDER FORM, 1/6 A BOTTLE.

NOW . . . everyone can enjoy THICK RICH CREAM EVERY DAY!

"Always ready to serve"

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Sweets are more delicious . . . puddings more attractive . . . cereals more appetising when served with generous helpings of Nestlé's Cream. Nestlé's Cream is the finest country cream—thick, rich, wholesome and absolutely free from preservatives. Yet it will keep indefinitely while unopened.

Order a supply from your grocer. Nestlé's Cream is now so inexpensive that you can afford to enjoy it every day.

NESTLÉ'S PURE THICK CREAM

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TERRY and TEDDY — TERRIBLE TWINS

By HARRY EYRE JR.

FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

By C. Marshall.

THERE was a funny old Scotsman who lived in Mushroom Grove whom Fred and everybody loved. His jovial manner and his happy laughing ways always made everybody merry, and no party was complete unless "Sandy"—for that was the name of this beloved Scotsman—was present and danced the Highland fling.

And it so happened that when Mrs. Havfun had her fourteenth wedding anniversary, she had a party and invited Sandy along. Sandy went to the party brimful of everything that was nice, and everybody thoroughly enjoyed the evening except a certain Mrs. O'Reilly. She seemed just too bored with everything, and poor Sandy did his utmost to amuse her, but it was all in vain.

THE dancing Scotsman

"Really," she said haughtily, "I cannot find anything funny in what you say." And in so saying, she gave her head a toss and walked away.

Next day, Sandy passed Mrs. O'Reilly in the street, and even though Sandy smiled broadly, she took not a bit of notice of him.

Poor Sandy was very hurt—everybody smiled at him at all times usually, and even if she had thought smiling might give her wrinkles, she could have at least said "How do you do?" or something.

Sandy was just going on his way when he heard a cry. On turning back he saw Mrs. O'Reilly sitting on the ground with a number of oranges rolling about her, and an empty paper bag by her side.

* * *

SANDY hastened to where Mrs. O'Reilly sat and, helping her up, quickly set to work to put all her oranges back into the bag. This done, he politely lifted his cap and started on his way. She quickly called him back and thanked him again and again, and then asked him would he come to her home and see her lovely flowers.

Sandy was a little bewildered, but nevertheless he had very little to do, so he decided to go along with Mrs. O'Reilly.

Mrs. O'Reilly was really very nice to Sandy, and it all puzzled him. Why was she so different? At length he said to Mrs. O'Reilly, "that was a happy party at Mrs. Havfun's last night, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it was, only I didn't enjoy myself very much. You see, my little dog, Tony, had a tick, and I was very worried about him. I don't remember seeing you there."

"Oh, yes, I was there," said Sandy, who then changed the conversation.

So Mrs. O'Reilly had not meant to be nasty to Sandy at all, she had just been very upset about her dog, and apparently remembered nothing about the previous night.

Jill's Letter

MY DEAR JACKS AND JILLS,

Here is a group of senseless little words, and each one is made up of the letters of a vegetable which you have to find.

GORDON BARTON of Mosman. —Falk.

1. Had sir
2. Cute let
3. S o o t mate
4. S t o o p cat
5. Pin spar
6. Or cart
7. Ceba bag
8. Pin cash
9. Sane B
10. C o w rule fail.

As a speed test this is a lively game. Give your friends pencil and paper and see who can work these words out first.

Answers will be found elsewhere on this page.

Joyce Westbrook, Lodge St., Toowong (Qld.), wins the prize of 5/- for the best letter of the week. "My chief hobby is stamp collecting," says Joyce in one part of her interesting letter. "I have somewhere about 2000 stamps. I had most of them given to me, as well as a beautiful stamp album (capable of holding 21,000 stamps) when I passed a scholarship examination in 1932."

Hoping to hear from you all this week,

Cheerily yours,
JILL.

Oration

BY ARTHUR REEVES.

EXPECTATION! Jubilation!
Saturday, there is great elation!
By tram and car acceleration,
Comes a joyful congregation
Making for their destination—
The little shop just by the station.
What's the cause of this sensation?
'Tis a famous publication,
The Australian Women's Weekly, hence the demonstration.
Then 'midst sighs of gratification,
The operation of allocation
Tells us with exhilaration,
Can I, dear Pal, for this oration
Receive a prize, as consolation.

Prize of 5/- for this clever verse to Arthur Reeves, 25 Ocean St., Bondi.

WHAT IS IT?

A hard-working farmer,
A lazy young mother,
And twelve little children
As black as one another.
Answer: A clock.
Prize Card to Joan Eggleton, Speed P.O.

IN THE SNOW. Phyllis Hiland (11), 21 The Avenue, Hurstville, N.S.W., wins two Prize Cards for this original sketch.

VEGETABLES.—1, Radish; 2, Lettuce; 3, Tomatoes; 4, Potatoes; 5, Parsnip; 6, Carrot; 7, Cabbage; 8, Spinach; 9, Beans; 10, Cauliflower.

About Ourselves

JUDITH SACHS, of Clayfield (Q.) does clever sketches; Miriam Harrisen, of Bendigo (Vic.), has a big black dog called Jerry; Alice Connelly, of Ballarat (Vic.), is 14 next January; Leighton Woods, of West Maitland (N.S.W.), does clever sketches; Betty Ragland, of Maryborough (Vic.), writes a very interesting letter; Dulcie Woodburn, of Casino (N.S.W.), has quite recovered from her recent illness; Mary Goodwin, of Rockhampton (Q.), is 14 years of age; Janet Gibbs, of Melbourne (Vic.), is at present visiting Sydney.

ANN WISEMAN of Petersham. —Falk.

Marjorie Alison, of Dubbo (N.S.W.), has a pet canary and two little black water spaniel puppies; Judy Holland, of Mosman (N.S.W.), once lived at Port Kembla; Joan Knox, of Grafton (N.S.W.), and her sister, Winnie, attend a High School; Frank Barry, of Geelong (Vic.), often goes for long hikes with his cousins; Agnes Killcher, of Prampton, writes clever verses; Margaret Rooney, of Cairns (Q.), is nine years of age; Edith Lovett, of Bergalia, via Moruya, lives on a dairy farm; Janet Thatcher, of Bundaberg (Q.), has two kittens and a big cat for her pets; Don Allsopp, of Mildura (Vic.), has a big toy motor car.

JOAN ALEXANDER, of Kurri Kurri (N.S.W.), goes strolling in the bush; Don Cunningham, of Parkville (Vic.), has two dogs, a cat, and a canary for his pets; Jean Chislett, of Leura (N.S.W.), is very fond of swimming; Alan Worthington, of Bendigo (Vic.), often goes for long walks; Megan Davies, of Anna Bay (N.S.W.), lives on a farm 23 miles from Newcastle.

FOR FUN & FANCY

LADY (to milkboy): How much is my milk bill?

Milkboy: I'm sorry, lady, my name is Tom, not Bill.

Prize Card to Les Putney, Binnis St., Cooiah, N.S.W.

Why should a magistrate be very cold?

Because he is just ice.

Prize Card to Kath Ashton, 4 Currawa St., Caulfield, Vic.

Where was the first potato planted?—In the ground.

Spell hungry horse in four letters—MTGG.

ROBIN

Little robin redbreast
Sat upon a tree,
He had a worm for dinner
Then looked for one for tea.

Prize Card to Keith Read, 267 McIntyre St., Bendigo, Vic.

Aunt (watching Betty counting the plumstones on her plate): You're lucky, dear, you'll marry a rich man.

Betty: Yes, but I had to swallow three to get him.

Prize Card to N. Ablion, Mangwee, via Toowoomba, Qld.

Teacher: Spell photograph, please, Peter.

Peter: F o t o g r a f.

Teacher: Oh, you dunce! That does not spell photograph.

Peter: Well, what does it spell, teacher?

Prize Card to Dulcie Woodburn, E.S. and A. Bank, Casino, N.S.W.

Traveller: I wish to take the next train to Newcastle.

Booking Clerk: Sorry, sir, we can't spare it.

Prize Card to Edie Tremaine, James St., Kapunda, S.A.

When is butter like Irish children?—When it is made into little pats.

Why is the earth like a school blackboard?—Because children and men multiply on it.

Prize Card to Nancy Adams, 2 Napier St., Homebush, N.S.W.

"Can anyone tell me," demanded the teacher, "who did the most to raise the working-class in the 19th century?"

"Yes," replied one of the pupils, "the inventor of alarm clocks."

Prize Card to L. Kirkup, 75 Nepean Dam, via Barga, N.S.W.

Tom: It's a great day for the race.

Bell: What race?

Tom: The human race!

Prize Card to Les Putney, Cooiah.

IN THE FIELDS.—Prize of 5/- to Hazel Preston, 48 Wallace St., South Kensington, N.S.W., for this original sketch in black and white. Color is nicely with paints or chalks, and send entry along to Jill, Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney. Prize of 5/- will be given for prettiest effort.

Old Lady: Throw that cigarette away, you bad boy!

Urchin: And leave you to pick it up when I'm gone. Not me!

Prize Card to John Norris, Lindsay St., Waggs, N.S.W.

Lady (shopping): How much are these chickens, please?

Shopkeeper: Six shillings, ma'am.

Lady: Make them, yourself?

Shopkeeper: Yes, ma'am, yesterday they were four shillings.

Prize Card to Dulcie Woodburn, E. S. & A. Bank, Casino, N.S.W.

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BEGGARS' *Horses*

Continued from Page 39

A SECRET agent? Friend or foe? Might be a spy who knew him by sight, and did not know that he had retired from the Service. Looked like a gentlewoman, though. Nothing of the pirate-craft about her, trim, taut, and smart as paint though she was.

She must be staying in the hotel. This would be the fourth or fifth time that he had seen her, either in or near the place. She could hardly haunt the Ritz-Meurice like this if. . . . By Jove—here she came.

"Colonel Harrington-Spens?"

The Colonel rose and bowed.

What a pleasant, low, sweet voice and, yes, she was more than pretty or handsome, she was beautiful . . . lovely.

"Could I have a few minutes' private conversation with you? Quite private, I mean."

"Certainly . . . until my wife returns. I am expecting her every minute."

"What I want to say concerns her. Her happiness. I don't want her to come in and interrupt. It is of the utmost importance. I don't want her even to see me. I have been trying to speak to you alone."

Colonel Harrington-Spens smiled kindly.

"I have no secrets from my wife," he said.

"No, Colonel? Well, you're going to have one now."

Colonel Harrington-Spens smiled even more kindly.

"Without being so rude as to contradict—I very much doubt it," he said.

"Well; as you like. I'm trying to do your wife a good turn—save her from infinite trouble, anxiety, publicity . . . from pain and loss. If you don't want me to," and the lady shrugged her shoulders with a pretty and very expressive gesture that the Colonel noted as being definitely foreign, quite at variance with her perfect English.

"Naturally I should want you to do anything that would save my wife from trouble, anxiety, and pain," he said. "But why the—mystery and privacy? Why mustn't she see you?"

"Come into the further Louis Quinze drawing-room. Tea isn't served in there, and it will be empty, or nearly so—and I will tell you."

Colonel Harrington-Spens rose to comply. He had his doubts, but this might be something genuine and important. He could soon put an end to the interview if it were not. And she was undeniably a most attractive young woman. Really beautiful.

"Let's sit over there, Colonel. Absolutely private," she said, as they entered the most ornate room, "and Mary will not see us, unless she institutes a search for you."

"You know my wife, then?" observed Colonel Harrington-Spens as he seated himself facing the girl, with his back to the light.

"Oh, yes! You may have heard her mention me. My maiden name was Minelli. Minna Minelli. I knew her very well when she was—er—companion to my sister-in-law, Julia Askroyd."

"Your sister-in-law?"

"Yes. Although I was always known as Miss Minna Minelli. I was Henry Askroyd's wife. The marriage was kept a secret, by his wish. I never quite understood why. . . . However, I am his widow, Mrs. Minna Askroyd," and the girl produced from a small vanity bag a visiting-card bearing that name.

"Ah!" observed Colonel Harrington-Spens non-committally.

He began to see daylight or, rather, darkness.

"Yes. And as Mrs. Henry Askroyd I have, presumably, some legal right to a share of his fortune, however iniquitous and inequitable his will may have been."

"I am afraid I'm no authority on law—or on the vested rights of inheritance, Mrs.—er—Askroyd," replied the Colonel.

"But doubtless my solicitors are," he added, "and I am sure yours are."

"Quite so," agreed the lady; "but need the matter be left to solicitors? Need there be an unsavory lawsuit, a public washing of dirty linen?"

"Oh, I think my—er—linen is all right, Mrs.—ah—Askroyd."

"Well, a judge and jury may not," was the prompt and business-like reply.

"Or, rather, your wife's linen," continued the girl. "It was to save her that I came to see you."

"That was nice of you," smiled the colonel. "But to save her from what?"

"Exposure!"

"Exposure?"

Colonel Harrington - Spens rose from his chair.

"I wish you were a man," he said quietly, and, "If you'll excuse me," he added, "I'll see whether my wife has come back yet. Good afternoon—er—Miss Minelli, and believe me, if you go on, you're heading for bad trouble."

"Wait! Listen! If you really care for your wife's welfare and interests. I warn you I shan't give you—or her—this chance again," was the reply. "I'm not vindictive, but I want my rights. Your wife unduly and improperly influenced my sister-in-law and got her to make an infamous will, leaving everything to her—her paid companion, and not a farthing to me, her own brother's wife.

"Now then. I'm going to contest that will—and I shall win my case. I hate doing it, but I'm not going to be robbed like this. It has taken me some time to raise the money for the law-suit; and to collect my proofs and witnesses, but now I'm ready. I am going to claim my husband's money, and also to contest my sister-in-law's will. And unless you are wise enough to settle the matter out of court—into court it goes, and you lose everything . . . everything. I am, of course, entitled to my husband's estate, and I am also the sole heiress of the two Askroyd brothers, as soon as a court of justice has quashed the iniquitous will—made by a wrongfully-influenced and senile half-wit at the dictation of her companion . . . a person who hadn't the faintest shadow of a claim on her, and . . ."

"Excuse my interrupting," said Colonel Harrington-Spens smoothly, "but tell me quickly. End the suspense and put me out of pain. For how much will you consent to settle the matter out of court?"

"For five million pounds," was the reply.

"Madam, I marvel at your moderation," said the colonel, and laughed merrily.

The lady who was, or was not, Mrs. Henry Askroyd, possessed what is known as a poker face, but the tip of her tongue moistened dry lips.

"It will be no laughing matter," she said, "as you'll find when . . ."

"No," interrupted Colonel Harrington-Spens without apology. "No laughing matter at all, if I treat this as an impudent attempt at blackmail, and myself set the law in motion. Be advised—and don't be silly, Miss Minelli. Henry Askroyd was never married at all—according to his solicitors."

"I have my proofs . . . proofs . . . proofs, I tell you."

"You'll find them useful then—if I am driven to prosecute. Good afternoon."

"My last word, colonel, and your last chance to save your wife from exposure as a cheat, a swindler, a thief . . . What will you pay—to save her, and settle out of court?"

"Ninepence ha'penny—in coppers," replied Colonel Harrington-Spens.

Yes, a most unpleasant business. And such a delightful, charming, beautiful woman, too. Perfect, except for being a liar, a swindler, a rogue and—a real danger to Mary's peace of mind.

Please turn to Page 42

The Gift

The gold of every sun that was
Has stained the grass to-day,
But I shall gather every beam
And every wind at play,
And every winking star within
The great blue surf of sky,
And all the foaming cloud-crest that
Across its billows fly;
And all the fairest colors in
The fairest of the flowers,
And all the sweetest memories
Of all the sweetest hours.
I'll gather them and weave them to
A pattern fairy taught,
A robe composed of Beauty, and
With granted wishes fraught.
I'll give it to you, made and spun
From all best things of Earth—
Then turn and weep because I gave
No gift to match your worth.

—EDITH BECKETT.

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BISCUITS

AS rich as cocoa, as smooth as milk, as crisp as only **Arnott's Famous Biscuits** can be. A sweet biscuit, small and dainty with half tone colouring of brown and cream. The brown of pure cocoa and the cream of fresh rich milk. **"Milkoko"** is a new distinctive biscuit which gives that added zest to refreshment, bringing out the subtle qualities of fine blended tea and coffee.

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A TRUE STORY

By A WAR NURSE

"DURING the war, helping to nurse the wounded in France," writes a woman correspondent, "I caught dysentery in the military hospital. The Doctor ordered a strong special aperient water which cut the attack short, but which I had to take repeatedly when attacks recurred. This frequent taking of aperients, and cathartics, left me with a weakened digestion and inflamed bowels.

"Shortly after the war I was in Paris in a very run-down condition, suffering from auto-intoxication and sciatica due to faulty elimination. I consulted one of the leading Paris specialists and he ordered (.....). I tried it, but not only did it not help but made me feel sick all the next day. After several trials I gave it up and things went from bad to worse.

"In 1921, being at Basle, in Switzerland, I consulted the best Professor there; he ordered 'NUJOL.' Feeling rather dubious, I nevertheless bought a bottle of Nujol and found, to my intense relief, that its gentle and soothing action not only rid my system of the accumulated poisons, but did not in the least interfere with my appetite. When I told the Professor about this he was not at all surprised, but said it was owing to the *absolute purity and the right density* of Nujol for the human system.

"Not only have I got rid of all my troubles, but feel years younger and would not for the world be without a bottle of Nujol."

Nothing we could add to this letter would make it more convincing. Try Nujol yourself. Bring up your children on it and they will be as regular as clockwork.

Nujol can now be obtained in a flavoured form—Cream of Nujol. Cream of Nujol has a delicious taste and your children are sure to like it. Grown-ups also enjoy its palatable flavour. Cream of Nujol contains no carthartic drugs and its beneficial action is entirely due to the Nujol content. Both Nujol and Cream of Nujol are obtainable at all chemists.

KEPT AWAKE BY IRRITATION

Rash in Blotches on Face and Neck. Cuticura Healed.

"A rash started with pimples which appeared in blotches on my face and neck. The skin was all inflamed around them and caused them to itch and burn at times. I could scratch them to pieces but the scratching caused the pimples to come to a head and fester. The irritation often kept me awake at night.

"I suffered for two years and tried different kinds of soap and ointment which were of no use. Cuticura Soap and Ointment were recommended and I sent for a free sample. I purchased more and after using for a fortnight I was healed." (Signed) Miss G. Borthwick, 24 Allen St., Leichhardt, N. S. W.

Give Cuticura Soap and Ointment the care of your skin.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. and 2s. Talcum 1s. 3d. Sample each free. Address: "R. Towns & Co., Sydney, N. S. W."
Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 6d.

"There's no doubt about it, my dear..."

"I've tried all sorts of creams for my complexion, and of course they do help. But there's no doubt about it, my dear, you've got to treat your complexion from inside as well as outside. I mean, you must avoid digestive troubles and constipation, or you'll never have a clear skin. Our doctor says the same thing, and on his advice I've started taking Sanitarium San-Bran. I had a packet sent up by the grocer, and it's delicious. So nicely flavoured! I really enjoy it. I just add a couple of tablespoonful of San-Bran to my porridge every morning; that provides sufficient roughage to keep the bowels regular.

You can see for yourself that my complexion is reaping the benefit. And I feel so perfectly well! You must try San-Bran. It's wonderful for you!"

BEGGARS' *Horses*

ALTHOUGH the syndicate financing the sol-disant Mrs. Henry Askroyd lost the case and their money, the trial was an unspeakably painful affair—and public opinion was fairly evenly divided as to whether Mrs. Harrington-Spens had been extremely clever in getting the fortune and extraordinarily lucky in keeping it. Or whether the alleged Mrs. Askroyd had been extremely unlucky in losing it and extraordinarily clever in putting up so fine a fight for her rights.

Yes—a most unpleasant experience. Enough to make one wish the beastly money had perished with the unfortunate brothers who had amassed it.

All pleasure in it was spoilt. It was tainted. And its present possessors felt tainted by it.

Mary Haselrigg, Mary Harrington-Spens, of all people on this earth, held up to the consideration of all readers of newspapers as a possible swindler and schemer. To many as a probable, and to some as a certain, if unconvicted, one.

"Poor Mrs. Harrington-Spens!" sympathised many kindly people.

"Poor Mrs. Askroyd!" sympathised just as many equally kindly people.

Colonel Harrington-Spens need not have worried on the score of bolting hunters, racing, skidding motor-cars, and road hogs; storm-destroyed balloons; sinking yachts; or germ-laden drinking water and ptomaine-poisonous food.

As a wise man has said, we suffer far more from the misfortunes that never happen to us than from those that do.

And no misfortune ever befell Mary when hunting, swimming, ski-ing, big-game shooting, travelling in uncivilised savage lands, motoring, mountaineering, yachting, or even ballooning, though they voyaged, by air, from England to Germany unhurt.

"Markie," said Mary one day, as they walked across the heather of their Highland moor, from the butts to the road, after their last grouse-shoot of the season, "I've just thought of an extravagance."

Colonel Harrington-Spens stopped.

"No!" he said. "Well, well, what a brain. Splendid. I really didn't think it was possible."

"We aren't really bored, are we, Mark?"

"I'm not, Mary. Nor likely to be while you're alive. No, of course, we're not bored. But to have thought up some new way of getting rid of some money. What is it?"

"We've never had a special train, Mark."

"By Jove! Neither have we. Let's have one each."

"Oh, no. Be matey. Let's have a special train and take everything south, all-under-one-like, as you say. We can take the whole party, the cars, the servants, the kit and everything."

"Great idea. We will. After all, having a special train to yourself is nothing. I believe some of the really wealthy people in America not only take a special train, but own one."

"What, live in it?"

"No, only when they feel that a little travelling would broaden their minds. If not narrow the credit column in their pass-books."

"Where do they garage when they are not using them? At the bottom of the garden?"

"No. I imagine the train's broken up, and the private cars, drawing-room, dining-room, bedroom . . ."

"Billiard-room, ball-room, library, music-room, bath-room . . ." interrupted Mary.

". . . and so forth, stand in some corner of the nearest big terminus railway sheds."

"Of course, there's a Royal Train in England, isn't there?" asked Mary.

"Sure to be."

"Shall we have a train of our own, Mark?"

"Be a bit—well—royal, wouldn't it?"

"No, it could be a perfectly ordinary train. Only we could fit it up just as we wanted it, and have a special siding for it and all that."

"It would certainly be a way of getting rid of a little money, wouldn't it?" mused Colonel Harrington-Spens. "Rather a joke to give railway parties, railway holidays."

This latest idea of his wife's certainly sounded safer than those anent private balloons, fast cars and fast horses. She'd be as safe in a British train on British railways as in her own house.

"Might be amusing," he said. "So long as we kept it quiet, and it didn't look ostentatious. People needn't know we hadn't chartered it for the occasion. Be much more fun in a country like India, though, where you could tootle out to a suitable place and make a shooting camp of the train. Lots of places in the East where you could shunt a train into a siding by some little jungle station quite close to tiger country, or near a good duck and snipe jheel. Come to think of it, you couldn't really do much with a private train in England, except simply go there and back. Couldn't use it as a glorified caravan, like you could in India."

"No," agreed Mary. "It'd be rather like the man's description of life in a country village.

"'Oh, yes. Lots to do, in the country. Any amount. Walk up the street; down the street; ask the age of the goat . . .'"

"No, silly idea. Anyhow, we'll take a special one, won't we, Mark, just for once. Great fun."

"Yes, rather. I'll ring up the stationmaster at Kildrossie when we get back to the castle. We can arrange to stop where any of our guests want to get off, if they aren't all going back to London. . ."

CHAPTER V.

THE dream . . . Was this a dream?

It must be a dream, of course.

For a second or so, Colonel Harrington-Spens thought he was on the frontier again. . . . Chitral Fort? . . . Mahsud watch-tower?

Fort blown up. . . . Buried alive . . . . Pinned down. . . . Badly wounded, too, apparently, but, thank God, not suffocated. No heavy beam crushing his face. No earth covering his mouth and nostrils.

Well, they'd dig him out, sooner or later, no doubt. In the meantime, breathing had better be gentle and shallow, in case there was not much air in the space in which he was imprisoned.

This was probable, as some sort of roof was only a foot or two above his head.

No, the problem of air-supply was all right. There would be no question of suffocation, as he could feel a breeze blowing across his face. Good.

But the sooner they dug him out, the better, for the pain was pretty bad. Dreadful. And he felt as though he might have lost a lot of blood; or perhaps he'd had a smack on the head from a falling beam, a stone, or possibly a great lump of earth. . . .

Continued from Page 41

Colonel Harrington - Spens half awoke, felt acute pain in the heart, and then fainted. The dream faded.

Was this a dream, or was it not?

When he came to, he found he was in the same place and position.

So they hadn't dug him out yet. And yet he could hear voices quite distinctly. And someone else, close by, was badly wounded. He could hear a faint moaning.

Curious. If he could hear them talking, and somebody, badly wounded, was close by, he could hardly be buried alive.

The fort wall might have fallen in on him, though, and there was an aperture through which he could hear the men; and somebody else might be pinned down close beside him. It was quite feasible—and yet it was curious that they weren't trying to get him out.

Who had been in the watch-tower with him when the crash came? Where was he? It must have been a Royal Engineer petard at the gate . . . . Gone off too soon. No—too late. Caught the attackers themselves. Biggest, smashing, rending crash he'd ever heard. . . . Malakand? Tirah? Chitral?

Pain wasn't so bad now, or was he getting numb?

What was that? . . . Whose voice?

"Are you a doctor, sir? Thank God you've come. There's a couple of passengers pinned here and nothing on earth'll ever get 'em out, short of a steam-crane—or an amputation."

"And the train on fire!" said another voice.

"Thank God I've got some morphia and a hypodermic," said somebody.

What was this? A train? A crane? A train on fire? . . . Not the frontier? . . . South Africa? A troop-train derailed by the Boers again?

Blessed oblivion. The dream faded again. . . .

What was this? A troop-train?

No. A special train!

Oh, blessed wealth, oh, lovely riches! 'He who has wealth is a fool if he cannot secure happiness.' . . . A special train, wrecked and burning.

Slowly, painfully, Colonel Harrington-Spens turned his head towards the sound of faint moaning, faint gasping, and an occasional word, appeal, prayer, in a voice he knew, only just audible above and through the crackle and roar of flames, the sounds of burning.

Mary! . . . By the light of some flickering flare he could see her face; white, dreadful. White, even in that awful light, light from the fire of a burning train. Fire driven towards them by the steady wind.

"Mary! . . . Mary!"

A gasping moan.

"Oh, Mark, Mark. . . . Save me! Save me!"

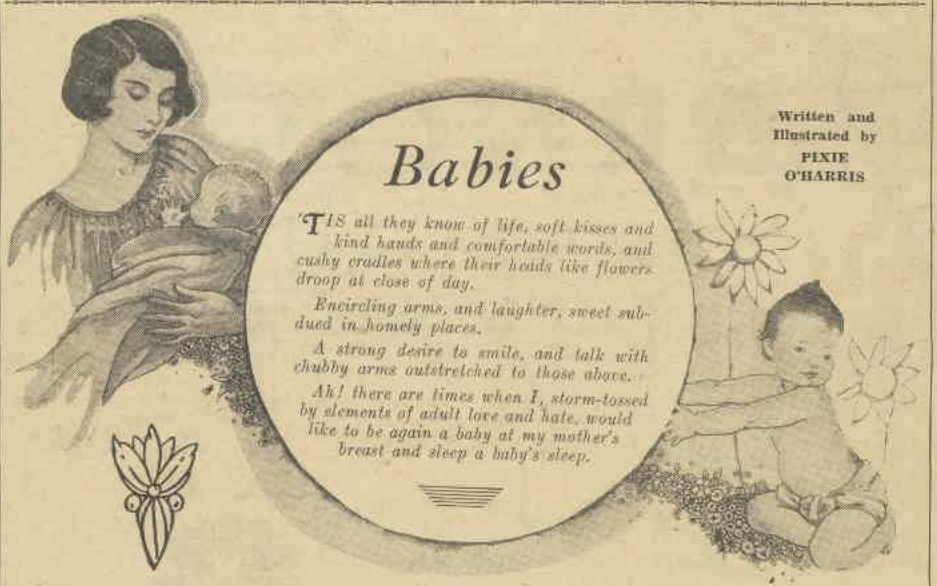
But neither Colonel Harrington-Spens nor the surviving uninjured passengers and personnel of the train could save Mary Harrington-Spens, it seemed.

The weight of half a railway carriage across her legs. . . .

The doctor, haled from his bed, and arriving just in time, did what he could to lessen her sufferings.

Colonel Harrington-Spens, almost unconscious, through injury, pain and morphia, found himself saved, dragged forth, just in time, by almost superhuman effort and the fact that some of the debris of the wrecked carriage that crushed him down was, for a brief second, movable by the power of human hands, applied to a lever.

To be continued



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after years of suffering

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"I have suffered for years with rheumatism and neuritis in my hands and can truly say that after using 'Alkia Saltrates' they are almost their natural shape, the dead, helpless feeling quite gone. 'Alkia Saltrates' is worth its weight in gold and I recommend it most heartily to any fellow sufferers. You may use my letter to show what a valuable remedy 'Alkia Saltrates' is."

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Of chemists and stores everywhere

TIRED, IRRITABLE GIRL

Anaemia Was The Cause

"My mother often told me that I was hard to put up with, as I was so tired, weary and irritable," states Miss J.C., of Tintinhall, N.S.W. "Anaemia was the cause and I suffered with it since I was 16 years of age. I used to get severe pains in the back and limbs, and was always languid and found it hard to do any work. A friend strongly recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to me, and I'm glad I took these pills for they have made a wonderful improvement in my health and outlook on life. I am much brighter and stronger, feel remarkably well and look much younger. The pains have vanished. I am sure that anyone suffering from poorness of blood like I did would be wise to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

For anaemia that attacks young girls and young women, there is no better remedy than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which help to make rich, red blood. Headaches, backaches, palpitation, shortness of breath, depression and languor soon become things of the past after a short course of these pills. Gain abundant charm and glowing health by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills without delay. At chemists and stores, 3/- bottle. Say "Dr. Williams"—and take no other.

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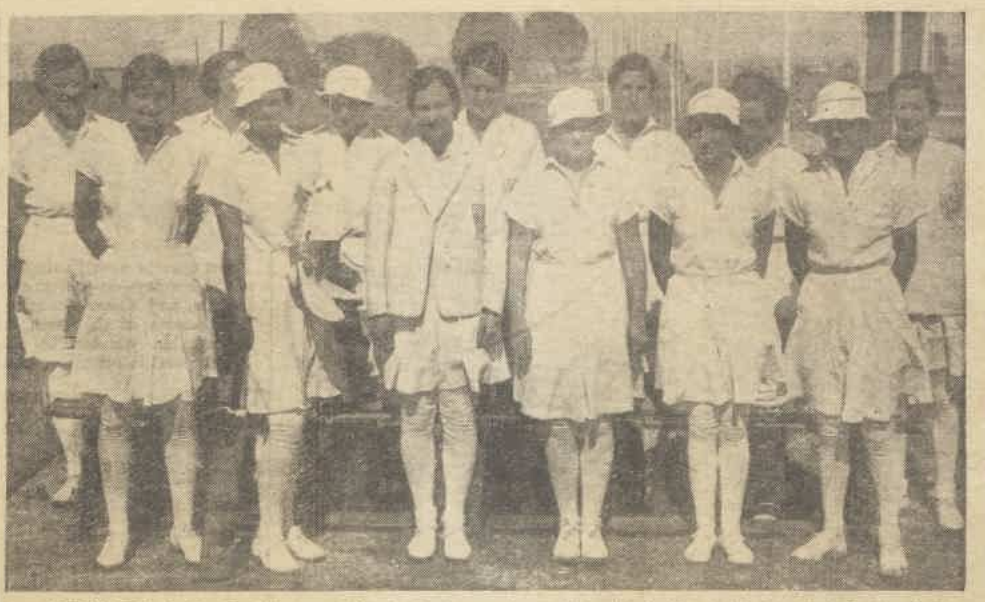
MISS BETTY ARCHDALE, captain of the English team, who so successfully led her team to victory in the match England versus Western Australia.



MEMBERS of the English women's cricket team, who participated in the match played at Perth. Back Row from Left: M. MacLagan, M. Child, J. Patridge, B. Archdale (captain), J. Liebert, M. Richards, M. Taylor. Front Row: G. Morgan, H. Green, M. Spear, M. Burleston, E. Snowball, and D. Turner. M. Hide, who made a century in her first innings in Australia, and C. Valentine were absent when this photograph was taken.

ENGLAND'S *Girl* CRICKETERS *are* GOOD SPORTS

"Put Larwood On" Was Cry

From Our Perth Representative

The English women's cricket team have played their first match in Australia and incidentally created many records. A record crowd was present on the opening day, a good-tempered humorous crowd of nearly four thousand who watched with interest as the women wielded their bats and sent the ball scurrying to the boundaries.

Miss M. Hide must be credited with being the first woman cricketer to score a century in international cricket.

ON the other hand the English cricketers had their first introduction to the Australian barracker. Good naturedly they soon had names for the players, and implored the captain (Miss Archdale) to "Put Larwood on"—"Larwood" being the name given to Miss Taylor, the fast bowler of the side.

Miss Taylor later said she had no desire to emulate her male model and raise a howl from the hill, but she took the barracking she received with good grace.

How They Dress

ALREADY their cricket uniform has created interest. They played in the match wearing divided skirts, and shirts made of linen which open at the neck, and have short sleeves.

Their hats are of a light fabric, with tropical gaune lining. They wear thick white stockings, and spiked shoes are favored for batting and in the field occasionally. They have rubber soled shoes, but are doubtful if these will be utilised in the very hot weather. Their blazers are of white with the monogram W.C.A.T.T., which stand for Women's Cricket Association Touring Team.

In an interview with Miss Betty Archdale, who captained the English team, she said, "No we do not play with men, or in any way strive to emulate them. I admit the men have helped us wonderfully, lending us their grounds, giving us tuition, and assisting us in every possible way."

IN reference to a remark on the winning of the Ashes, Miss Archdale immediately replied, "Please tell Australia we are not here to play for any Ashes, but merely to play Test cricket. It is very much against the principle of the English Women's Cricket Association to play for trophies or anything of that sort. Please tell the people we are here to play England versus Australia cricket, and would much rather the term Ashes was not used." With that, Miss Green, the manager, with a twinkle in her eye said, "The only likely ashes will be our team in Brisbane if the climate is any hotter than it is to-day in Perth." When told it was a mild summer's day, the whole team drew out their handkerchiefs, mopped their brows, and murmured, "Oh, dear." This action at once stamped the English team as great humorists, and this trace of humor will undoubtedly make them popular with the Australians. The girls are of a fine athletic type, extremely pleasant, quick to see a joke, and are very team-minded.

INTERNATIONAL *Tennis* MATCHES

Women Players Set Highest Standard

By RUTH PREDDEY

The sportswomen of Australia have undoubtedly come into their own, as during the last few days the first international women's tennis match has concluded and the first international women's cricket match has been played.

AT the New South Wales Lawn Tennis Association's grounds the whole tennis atmosphere underwent a considerable change. On the centre courts where grim battles have been fought out; where the players have come on to the court looking serious and glum; where the audience has sat with tense expressions on their faces and the whole atmosphere has been one of stilled hush silences, as the onlookers sympathetically endured the seriousness of the game with the players.

THE women's international matches have been such a success that it augurs well for the future of tennis. Will it mean that Australian women will be competing in the Wightman Cup next year, or will there be matches arranged for the women on the same lines as the Davis Cup? The Australian representatives have certainly proved that they must be considered for over-sea tennis next year.

All this vanished, as if someone had waved a magic wand over the course, as Miss Dearman, of England, and Mrs. Westacott, of Australia, commenced the first match in the series of international women's tennis in Australia.

They smiled as they entered the courts. They smiled as they tossed for the choice of service, and they smiled as the shouted "good shot" as a ball whizzed past and found them out of position. The onlookers, quick to appreciate the spirit in which the games were played, smiled also as they applauded each stroke, whether for England or for Australia.

Tennis-lovers will long look back on the first international women's tennis match played in Australia, as one of the happiest they have spent in many years.

Tennis is only a game after all, but it took six women to make tennis followers realise this. It is to be hoped this effort of playing the game for the game's sake and not for the honor and glory of the individual has invaded the courts for all times.

How many people realised the worth of their Australian women players prior to these matches? Here, opposed to Miss Dorothy Round, the world's champion, and Misses Dearman and Lyle, England's foremost doubles pair, the Australians won the match by the narrow margin of one game. Admitted that the English team had just arrived from a very rough passage across the Tasman Sea, and that they only had two days in which to practice, but the Australian players lacked experience and match play. Mrs. Westacott finding no one better than herself in Queensland to practise against. Miss Bickerton, who made an ideal captain, gained her experience abroad six years ago—and things have changed considerably since then. Then there was Joan Harrigan, who had not played in a match since the end of September. Great praise and credit is due to these three Australian representatives.

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Who's the Woman?

Our £200 Grand Xmas Competition

Identify clearly the photos on page 2.

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Fill in this coupon. BUT DO NOT SEND IT IN till you have filled in the last one which will appear on this page next week. For full details of conditions see page 2 of this issue.

The only conditions governing our "Who's the Woman?" competition are these. Each valid entry must contain the three coupons. All three must be sent in together, not separately. Do not send in your entry till next week. The Editor's decision will be final. No member of The Australian Women's Weekly staff will be allowed to enter.

THOSE RECURRING HEADACHES!

Annandale Lady writes:—

"Terrible pains in the head and attacks of neuralgia tortured me and I became so bad that I had to resign from my business post; I was too ill to continue. A chemist strongly advised Bile Beans, saying they were a splendid remedy for such ailments. I followed his advice, and before I had finished the contents of the first box I noticed a great improvement in my condition. Persevering with Bile Beans I was restored to perfect health." Mrs. E. S., Annandale, N.S.W.

Try a dose of Bile Beans tonight. One, or two, according to your condition, and note how fresh and bright you feel to-morrow.

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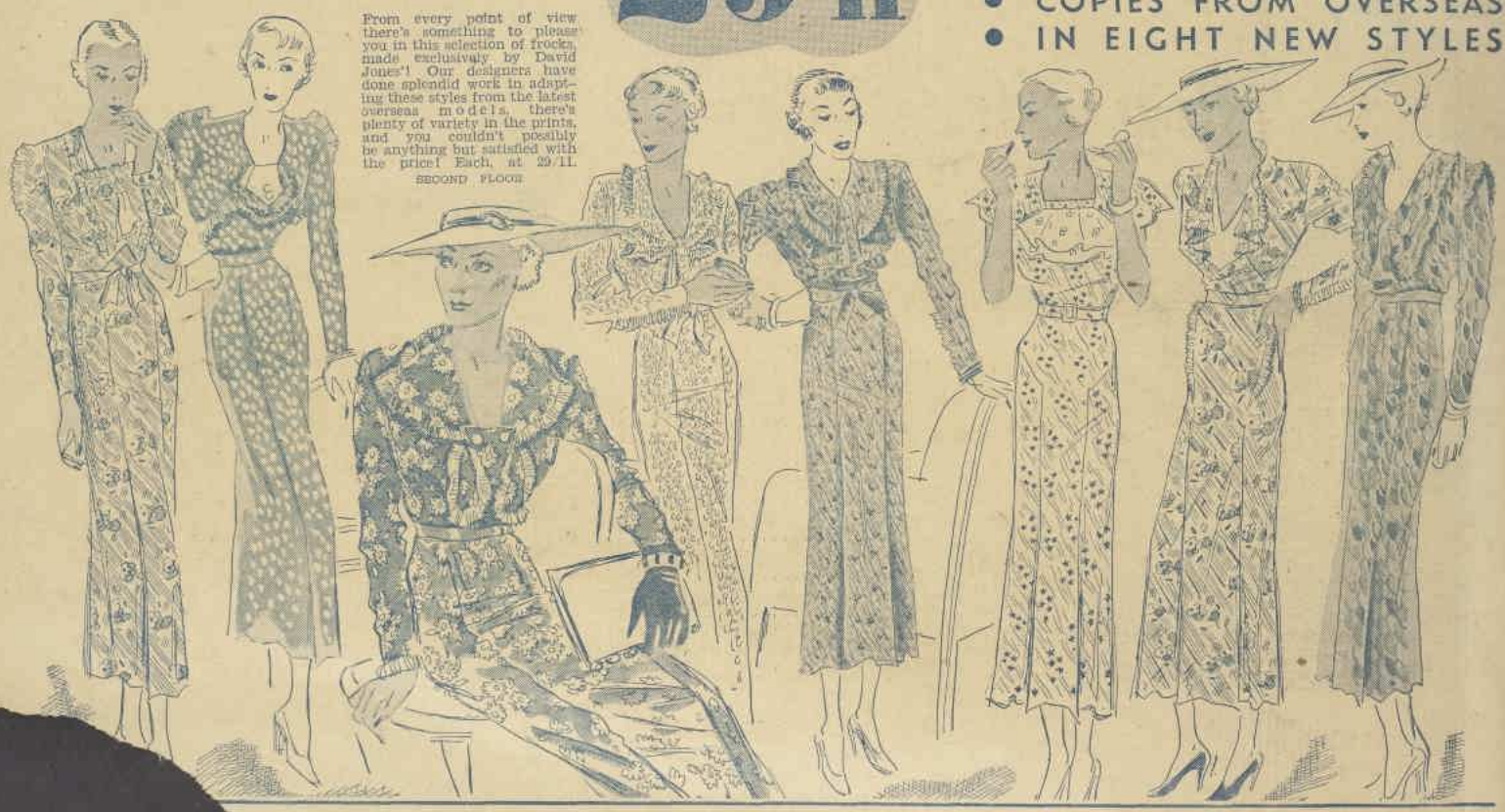

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F. A. M. WEBSTER

Author of "Old Ebbie," "The Crime Scientist," "The Islands of the Condemned," etc.

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Beyond All Fear

F. A. M. WEBSTER

CHAPTER 1.

LIGHT was fading from the western sky: the wide pools in the green, rain-soaked fields caught and held for an instant the red gleam of the dying sun. Spirals of cold, grey mist rose above the blackened hedge-rows and twisted ghost-like round the bare trees. Through the fast-gathering winter dusk, Maureen O'Malley rode home from a long day's hunting.

She was young, slim and supple, beautifully proportioned from the heels of her spur-booted feet to the crown of her raven-haired head. Small, capable hands in dog-skin gloves controlled the reins as she rode square-shouldered and straight of back despite the tiredness which showed in her hazel eyes and the droop of her soft, mobile little mouth. Presently they topped the long hill leading down to O'Malley Castle, and away to the left on the hillside she saw the lights of squalid, dirty cottages and the gleam of firelight flung pleasantly from the open doorways of Talla village.

Castle O'Malley stood in its own spreading grounds, but the house itself was a plain, wide-fronted affair with flat windows, such as is to be found all over Ireland masquerading under some such high-sounding title. Colonel O'Malley had inherited the estate a few years after his son, Dennis, was born, and there Maureen had first seen the light of day. It was a big, rambling place, where the old soldier maintained all the magnificence of his ancestors, who had lived there since before the days when the original castle was burned to the ground by Oliver Cromwell's troopers.

Maureen gave her mare into the hands of the groom who came running as she rode into the yard.

"Give her an extra feed and a mash to-night, Donovan, she's had a hard day's run and deserves it." She patted the mare's smooth, brown neck as she spoke.

The hall was large and oak panelled. Wax candles gleamed through a sea of gloom, a peat fire smouldered upon the open hearth, and close to it was drawn a tea-table, upon which stood rich cream in quaint silver jugs, plates of thin bread and butter, dishes of toast, and every sort of home-made cake. The colonel's man, who had been with him for years, brewed tea in a plain brown earthenware pot as Maureen entered. The colonel, strangely relaxed in his deep chair at the fireside, stirred and lifted his eyes to her face.

During tea he ate languidly, rather from custom than desire. Maureen remarked this and, for the first time, became aware of the infinite tiredness of his eyes.

"What have you been doing all day, daddy?" she asked, as she stood by his side sipping her tea.

"I bought a new hunter from Cassidy this morning, girlie. What a rogue the fellow is! He'd half boiled the leg off the brute he asked me over to see, and never said a word about the one I bought ultimately until he was quite certain he couldn't palm the crock off on to me. D'you have a good day?"

"Yes, two splendid runs. Money Moon was sulky in the hill country as usual—how she hates stones—but Lady Bee—I took her over from Terence just after midday—gave me a glorious ride across those two miles of perfect country under the mountain.

"Dennis is having pretty good hunting of another nature, I fancy. To-day's mail brought a long letter from him. It was posted in Nairobi a fortnight after he joined the battalion of the King's African Rifles, to which he has been seconded for duty."

The colonel got to his feet, lit a cigarette, glanced at the grandfather clock, and strolled towards the great staircase.

"You got back later than I realised. We shall have to hurry our dressing if we don't want cold soup. Where's Hemingway?"

The colonel's old soldier servant had already preceded his master to lay out his dress-clothes. He stood to attention beside the table as the colonel entered his dressing-room.

"Which studs to-night, sir; the pearls or plain gold?"

"Anything you like," answered the colonel, as he sank wearily into an arm-chair. "Just get me a brandy and soda, will you? Those stairs tire me most damnably nowadays. Liver still out of order, I suppose."

Maureen's soft-eyed Irish maid had a bath of warm, sweet-smelling water awaiting her tired young mistress, and a silk robe ready for her to slip on while she dressed her hair and chatted soothingly, as only an Irish servant can, of the little domestic happenings of the day.

As she prattled away the great gong sounded from the hall below. Maureen sprang to her feet.

"Hurry, Evie, the rose-pink crepe-de-chine, or the colonel will be down before me."

In the hall below, where pictures of many ancestors were ranged around the walls among foxes' masks and brushes, tiger skins and antlered heads of animals the old soldier had shot on his world-wide wanderings, a small table was laid for two and appointed with all those exquisite appurtenances which only very ancient families possess and which the nouveau riche strive in vain to harmonise with their more modern plate.

Maureen just glanced at the table before crossing to the fireplace, where she took a cigarette from a silver box and lit it thoughtfully. For the first time since she could remember her father was late for dinner, and she was frankly worried about him. His sunken eyes, the grey look of his face, and the general air of listlessness this afternoon had alarmed her vaguely. She must speak to Hemingway about him, find out if he had complained of feeling unwell lately. Perhaps he ought to go abroad to a warmer climate.

Her chain of thought was broken by the entrance of Hemingway. He glanced interrogatively towards her.

"The colonel not down yet, Miss Maureen?"

"No, Hemingway. I wonder what is delaying him?"

"I can't say, miss. The colonel sent me to the stable with a message to Tom about giving the new horse a mash."

"Perhaps you'd better run up and see if he wants anything."

"Very good, miss."

Within a few minutes the old soldier returned; his eyes were frightened and two hardly shed tears trickled unheeded down his weather-beaten cheeks. Maureen took instant alarm at the sight of him.

"What is it, Hemingway? What has happened?" she cried.

"Oh, miss," he said, "something horrible has happened to the colonel. I found him stretched on the floor and he is moaning terribly."

Maureen did not lose her head and rush wildly upstairs; she rang the bell and gave orders that a stable-boy should take a horse and ride at once for Dr. Somerville; then she went with Hemingway to her father's room.

Colonel O'Malley was still dressed as his servant had last seen him; he had evidently slipped from his armchair to the floor, where he now lay huddled up with his right arm doubled under; a broken tumbler lay beside him, and the room was full of the reek of spilt brandy. The left side of his face was terribly contorted. Hemingway at once fetched more brandy, while Maureen bathed her father's temples, but their efforts failed to restore him to consciousness. Then another manservant came; they carried the colonel into the next room and had got him into bed by the time the doctor arrived.

Dr. Somerville looked very grave at first sight of his patient, but he knew Maureen well and he did not mince matters.

"It's his heart, my dear," he said, "and I'm afraid there's not much hope." He looked pityingly at her strained, white face. "Be a brave girl; we'll do all we can to save him, you know that."

Throughout the night Maureen, Hemingway and the doctor kept their long vigil by the piteous bedside.

The doctor moved about such small duties as he was able to perform; from time to time a hard, dry sob broke from Hemingway's lips, but Maureen, throughout the long night, stared at her father's almost unrecognisable face with wide eyes, which saw only the splendid man who, with Old Nannie and Dennis, had been her whole world since her mother's death. Her thoughts turned to her brother, Dennis was far away in Africa and could be of no help now.

The grey dawn light was stealing in through the chinks between the curtains, and suddenly a long-drawn-out, terrible wail shattered the silence.

"God save us all; the banshee!" exclaimed the doctor, then bit his lip in fury at having allowed himself to be thus startled into ill-considered speech.

They all shuddered, and then it seemed that that awful cry must have pierced the mists fast gathering about Colonel O'Malley's brain. Slowly and with awful effort he raised himself upon his right elbow, fixed his burning eyes in anguished appeal upon his daughter's face. The twisted lips moved slowly:

"Maureen—poor little lonely girl—I—I'm sorry."

Dr. Somerville lowered the old soldier gently back upon the pillows. Colonel O'Malley was dead.

CHAPTER 2.

EVERARD STANIFORTH, the solicitor from Dublin, whose firm had acted for the O'Malley family for generations past, sat in the library at O'Malley Castle waiting uneasily. He was a small, "grey" man, his clothes, his hair, his eyes and his precise little mutton-chop whiskers all were of the same hue; his skin was of the shade and texture of old parchment; his clothes fitted him like the binding of some old book and were almost as shabby.

Upon the day of her father's death

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Maureen had cabled to her brother in East Africa, and now some unknown doctor out there had cabled back that her brother had been mauled by a lion and was, for the present, too ill to be told of the tragic happenings in Ireland.

Maureen greeted the little lawyer kindly, and seated herself at her father's desk. It was really very trying having to see Mr. Staniforth at all; he was always so long-winded; such a dreary, stuffy little soul, musty and dusty like the heaps of papers tied into neat bundles with pink tape which she remembered reposed in precise rows on his big office table. He always made her feel as if she were just going to sneeze.

"This has been a terrible blow to us all, Miss O'Malley," he said with a nervous, deprecatory cough. "Such a splendid man, the colonel—wonderful record as a soldier, and a magnificent sportsman, but not a business man, if I may say so—by no means a business man."

Maureen stirred uneasily in her chair. What on earth was the man driving at; could anything further possibly be wrong?

"What is it, Mr. Staniforth?" she asked quietly. "Please do not try to break bad news gently. I'd rather have whatever's coming straight from the shoulder."

"Ah, yes, er—straight from the shoulder, I think you said? Well, well, that was your late father's motto. But you must prepare yourself for a great—er—shock, shall we say? Yes, a great shock, I'm afraid."

"What is it, oh, what is it?" asked Maureen in an agony of irritated apprehension.

For a moment Staniforth dropped his baffling manner, as the man peeped out through the hard shell of the lawyer.

"Miss Maureen," he said, speaking as gently as lay in his power, "I'm afraid you'll have to give up horses and hunting and leave Castle O'Malley."

"Give up the horses; leave Castle O'Malley—what do you mean?"

Before he could answer her face cleared:

"Ah, you have heard about Dennis's accident; you know that I'm going out to him? It was kind of you to come over so soon."

"I have not heard anything about your brother," he answered, thrown completely out of his stride by this sudden volte face. "I mean that you must leave Castle O'Malley because your late father's affairs are so hopelessly involved that I see no chance of saving anything from the wreckage of the family fortunes."

Maureen sat quite still, staring out of the window with unseeing eyes. Her house of cards had fallen. Even before the fateful cable had come, it had been her intention to join her brother in Africa, and then, after a time, to persuade him to leave the Service and to return here to Ireland, to take up his heritage. Now there would be nothing to bring him back.

"In all probability your brother will have to leave the Army," the lawyer was saying, "unless, of course, he can live on his pay."

The words beat like sledge-hammer blows upon her brain.

"Is it as bad as that?"

"I will do my best to save something," he answered vaguely. "Meanwhile, what are you going to do?"

"I must go out to Dennis. He has been mauled by a lion, but when he is better we can perhaps buy a farm in Africa together. There will be enough left for that?"

"It is impossible to say at present, but we shall do our best. Meantime we shall be honored, yes, honored for you to draw upon us for whatever you require for your outfit and passage to East Africa. In addition I shall, with your permission, place a hundred pounds to your private credit. You cannot go half across the world without some money to fall back upon in case of necessity, shall we say, but I would advise you to spend as carefully as may be, since matters are so—er—involved and there may be little more to come to you when we arrive at a final settlement of the colonel's affairs."

Maureen thanked him in a half-ashamed manner and crossed the room to the bell.

"You will stay to lunch?" she said. "But perhaps you will excuse me. This last blow has been a heavy one. I must be alone to think."

He rose and held the door for her, as she left the room.

"Keep a brave heart," he said, somewhat awkwardly. "I will arrange everything, and you may rely upon us to do our best in your interests."

Maureen walked quietly up to her room and sat down by the little fire that was smouldering in the hearth. She felt that the walls of an unkind fate were fast closing in upon her, and her free soul battled fiercely against the strange constriction.

Who, now, would look after the old people in the village she wondered, who would care for poor old Nannie?

She would go to old Nannie now for help and sympathy in this last great sorrow, lay her weary, aching head upon the old woman's shoulder, and let those kind, time-wrinkled hands soothe her present pain.

She crossed to a hanging cupboard and took down a warm fur cloak—it had been one of her improvident, warm-hearted father's latest gifts—and pulled on snow-boots over her shoes. A few minutes later she left the house and set out through the gathering night to the little botheen hard by Taila village.

She passed the lodge gates, where the warm, welcome fire-glow from leaded windows was flung comfortingly across the road, and took the path across the marshes.

She thought of Dennis and of old Nannie's cottage just ahead. How often the old woman had made all right with the world for them when childish troubles were very large tragedies. She could not help so much now, but she could, at least, comfort.

As Maureen raised her hand to rap upon the door a soft voice spoke from within:

"Enter, my pretty. Ould Nannie knew you'd come to-night."

Maureen crossed the room quickly, dropped to a hassock by Old Nannie's knee, and hid her head in the old woman's lap. For some long time she stayed quite still and very silent; then came grief, as the big sobs shook her shoulders and the big tears coursed unchecked down her cheeks, while Nannie crooned above her lamb in soft, comforting Celtic.

"Ah, Nannie," breathed the girl at last, "it's sweet to have you touch and hold me, sweet to hear again the words of comfort you used to whisper when I was just a little, frightened child; but it's little you can do to help me now, Nannie. Dennis has been badly hurt, they dare not even tell him that dad is dead."

"I knew it days since; I felt it in my bones," interrupted the old woman. "God save us all, will troubles niver cease?"

"And Lawyer Staniforth came out from Dublin this morning," Maureen continued; "he says I must sell the horses, say good-bye to you all, and go away from Castle O'Malley. Oh, what shall I do, Nannie, what shall I do?"

A low, keening wail had broken from Nannie's lips as the tale of disaster grew. At the direct appeal for advice she checked the cry.

"Do, darlint, do? Whoi stay here wid yer own people, of course. Phwat ilse 'ud ye do?"

"Ah, but you don't understand. There's nothing for me here; the Castle will be sold and everything—and—there's Dennis, away out in Africa. I must go to him. He'll be needing me now."

"Is ut all acrost the black water ye'd be goin', Miss Maureen, dear? Niver ye do ut. Sorrow and worse trouble awaits ye there. 'Tis here in Erin yer place is, niver think to lave us."

"I must go now, Nannie. Dennis has been horribly hurt by a great wild beast. I must go to him. Can't you see I must go?"

The light of the fire died down, the creatures in the cabin were still, only the dreary night wind blowing off the marshes moaned about the door. In that hush Maureen looked up straight into Nannie's eyes. Sombre and deep sunk, they blazed in the old woman's face with a light of mystic fervor, as they gazed unseeing out over the girl's head. A half sob broke from her, "Nannie, oh, Nannie! What is it?" A thin hand stretched out and rested comfortingly upon her shoulder.

"Let ye be still," whispered the old woman. "Let ye be still and wait."

The silence in the room was absolute. The rapt look of expectation in Nannie's eyes increased.

"Ye'll go," she breathed. "Ah, yes, ye'll go. I see it all. And far and very far away I see a great hill. It's black an' grim an' terrible an' cruel. Ivry path that leads to ut is a path av pain an' hardship an' sufferin' an' sorrow. An' Mither av God, ye must tread thim all, my lamb, but the hill is crowned wid glory, an' there the reward is waitin'; but, woe is me, for the things ye must suffer before the top av the hill is reached."

CHAPTER 3.

THERE is something about the little heave and send as the engines lift a good ship forward. Something in the throb of those engines. The slight smell of hot oil and the clanging of the shovel of some impatient stoker that awakens old memories, or inspires new thoughts in the minds of those who have been born to wander. Whether they have been to sea before or not does not matter.

At present Maureen—like Gallio—"cared for none of these things."

She had gone aboard the Union Castle Mail Boat at Southampton, fresh from the misery of bidding farewell to her home and the horses, and to the old retainers whom she remembered ever since she could remember at all. She had carried her grief to her bunk, and elected to stay there with it for company.

Mrs. Burnside, a kindly-hearted old matron who was to be her cabin companion for the voyage out, feared sea sickness, and hastened to offer advice and remedies which she herself had found unfailing. Maureen would take neither.

When Mrs. Burnside saw that her companion's malady was not of the body she left her alone, but saw to it that her comfort was well cared for by their stewardess.

On the second morning out Maureen rose and dressed while Mrs. Burnside was bathing.

The decks were practically empty at that hour, but a young officer saluted her politely and more than one of the male passengers, who had come up to enjoy that best of all smokes, a pipe before breakfast, turned to gaze interestedly at the pretty Irish girl, whose pallor but enhanced her loveliness. A bigly built, sallow complexioned fellow, who turned a corner suddenly, stopped dead and stood staring rudely.

There were but few people about at the time, but it is a strangely true fact that the decks of an ocean-going liner are never entirely deserted, neither by day nor by night. It is, therefore, not surprising that this first meeting between Maureen and Pero Pereira, the Portuguese trader, did not pass altogether unnoticed.

"Egad, but that's a pretty girl," said a Uganda railway official to his friend, Husky Hillier.

Husky looked thoughtful a moment, as he leaned against the rail filling his pipe.

"He's a queer devil, is Pereira, rich as Croesus by all accounts, but cross-grained as a cobra and lives mostly alone. He's got a shamba at Makonda up on the edge of the Njema country; but he made that part of the world too hot to hold him for a time. I fancy he's been home to England to give the clouds a chance of

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rolling by. He won't find himself any more popular with white or black now, I fancy, than when he went away. The East African 'memory' is a notorious complaint, when one gets back to England, but it's devilish long lasting in its own proper environment."

"What's the affair, Husky?" laughed his friend. "You seem all worked up about it."

"It was a damn bad affair," answered Hillier grimly, "and ought to have been a lot worse—for Pereira.

"Renton had just come down from frontier duty at Moyali—he had bumped hard against Pereira there, incidentally, and there was no love lost between them—to take over the district commissionership at Luango. If you know Renton you know what a thundering efficient police and intelligence service he always runs."

"I do indeed. His people are always pukka."

"Well, a bunch of Renton's police soldiers were pottering about acting on information received, quite likely, when they came across the body of a native that had been dug up by hyenas and jackals; it was partly devoured, but there was that about the remains that set the police corporal thinking. He went back and made a report to Renton, and the commissioner got busy on the case himself.

"At the end of the month he had decided to arrest Pereira and his partner, a Boer called Leipschitz, but when Renton got to Makonda both the white men were away. Pereira turned up a fortnight later with a serene air and a perfectly sound story that Leipschitz had been carried off by a man-eating lion.

"On the evidence he had collected it had been Renton's purpose to arrest both men: Pereira on a charge of causing grievous bodily harm to a native boy, and Leipschitz with the murder of a native, to wit the boy, Kombo, whose body had been dug up by hyenas and found by the police soldiers. He now felt inclined to add a charge against Pereira of murdering his partner, but there was absolutely no evidence."

"You seem to know a devil of a lot about it, Husky," interrupted the Uganda official.

"Yes, I was hunting in that country and helped Renton collect the evidence."

"I see; go on."

"The case was heard by Judge Forbes and a local jury, and you may well imagine that it caused no end of a stir. The little town where the trial was held was thronged for days beforehand with outlying settlers who had come in. The Solicitor-General conducted the prosecution, and Hinks appeared on behalf of Pereira.

"After the Solicitor had outlined the case at great length he called, as first witness for the Crown, a native named Buko, who was Pereira's gun-bearer.

"This boy said that some time back he and another native named Kipkirin, who shared his hut, had been awakened in the night and had looked out.

"It was bright moonlight, and they saw a native leaving the huts occupied by their master's black wives. The man had a spear in his hand and was making off in a furtive manner. The boys at once attacked him and, although he wounded Buko in the shoulder, bore him down and bound him; then they went for the bwana.

"Pereira brought a kiboko with him—Buko identified the hippo-hide whip in court—and with it beat the prisoner, Kombo, most severely. When he saw that the native was unconscious, he ordered Buko and Kipkirin to throw him into the river to bring him round. Kombo revived at once, and thereupon the Bwana Pereira had looked at him more closely. Something about the boy's appearance had seemed to surprise him considerably and he had at once sent for the Bwana Leipschitz. Both of them had questioned Kombo eagerly; but in such low tones that neither Buko nor Kipkirin had been able to hear what was said; but they thought they had heard the word 'red god' or 'red gold' frequently repeated. Whatever it was the bwanas wanted to know, Buko was quite certain Kombo had refused to tell them.

"Suddenly the bwanas had become very angry. Kombo was again beaten and again thrown into the river. This happened three or four times, and each time the boy was hauled out of the water one of the bwanas thrashed him again, until his body was terribly cut and covered with blood.

"Each time Kombo came round he was questioned, but refused obstinately to answer; at last he was unable either to stand or speak. Then Buko and Kipkirin had been ordered to carry him to Leipschitz's hut. There they had left him securely chained to a post. They swore that from a distance they had watched the bwanas make a little fire with their own hands and that they had heard screams. Later the Bwana Leipschitz had come to them and had said that the boy, Kombo, had escaped.

"All the evidence given by Buko was fully confirmed by Kipkirin, despite the fact that the latter, a house-boy, seemed terrified of his master.

"Cross-examined, the two natives stuck to their story, nor could Hinks shake their evidence. They had taken no part in the beatings, they did not know the boy, Kombo, and had no grudge against him. They did not think that the bwanas would have punished the man so severely for being found in the bibis huts, but they did think the bwanas wanted some information that the boy, Kombo, had steadfastly refused to give them. Finally, they did not believe it possible that Kombo could have escaped unaided after they had chained him to the post.

"After the court had adjourned that day, Dirk Renton came to me.

" 'Pereira'll get off, Husky,' he said. 'It's a damn shame, but anyway, we couldn't have hanged him, because the boys say they heard Kombo cry out after Pereira had gone back to his own hut. I wonder if Leipschitz got the secret out of him and if that was why the lion so conveniently carried him off? Perhaps he knew and wouldn't tell his Portuguese partner."

"I asked Dirk what secret he meant, but he wouldn't open up."

Meanwhile Maureen had walked right forward and was staring out over the rail at the patch of gleaming golden water from which the sun seemed just to have risen. A stiffish breeze was blowing, and there was a perceptible lift to the bows as the ship surged forward.

The Irish girl looked interestedly about her; life aboard ship was an entirely new experience, not by any means unpleasing. All the people walking about the decks, or playing those interminable games that serve to while away the hours between meals at sea, seemed already to know each other well, and Maureen began to wonder how long it would be before she too might reckon herself one of their number. Presently she grew tired of watching people and catching odd fragments of other folks' conversations. She picked up her book and tried to read, but the indolent atmosphere of ships' life was stealing upon her, and presently the book lay face downward in her lap and her eyes took on an introspective look.

Several men passed Maureen and looked as if they would like to speak, but couldn't find anything to say. Suddenly she looked up from her book to find the tall, dark man, who had stared at her earlier in the morning, regarding her quietly. For some unaccountable reason she shivered.

The man went away, but returned a few minutes later with a rug over his arm.

"Forgive me if I appear to take a liberty," he said sauvely, "but you are new to life aboard ship, I think, and just now I saw you shiver. It is very dangerous to take a chill in this latitude; will you allow me to offer you a rug?"

Maureen experienced a strange, instinctive feeling that she ought to send the man about his business, but it was all done so quietly and in such excellent taste, and she was loath to hurt his feelings by a refusal of the small courtesy he offered.

"Thank you, but really I am not cold," she answered.

"But still you may easily take a chill," he said, and, stooping, laid the rug—a fur kaross of rock-rabbit skins—across her knees.

Somewhat to her surprise he raised his hat and walked away without offering to prolong the conversation. She thought this extraordinarily tactful of him. So it was, for Pero Pereira was far too sophisticated in such matters to press an early advantage unduly.

"Have nothing to do with the man, my dear," Mrs. Burnside counselled, when Pereira was pointed out to her. "His father was almost as important a man on the East Coast of Africa as Rockefeller in America or Rothschild in England, but none of the better class people in Nairobi know the son; he is quite declasse."

Pero was large and coarse and powerful—in more ways than one. Before being sent to school in England at an advanced age, he had lived long enough in the tropics to acquire a knowledge of numerous unpleasant vices, which he had elaborated in London and Paris. He was tall and bronzed, dull of eye and full of lip, and had, moreover, the most supreme confidence in the power of his possessions and personality; wherefore he found it extremely hard to understand why the tall, slim Irish girl with the hazel eyes and the raven's-wing hair, who he understood had been left pretty well penniless, should not only scorn his advances but actually avoid his company.

Meanwhile Maureen was recovering much of the happy, carefree spirit that had made her life so entirely satisfying before the crash came. She missed her father terribly, it is true, and she thought often, with tears in her eyes, of the horses, the old family servants and the village people she had left behind; and often she dreamed of Old Nannie or mused long upon the strange, half-prophetic speech of hers upon the night of Lawyer Staniforth's visit to Castle O'Malley. But still she felt that the old life was behind her now, a new world waited at the journey's end, a wonderful world of which Mrs. Burnside had told her much. And there she would rejoin Dennis, now doubtless quite well again, and the two of them would live and work side by side until the luck changed and they could return to Ireland and the good old days.

DESPITE the somewhat marked manner in which many of the returning East Africans had avoided her after she had been seen in conversation with Pereira, Maureen had formed one friendship that she valued.

Husky Hillier, who had told Pereira's story to the Uganda railway official, had sought out Mrs. Burnside that same day and had asked to be introduced to her protegee.

Maureen had regarded the quaint, broad-shouldered, red-headed hunter with a whimsical smile, and had wondered secretly at his affection of an eyeglass, but her interest had increased with the growth of their friendship and as she learned something of his world-wide wanderings and adventures. Pereira, from a distance, watched their intercourse with marked disfavor.

"I don't like that dago," remarked Husky one day, "he's dangerous whichever way you take him; he's a darned sight too rich to be healthy, and he's had far too much of his own way in most things to be wholesome."

"Did he make his money in East Africa?" asked Maureen.

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"His people did."

"I suppose it really is a land of golden opportunity?"

Husky smiled as he ran his fingers through his stubbly red hair, a trick he had when at a loss to know how best to answer a question.

"It's a wonderful land," he said, "but Africa's a mighty hard mistress and yet we all love her. I've left Africa scores of times in absolute disgust at the wantonness of her ways, and yet, Lord bless you, I always go back and, the funny part about it is that, although a man may have come an awful cropper out there, his thoughts turn instinctively to Africa when things go wrong elsewhere, and he straightaway packs his traps and gets back to the land he knows and loves, decently as a passenger if he's in funds; otherwise, and there are many of us who have done it, one works one's passage."

"I'm going out to my brother. He was seconded for duty with the King's African Rifles, but I'm afraid he'll have to leave the Service. I'm hoping that we shall have enough, however, to start a little farm together."

"I'd like to help if you'd both let me," he said quietly. "You see I've served my novitiate out there and I'd like to save you disappointments. Not once but dozens of times I've been on the very verge of making a fortune, but always Africa has withdrawn the prize that she has held out most tantalisingly. Concessions, mines, shambas, unheard of animals that zoological societies would have paid a fortune to possess a specimen of, I've been on the track of them all, and somehow I've always just managed by the merest hair's breadth to miss bringing off the coup."

"And yet you are going back to Africa again. I wonder why?"

"Ah, if we could answer that question we'd have solved an age-old mystery. Well, don't forget, if ever I can help you or your brother you have only to call upon me to redeem my promise."

Days and weeks passed pleasantly aboard ship. People who had held aloof from her at first soon discovered the Irish girl's sterling qualities and took her to their hearts. At the dances she never lacked partners; at the concerts she was in constant demand, for the plaintive Irish songs she sang in a rich contralto voice were more than merely pleasing, and she was, moreover, an accomplished musician.

Pero had dined exceedingly well on the night when he found the opportunity for which he had been waiting. As usual he was thinking of Maureen, when he took his cigar to the upper deck. A great, yellow moon was rising over the distant coast of Africa and, by its light, he saw the girl leaning alone upon the rail of the almost deserted deck. His eyes flashed as he flung away his cigar and, with long, stealthy steps, crossed to her side. He opened conversation with some casual remark as to the glory of the night.

Without being openly rude it was impossible for her to leave him at once, and again her inbred gentleness constrained her not to hurt his feelings. There was, however, an expression in his eyes, a sort of half-furtive assurance in his manner that she could not understand and which yet made her vaguely apprehensive.

She cast quickly about in her mind for some safe topic of conversation. Husky Hillier's words came back to her. The Pereiras' fortunes were founded in Africa, no doubt the man's own land—she hardly regarded it as a land of adoption in his case—was dear to him.

"This Africa of yours to which we are going; it must be a wonderful place," she began.

"Aye, a wonderful place," he echoed a little thickly, "a wonderful place for those who can make it serve them, a wonderful place for those with money."

"I didn't mean quite that," laughed Maureen. "I was thinking of the scenery, the exotic beauty of the flowers, the wonderful beasts, and, if rumor speaks truth, the still more wonderful natives."

To her utter amazement Pereira spat contemptuously at her mention of the natives. In an instant he had recollected himself and apologised profusely.

"We get queer ways out there in the wilds, Miss O'Malley," he said humbly, "some of us have a dislike for the natives that amounts almost to hatred."

Maureen regarded him with a long, level stare, for she was deeply incensed.

"I should have thought the duration of your stay in England, no matter how brief, would have been sufficient to eliminate all traces of savagery."

The man's eyes blazed back at her, he liked and admired both her courage and outspokenness; but he liked these qualities in others best when he thought he might bend or break them to his will

"D'you know why I love Africa?" he said, and there was a note of vibrant passion in his voice. "D'you know why I'm going back, why my home is in the heart of the wilds?"

"No," said Maureen, "won't you tell me?"

"Because Africa gives me power. There I can make or break a man," he murmured, half to himself, opening and shutting his great hands in a horribly ruthless gesture. "There I have the power of life and death; some day I may fashion the destinies of nations."

"And is the sheer beauty of the land nothing to you?"

"Nothing, nothing; I would rather see one black nigger grovelling at my feet than all the beauties of the sunsets and the dawns and the blue, indefinite loveliness of the far-distant mountains of which the poets speak. The only beauty I worship is the hot, passionate beauty of flesh and blood . . ."

He stopped speaking suddenly, and as he stared hungrily at her Maureen felt as though she were being stripped slowly of her last garment, and still she saw no possibility of escape. The man's passion was now evidently almost beyond his own control. Pereira must have realised something of what was passing through her mind, for he began quite suddenly to speak of Africa in a way he knew would appeal to Maureen.

He was a good talker and painted wonderful word pictures of the land to which she was going; she listened, enthralled, and yet was puzzled by a note of easy patronage that she seemed to detect in his tones. From time to time she glanced about her hoping for the advent of some acquaintance to end this tete-a-tete, but the upper deck remained obstinately deserted.

Presently a fresh note, a note of throbbing, ill-suppressed passion stole into the man's tones:

"Look here, Miss O'Malley," he said, "I've never bothered you with my attentions, and I happen to know that there are those aboard this boat who've cause to bear me no goodwill. I guess they've put me in all wrong with you?"

He waited a moment. When Maureen made no reply he went on:

"I've hardly spoken to you all the voyage, but heaven knows I've thought of you by day and dreamed of you by night. I hate the idea of your going out to Africa all alone. You see I know the country."

"You are very kind," she answered coldly, "but really, I don't see how you can possibly be interested in my plans."

Pereira smiled.

"You little know how deep is my interest," he answered. "It is in my power to make things very easy for you—if you will let me. If you will be my wife."

"I am honoured by your proposal," said Maureen, and there was, maybe, just the least accent on the word "honoured." "But isn't all this rather absurd? I hardly know you, and I haven't the least intention of marrying anyone at present."

"Perhaps I've rushed things, but—perhaps if I ask you later. May I hope——"

Maureen cut in swiftly:

"I'm afraid there is nothing to hope for, so far as you are concerned, Mr. Pereira."

Maureen turned away. The next instant she felt the man's hand close like a vyce upon her wrist as he swung her round to face him.

"So you're not interested in me, aren't you, Miss Masterful?"

"No!" blazed Maureen, white with fury.

"But you shall be! The mystery and the magic of you have fired my blood and, by hell, I'll have you, willing or otherwise. There's never a woman denied me yet, when I've set my mind on her, and no pauperised Britisher's going to break that rule."

She struggled to free herself from him, but he drew her closer and closer until his brown, passion-distorted face and blazing eyes were within an inch of her own, then she flung back her head and struck him again and again with steel-hard, little fists and rending nails, in a wild panic of instinctive sex-horror, but he only laughed low and fierce, as he gripped her wrist the firmer and his lips sought hers.

Then retribution fell. Someone swung the dago round with whirlwind force, and a well-planted kick sent him staggering along the deck. He recovered himself and his hand slid for his hip.

"Cut it out," said Husky Hillier tersely. "If you draw your knife I'll break your arm and give you a damned good hiding. Now get out!"

Pereira looked at the cold features and the gleaming eyeglass of the man who was regarding him with the utmost contempt. His hand came out from under his coat—empty, and he slunk off. At the head of the companionway he stopped.

"You haven't heard the last of me yet, Miss O'Malley," he said, but for the rest of the voyage he avoided her.

Husky stood quite still until Pereira had left the upper deck, then he crossed at once to Maureen's side and caught her hand.

"Here, sit down and have a cigarette," he said gruffly, for he felt that she was still trembling with hardly suppressed rage. "I'm sorry you had that ordeal to go through, but then every girl who comes out into the world on her own is bound to run up against that sort of brute sooner or later. I'd have hammered him very thoroughly to teach him a lesson, only it's best, for your sake, not to have any trouble on board; you know what these damned old women are, only too ready to put a girl in the wrong if they get half a chance, eh?"

Maureen thanked Husky very prettily for his intervention, and went thoughtfully down the companion to her cabin. Pereira's words still rang in her ears. "I'll have you, willing or unwilling. There's never a woman denied me yet."

Half an hour later the Uganda railway official came upon his friend, Husky Hillier, seated in the smoking-room with a very large whisky and soda in front of him.

"Seem to be enjoying your drink, Husky," he said. "Ain't farver goin' to 'ave none?"

"Certainly, and we'll drink eternal damnation to all dagoes."

"Right oh! But why the fierce look and lofty air? You look like the hero in a Lyceum melodrama."

"I feel rather like it, too. I've just had the pleasure of kicking Pereira from one end of the upper deck to the other, for molesting Miss O'Malley, and I'll have to buy a new pair of boots. One of these is soiled."

"I'm glad of it," answered the other. "You seem to have had it in for him ever since that ghastly flogging affair of which you told me."

"Um," answered Husky, "I don't think we've altogether heard the last of that dago yet. You mark my words, he'll make trouble for the Government, or I'm the more mistaken. Dirk Renton knew something when

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he gave me that warning during the trial not to try to find out the secret he half believed that Pereira's partner, Leipschitz, had got out of the native they did to death, and I've made one or two inquiries since about 'red gods' and 'red gold.' What I've learned hasn't been exactly reassuring. Well, what about a ration of shut-eye?"

The men rose and left the almost deserted smoking-room and went to the cabin they shared. For them the happenings of the evening were of but passing interest. To Maureen, however, the affair was full of vague forebodings; she wondered if, already her feet were set upon those paths of pain and hardship of which Old Nannie had spoken with such an air of absolute assurance.

She thought long upon the matter as she lay in her bunk that night, but with that inexplicable instinct that causes women to conceal such things she did not mention her encounter with the Portuguese to anyone, and at Capetown he left the boat, despite the fact that he had paid his passage to Mombasa.

At Kilindini harbor Maureen and Mrs. Burnside went ashore together. A single rickshaw took them to the Metropole Hotel in Mombasa, where they spent the night. Next morning they took the train on the Uganda railway to Nairobi.

It was the longest journey by rail that Maureen had ever made, but it was all wonderfully interesting, and the sleeping arrangements at night she found most comfortable. Game they saw in plenty, as they steamed from one level to another, going ever upwards. At last they crossed the Athi Plains and came in sight of Nairobi. Maureen and Mrs. Burnside had their heads out of the window as the train steamed in under the arch of the station roof.

"There's my husband," exclaimed the good lady, "and Jim and Elsie are with him; there's Mynyog, our house-boy. Oh, but it's good to be back. Do you see your brother?"

"No, p'raps he isn't well enough to come to the station."

"Why, there's Dirk Renton," exclaimed Mrs. Burnside, waving her hand to a slightly-built, but very bronzed and determined looking man who was standing by himself.

"Where?" asked Maureen eagerly. "He was with Dennis when the lion got him; p'raps he's come to meet me."

Mrs. Burnside's heart suddenly ached for the girl, for, in that brief instant of recognition, she had seen the look of embarrassment and misery which seemed fixed in the district commissioner's grey eyes. She spoke a brief word to her husband when the train stopped, kissed the children, and then crossed quickly to Renton, while Maureen was still gathering together their things. A moment later she was back.

"Maureen, dear, this is Mr. Renton," she said. "I'm afraid he's got some very bad news for you."

Maureen turned with hand extended; it was gripped in a firm clasp, and she found herself gazing into two infinitely kind, grey eyes that were full of pity for her.

"What is it?" she said. "What news have you for me? Is Dennis worse?"

"We hoped our cable would reach you before you left England," he answered. "Your brother died nearly six weeks ago."

Words of sympathy and explanation followed, but Maureen did not hear them. Once again the ground had been cut from under her feet. She swayed a moment, then turned and clung to Mrs. Burnside. As from a great distance she heard her own voice speaking:

"Then—then—I'm alone in the world—alone—here in Africa."

CHAPTER 4.

AFTER Renton had delivered his fateful message and Mrs. Burnside had led Maureen away, he waited a few minutes further upon the platform as he did not wish to embarrass them by his presence.

He was quite heedless of the busy throng about him. His thoughts were fixed upon that white, grief-stricken face, and the pathetic eyes that had stared back into his with a look of mute appeal when he had broken to Maureen O'Malley the news of her brother's death. Despite her grief and his own ready sympathy, Dirk could not help remembering the beauty of the girl. His whole being thrilled to the splendid courage that had inspired her to hold her head high and her feelings in check when this last most bitter blow had fallen.

Suddenly a huge hand descended with a resounding slap on his thinly-clad shoulder. He turned to meet the amused gaze of an enormously built subaltern of the King's African Rifles, Tim Hamlyn, known to his intimates as "Tank" and nicknamed by the native soldiers "Ndovu," which, being interpreted, means "The Elephant."

"Confound you, Tank," said Renton, laughing, "you've nearly broken my back."

"Sorry, old bean, sorry," said Tim, "spare the rod an' spoil the child, what? Must keep my hand in y'know; goin' to get married one of these days."

"Then you'd better let your missus correct the kids; you don't know the weight of your own hand."

"I'll try to remember," said Tim penitently. "Where are you going? Can I give you a lift anywhere, or will you come along to the Mess for lunch?"

"No, thanks, I'm going up the hill to the Dowsetts', they're putting me up for the present."

"Then I can give you a lift. I'm going up to H.Q."

"I'll bet you don't get a couple of rickshaw boys to take us both."

Outside the station a long line of rickshaws was waiting. The boys, barefoot and clad in khaki shorts and shirts, squatted beside them, two to each rickshaw, but there was not that wild clamour for custom that characterises the less dignified natives of so many other countries. Dirk raised his leather-covered cane, and a couple of boys at once rose and swung their vehicle up to where the white bwanas were waiting. When they saw that Hamlyn wished to accompany the commissioner they smiled broadly.

"Not both, Bwana," they said to Renton, speaking in the vernacular, "the Bwana Ndovu must have a rickshaw for himself."

The other waiting boys also grinned broadly, and Renton smiled.

"What's he say?" asked Tim, whose inability to master the Swahili language was proverbial.

"He says that he won't take you at any price," smiled Renton. "I warned you."

Tim, thereafter, was ensconced grumbling in a rickshaw by himself, and Renton, with a wave of the hand, leaned back as his boys raced away up the wide street and swung round into the avenue that leads up to the hill. Several men hailed him as he passed and more than one lady bowed; but Dirk only acknowledged these salutations perfunctorily. He was thinking again of those pathetic hazel eyes whose glance had held his own. There was something about the Irish girl that thrilled him and set stirring in his heart emotions he had never before experienced. She was curiously like her brother who had died in his arms, that rich, reckless subaltern of the 3rd K.A.R. who had spent money like water in Nairobi, and who, afterwards, on safari, had proved no less prodigal of life itself; it had, indeed, been largely due to Dennis's own recklessness that he had come by the accident that, ultimately, had ended his career.

At the thought of the manner in which Dennis O'Malley had spent money Dirk took a stern hold upon his emotions. Who, he asked himself, was he to think such thoughts as were possessing his mind, and to feel such emotions towards a girl who, doubtless, was now a great heiress? What chance, he wondered, would a penniless D.C., entirely dependent upon his pay, have of winning the love of a girl so well endowed with this world's goods; but the factor that finally determined his subsequent actions was, no doubt, the thought that his kind would deem him a fortune-hunter if he paid court to Miss O'Malley.

The rickshaw stopped at the white gate of a big bungalow, set in the shade of two huge jacaranda trees, the petals of whose pale blue flowers had fallen and shone like lapis lazuli against the red earth; the verandah railings were heavily laden with purple-flowered bougainvillea in bloom, and the garden gay with scarlet hibiscus, poinsettia and kaffir-boom.

Dirk paid off the rickshaw boys and walked slowly up the path. At the foot of the verandah steps a uniformed native rose to meet him, saluted and held out a long, official-looking envelope. Renton read the letter, and with a brief word to the messenger passed on into the bungalow.

"I've got to go over to see the Governor after lunch," said Dirk to Dowsett who was waiting for him.

"Right, grub'll be ready in a minute. What's it to be, a cocktail or sherry and bitters before we feed?"

"Anything you like," answered Dirk indifferently. Then a khanzoo-clad boy in white, embroidered skull-cap, announced "Chakula tayari," and the friends went in to lunch.

"Well, how did the girl take it?" asked Dowsett, when they were seated.

"A lot better than I expected. By gad, man, she's got pluck; as much as her brother, at least, and is a good deal better balanced, I should imagine.

"Um, what's she going to do?"

"It seems, by great good fortune, that she and Mrs. Burnside pal'd up on the voyage out; she's gone to their place for the time being. In a little while, I imagine, she'll go home to England."

Dirk sighed and his friend regarded him closely.

"When are you going to call?" he asked. "I expect the missus 'ud like to go with you, if you'll put it off till she gets back."

"I don't know that I am going to call," said Dirk quietly. "You see, I was more or less responsible for her brother; he was with my safari when that infernal lion got him. I mightn't be welcome when she comes to realise that; anyway, the sight of me is bound to wake painful thoughts. No, I think I'd best not call."

"Rot, man! She'll want to hear all about her brother from you, directly after she's over the first shock of his death. No one could possibly blame you for what happened. I've had a yarn with your gun-bearer; he tells me that O'Malley was simply asking for trouble, and, of course, you can't do that sort of thing in this country without coming to grief sooner or later."

"All the same, I don't think I'll call."

Dowsett looked hard at his friend, but made no further comment until his wife came home. To her he said:

"I believe old Dirk's in love at last; or, at any rate, has leanings that way."

After some further close inquisition of her husband, Mrs. Dowsett went to call upon Maureen, but that did not happen until some considerable time later, and, by then, Dirk had left Nairobi. In the meantime Dowsett was only partly right in his diagnosis. Dirk was not actually in love with the Irish girl, but was curiously attracted by a feeling of affinity. It was the thought of her supposed wealth and the belief that his presence might make her present misery more poignant that kept him away from the Burnsides' bungalow.

Early in the afternoon Dirk walked over to Government House, and after a short wait was ushered into the presence of the Governor.

Sir Oscar Haviland was short and stout, as bald as a coot and of a merry countenance. Large, horn-rimmed spectacles rested

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precariously upon the bridge of his small nose as he lay stretched at full length in a teak-wood chair, with one leg thrown over either arm.

"Sit down, Renton," he said, in a soft, somewhat throaty voice. "I'm not going to offer you a drink at this time of day, but you'll find those cigars in the box on the table quite smokable."

He lit one himself, and for a time they smoked in silence, but all the while the Governor was regarding his subordinate closely through half-closed eyelids. An aide-de-camp entered and was dismissed with a wave of the hand; a secretary came bearing a mass of papers and was sent hurrying about his business. At length Sir Oscar spoke.

"You were promised a billet here at headquarters, when I relieved you at Luango, Renton; are you keen about it?"

Dirk thought a moment.

"I don't know, sir," he answered with a misleading little laugh. "You see, I've been so long out there in the wilderness that perhaps I'm happier, certainly more at home, away from cities."

"Even small ones, like Nairobi?"

"I think so."

His Excellency sighed contentedly.

"That certainly simplifies matters. But you're sure you're fit to go back into the bush; fit, perhaps, for a bigger thing than ever you've handled before?"

"I'm fit enough, sir, but I take it my ability to handle any particular situation depends largely upon my experience."

"Oh, you're going back to your own province, back to your old headquarters at Luango if you go at all; at any rate, Luango will be your base."

"Then I don't think I need bother much about my experience," smiled Dirk. "My people up there are pukka devils, but they do at least understand me and I think I know them moderately well."

"Um, I know you do," said Sir Oscar; "you've proved that time and again; but have you never sensed the indirect activities of some power outside our sphere of influence?"

Dirk remained silent and thoughtful.

"And now let me remind you of something," continued Sir Oscar. "At one time a small party of strange natives came down across the Njema Desert and settled in our territory. They perched their little alien colony on a high rock overlooking the waters of Nyanza Ndege. They stayed there, Renton, under your protection until one day other strange men came down from the north and were joined by still stranger little pygmies. The northern men slew every warrior in that colony, you remember, and the pygmies killed the children and carried off the women."

"Indeed, I have not forgotten," answered Renton. "I seldom do forget my failures, sir."

"Oh, as to that," smiled the Governor tactfully, "I was not remembering that the whole of the miscreants escaped. I was remembering the red seal you reported was set upon the place, and the subsequent mutterings of your local natives as to the dread power of a great red god. There was some significance in that if only we could find it out."

"There's a significance in all these things, sir, if we could but fathom them," said Dirk, a little wearily. "But still more significant to me was the fact that the man, Kombo, who was done to death by Pereira and his Dutch associate, Leipschitz, was a shenzi from the north. I'm still convinced that he had a secret those two Europeans wished to possess, but whether they got it is a matter for speculation. It was but a few months after Kombo was killed that the men of the north and the pygmies wiped out that little alien colony of which you have spoken."

It was Sir Oscar's turn to look thoughtful now. He caressed his short, clean-shaven upper lip, ran his fingers through his hair and eased himself upright.

"There's something in the north that certain people are determined, at all costs, to keep concealed!"

"Certainly. They were afraid of what Kombo might have told before the white men killed him; they were afraid of what the people of the colony overlooking the Bird Lake might reveal under pressure. That, in my opinion, was why the men from the north and the pygmies came down and wiped them all out. Oh, yes, there's some secret hidden in the north, I'm certain, but I'm almost equally sure that the people whose secret it is will take no overt action against us, so long as we leave them in peace and do not try to probe their mysteries. That's why I'm not sorry Leipschitz is dead, and glad that Pero Pereira has left the country, at all events for the time being."

"I'm not so sure you're altogether right, Renton. There have been strange excursions and alarms in the Luango country, yes, and even nearer home of late, and frankly I'm uneasy. Nevinson, your successor at Luango, is an awfully nice chap, but a heaven-sent fool for all that. He's always asking for help or advice, and—well, I don't feel that he's quite the man for the job up there."

"Well, perhaps not quite," answered Dirk, with a grim little smile. He was thinking of the immaculate Nevinson, clad in spotless ducks, simply cut out for a vice-roy's aide-de-camp and to dance attendance on the vice-regal ladies, stuck up at one of the farthest outposts of empire with nothing to amuse him, every brand of fever right at his door, and half a million less than a hundredth part civilised savages all only too eager to chop him if he lost his hold for a second or showed but one sign of weakness. "Well, perhaps, as Your Excellency says, not just quite the right sort of man to handle the people of the lesser Njema country if it comes to trouble."

"Then that's settled. Nevinson comes back to Nairobi and you go up to Luango. I shall have to find him some sort of a job, he's such a good chap.

"Just touch the bell, will you, Renton," the Governor continued, "there are one or two things in the file I want to discuss with you."

Presently a clerk entered with a large, blue-covered file that he laid down on a small table set close to His Excellency's elbow. Renton recognised it with a small thrill, for he had played a big part in compiling the scant records contained therein. It was marked "Njema. Secret. Uncompleted Records. Spec. Ref. Red God or Red Gold."

Sir Oscar smiled as he caught the flash in his subordinate's eyes.

"Upon my soul, I believe you're glad to go back, Renton, and you haven't been away from the place a year yet. Really, you outland D.C.'s are incorrigible."

But Dirk only grinned by way of answer.

"Um—um—um," read Sir Oscar to himself. "Ah, here we have it. Number a hundred and two. In Njema-Luango the district commissioner (Captain Nevinson, D.S.O.) reports a year of great difficulty in the following circumstances:

1. Pneumonic influenza (four epidemics). Hitherto unknown.

2. Spotted fever (two epidemics). Hitherto unknown.

3. Sleeping sickness (numerous isolated cases). Hitherto unknown.

4. Restlessness of local population caused by above was fomented by fanatics from semi-religious societies of neighboring territory.

5. The enormous mortality from 1 and 2 and the unprecedented appearance of 3 led many natives to attribute scourges to supernatural causes traceable to alien influence.

"Now what the devil's he mean by that?" the Governor interrupted his reading of the extract from the annual report.

"I think I understand, sir," said Dirk. "The natives always attribute anything they can't explain to curses placed upon them, and if they can't fix the cursing on any particular person they say 'It comes from the north.' That's natural enough too. As you yourself have pointed out, the north is the 'region of mystery' to all of us, yes, even to the natives themselves although they undoubtedly know more than we do of what's going on up there beyond the desert that no white man has ever crossed."

"You think so? Then how do you account for this?" asked Sir Oscar, turning once more to his papers and selecting a telegraphic message, which he handed to Dirk. This read:

"To Ovusfint, Nairobi. Agent Koga tenth reports great uneasiness a.a.a. Feared return evil influence from south a.a.a. Specifically stated by people coming from great water a.a.a. All measures taken suppress possible rising. Districter Njema-Luango."

"That absolutely beats me, sir," admitted Renton, "but I've no doubt we shall get to the bottom of it when I get back to Luango."

"Take your opportunity while it serves; the natives will have a ready welcome for you, I fancy, and may be disposed to talk," said the Governor, shrewdly.

"Coming from the south, from the great water," mused Dirk, as he studied the telegram Sir Oscar had placed in his hands. "I wonder if Nevinson got the translation of the native phrases right. I wonder why he fears a rising?"

After some further discussion of questions of policy, Dirk rose to take his leave. As he was about to enter a rickshaw a clerk hurried out of the building and touched him on the arm.

"His Excellency wishes to say something more to you, sir."

Dirk returned to the Governor's room. Sir Oscar was now on his feet and his jaw was grimly set.

"I fancy you'll need to take that K.A.R. support with you, after all, Renton," he said. "One of the Roman Catholic fathers, who is on safari in Njema-Luango, wires that poor Nevinson has been murdered."

"Let me go up alone before you send troops, sir," said Renton earnestly. "I may be able to handle the situation alone. If there is the least show of military force on our part there is bound to be fighting. It's bad country and it will be a long business."

"Yes, and it'll cost a pretty penny into the bargain," grumbled the Governor. "Very well, clear it up if you can, Renton. But the murderer of poor Nevinson must be brought to justice, if you can possibly manage it. You know your powers. Use them and make a stern example of the man if you get him."

"I'll do my best, sir," Dirk answered.

"You'll leave at once?"

"By to-night's train, sir, but it's a week's safari on; do you think the priest will take charge until I get there?"

"That shall be arranged if possible."

"Very good, sir. I don't want a K.A.R. patrol yet, as I've said, but I should like a dozen additional police, if it is possible for them to be specially picked and for them to go up with me. There were some men on intelligence duty who came down when I went on leave last year; if they could be detailed——"

"You shall have them if we can manage it," smiled Sir Oscar. He called a secretary and gave certain very definite instructions.

CHAPTER 5

MAUREEN often thought in the after years that she must have reached the limit of her capacity for suffering when she left her old home. After the first shock of hearing that her brother was dead had passed, her mind felt numb; a lethargic spirit of dull misery seized her and held her from day to day. To her own future she seemed utterly indifferent.

With the easy friendliness of the overseas Briton, everyone in Nairobi had been

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wonderfully kind to her. Old Colonel Bridges, who commanded the 3rd Battalion of the K.A.R., called to offer his condolences, discovered that he had known Colonel O'Malley in India, and spent a long afternoon of reminiscences with her, which brought back such a flood of memories of her father that she was even more miserable than before.

The regimental doctor who had attended Dennis came with the commanding officer, and Lady Haviland, the Governor's wife, sent her a charming little note, but Dirk Renton she did not see again.

"He's gone back to Luango long since," said Mrs. Burnside, as they sat one afternoon upon the verandah.

A month had passed since Maureen reached Nairobi, and already the love of the land was creeping into her blood; the infinite peace of the tropics was beginning to bring healing to her tired soul, and in the very sight of the kind, homely countenances of the natives she found comfort.

"You've been so wonderfully good to me in having me here and looking after me," said Maureen; "I wish there was something I could do for you in return."

"Why, you've helped me tremendously, dear. Without you I don't believe I'd ever have got the place straight again. Men think they can run a house so well, and so they do, as bachelors, but once a woman has taken the helm they seem helpless ever afterwards if they are left to their own devices."

Mrs. Burnside laid down the work in her lap and sat silent. This was the opportunity for which she had been waiting, but how she hated to use it. Life had been very cruel to this delightful Irish girl of late; she was just getting back some of the buoyant spirit which had been reborn at sea and beaten down once more by the news of her brother's death. She had quite settled down as one of the family, and the good motherly soul's heart ached at the thought of cutting her adrift, but there was nothing else for it. Mr. Burnside had a store in town which just managed to float them with their noses above water; they'd never really had their heads up, and yet they were happy in just making ends meet; another mouth to feed would make their measure just that much short of the meeting-point, and she had to think first of her husband and her own children. It was not as if they had had a shamba, where the farm would have produced all the necessaries of life; here, in Nairobi, every mouthful of food had to be bought and paid for, and prices were very high.

"Have you thought what you are going to do with yourself, Maureen?" she asked quietly.

The lazily contented look left the girl's eyes at once, giving place to a harassed, hunted expression that brought the ready tears to the elder woman's eyes.

"Oh, my dear," she said, "I don't want to hurt you, but I must tell you how things are. Jack and I would simply love to keep you with us always, but we just can't afford to do so and that's all there is to it. You'll think this strange, because we live well and keep a gang of servants about the place and know everybody in town who's worth knowing, but you wait till you've had to pull the devil's tail as hard as we pull it and then you'll know how terribly difficult it is to keep things going on a totally insufficient income."

Maureen sat up slowly in her chair.

"I know," she said quietly, "I ought to have thought of all this before. I could have saved you the pain of telling me. I've got a litle money left; perhaps there's a boarding-house I could go to until I can find some work."

"Wouldn't you rather go home to England? I'm sure you could make your living on the concert platform?"

"That means years of training if one is to do any real good and—I haven't enough left even to pay my passage back."

"My dear, if you want to go back, we could manage that for you."

"You mean that Mr. Burnside, Colonel Bridges, and the others would club together and pay my passage?"

"Yes, dear. It's always done, you know, when anyone has such bad luck as you have had and wants to get home to England."

"Don't think me ungrateful, dear Mrs. Burnside," said Maureen, stretching out her hand, "but I just couldn't do that. Even if I could swallow my own pride, I couldn't do it, because of Dennis and daddy. Why, I'd rather marry that dreadful man Pereira than be the recipient of public charity."

"Don't talk such nonsense, Maureen," answered Mrs. Burnside sharply, for she saw that the girl was bordering upon hysteria. "Nor will you go to any boarding-house while Jack and I have a bungalow. All I meant was that you must think what you'd like to do and then we'll do our best to help you."

"What can I do?" asked Maureen miserably. "I can read and write and spell and add two and two together; I can sing, and I believe I can manage a horse better than most women. I'm healthy and good to look at and, therefore, I suppose, marketable for marriage. What else am I good for?"

For a moment Mrs. Burnside did not reply, and Maureen, biting her lips to keep back the tears, drummed impatiently with her fingers on the arms of her chair.

"Now, look here," said the elder woman at last. "We're both upsetting ourselves and making a mountain out of a molehill. You make up your mind to stay here for a bit and we'll hunt round and find something you can do. You're young and pretty and even without that odious dago you may marry before long. They always say a girl has more chances of finding a husband out here than anywhere else," she concluded with a smile.

"And suppose I don't love this embryonic husband? Am I to marry the first man who makes me an offer? Is it to be the old story, 'beggars can't be choosers'? And, if I do marry under those conditions, what better am I than the poor wretch in our civilised cities at home, who sells her body to the highest bidder because she must have food? Is it true that at heart every woman is a prostitute?"

"Oh, hush, Maureen," exclaimed little Mrs. Burnside, genuinely shocked. "It terrifies me to hear you say such things."

The outburst had two immediate consequences. In the first place, Maureen now insisted upon paying her footing, as she called it, out of her slender means; and secondly, Mrs. Burnside, who hitherto had been content to let matters drift, while she wondered what Maureen could do to earn her living, set actively to work to find her employment.

Meanwhile, life in the bungalow continued along its normal lines. One evening Mr. Burnside brought home to dinner a shamba-owner from up-country with whom he did a good deal of business.

Page-Porter was a domineering sort of person who had made a pot of money in trade and had then come out to East Africa to settle on the land. He was not well received in Nairobi society; but Burnside, for business reasons, found it advisable to keep in with him.

The Goanese mpishi had had special instruction as to the preparation of dinner for that evening, and Burnside himself had decanted the wines, for Page-Porter was a heavy doer. For once, however, his attention wandered from his plate, although not so much from his glass. Maureen was a type entirely fresh in his experience, both at home and abroad. There was something in the ethereal loveliness and the thoroughbred look of her that set his sluggish blood flowing faster, awakened a small pulse to throb madly in his throat, and made him more particular with his carefully acquired accent when he spoke to her.

"I'd like my wife to meet you before we go back to Bahari-kuu, Miss O'Malley," he said. "I'm sure you'd get on together, and perhaps she could persuade you to pay us a visit. You ought to have a taste of life on an East African shamba before you go home to England."

"I'll have plenty of opportunities before that happens," said Maureen.

"Stopping out here, eh?"

"Yes, looking for a job. D'you happen to want a horse-breaker?" laughed Maureen. "It's about the only thing I'm good for, I fancy."

"I'm not so sure that I agree with you there," Page-Porter replied. "You must have a talk to my missus."

"Why not bring Mrs. Page-Porter to tea to-morrow?" intervened Mrs. Burnside.

"Thanks, I will," he answered.

Maureen blushed hotly. She realised that, already, she was in the market-place.

It was long after midnight when Page-Porter returned to the Stanley Hotel; but that did not prevent him from awakening his wife.

"Here, Emma," he said, "I think I've found just what we've been lookin' for."

"What's that?" she queried sleepily. "The way to get an invite to the Governor's next garden-party?"

"P'raps; but there's no need for you to be funny. The Burnsides have got a girl staying with them (Mrs. Page-Porter sat bolt upright in bed), a real high-stepper, none of your poor 'half-sir' Irish, but the genuine article. This girl is lookin' for a job, she's just the one to take on Bert and Ruth and give them lessons an' that sort of polish we both lack."

Mrs. Page-Porter was quite at her best when she went to the Burnsides the following afternoon; her hostess liked her, but the very suburban lady's society manner did not deceive Maureen, who was not impressed.

"I'm sure the dear children will just love you, Miss O'Malley," she gushed. "Don't you think you could possibly have your things ready and return with us to Bahari-kuu at the end of the week?"

"I'm afraid not," answered Maureen. "I cabled to my lawyers in Dublin this morning, and I don't want to accept any engagement until I hear from them."

"But that'll take another month," interposed Page-Porter.

Maureen inclined her head without speaking.

"Well, why not come and stay with us at Bahari-kuu until the letter comes? It can be forwarded on to you, you know."

"You're awfully kind," said Maureen studiously addressing Mrs. Page-Porter, "but, d'you know, I'd so much rather wait here until the mails arrive. I fancy that letter is going to mean rather a lot to me, whichever way Mr. Staniforth answers it."

"Well, you know your own affairs best, my dear," answered Mrs. Page-Porter, "and I don't suppose I shall have filled the post in the meantime."

Page-Porter smiled behind his big moustache. He had no doubts whatever upon that point. But he laughed outright when his wife relieved her feelings with an explosive "Stuck-up hussy!" as their rickshaw boys raced past the club on the homeward journey.

Maureen, however, was not to be shaken from her purpose. During that month she moved heaven and earth to find another situation, but without success. No one wanted a girl who was without qualifications of any sort. Then the expected letter came. Mr. Staniforth had made a composition with the creditors, all of whom had known her father personally, and were the more ready, therefore, to be obliging; but there was not a penny-piece over, not enough even to pay the lawyer his fees; these, however, he was only too willing to forgo, in the unhappy circumstances.

"Then that's settled, and I go to the

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Page-Porters," said Maureen when she had read the letter.

The whole Burnside family and one or two other friends saw Maureen off from Nairobi station on her journey north, and more than one subaltern arrived with offerings of fruit, flowers, and books, for she had grown very popular among them. In that hour of departure she felt extraordinarily happy, for she was among her own folk, in a way, and receiving those small, delightful attentions to which she had been accustomed all her life. Somehow the new order of things to which she was going seemed very unreal just then.

It was from the train that Maureen had her first view of the great and mysterious Rift Valley, which was to stage so many acts in the drama of her life.

The train stopped at Escarpment station long enough for her to alight and stretch her legs. She looked about, and before her saw the forested edge of the Kikuyu precipice. Then she stared and stared again, for it seemed to her that the line petered out suddenly just ahead. A moment later the whistle blew and she re-entered her compartment, wondering how in the name of fortune the train was to make its way to the floor of the valley that she had been told lay beyond the edge of the declivity.

With head thrust from the window she waited in breathless expectation, then, suddenly, the whole wonderful panorama of the Rift Valley lay before her. A thousand feet and more below she saw the extinct craters, volcanic mountains, and great patches of camphor trees that clothe the floor of the Kedong Valley, and far across that floor the black, frowning face of the thickly forested Mau Escarpment. Far to the north the grassy prairies, studded and strung with silver-shining lakes, sprang into view. The train threaded what appeared to be an amazingly precarious way down the face of the escarpment, just missing rocks and seeming to leap over waterfalls, until at length it steamed around the foot of Mount Kijabe, on the shores of Lake Naivasha, and finally came to a halt at Naivasha station.

MAUREEN again alighted, and this time her boy, Kathuka, an Akamba, whom Mrs. Burnside had engaged for her at Nairobi, came grinning from the back of the train.

She told him slowly and in very halting Swahili to see to her luggage. Then she went outside the station; no one had been on the platform to meet her, so she supposed that whoever had come was alone and had been unable to leave the horses.

Those who had alighted from the train and those who had come to meet it had already departed, and the whole landscape was absolutely empty. When she returned to the platform a terrific altercation was in progress between the Eurasian stationmaster and Kathuka, whose lips were drawn back in a savage snarl from teeth filed to pin points. Maureen had been used to handling servants all her life, however, and soon had the official in a proper state of subjection and her luggage deposited outside the station. But when she returned to the office to question the stationmaster as to the whereabouts of Page-Porter's shamba, and what means she might employ to get there, that disobliging official had completely vanished.

It was then that the first awful loneliness of Africa, that is bound to beset the newcomer sooner or later, took possession of her. Mile upon mile the quiet, unhurried, brooding land stretched away with no human being to give color to the empty landscape; no living thing in all that waste except herself and a half savage native of a cannibalistic tribe, to whom she could speak no more than two dozen words at the most. For a moment she felt unutterably lonely and not a little frightened.

Then she heard Kathuka's sharp "Tazama!" She looked up as the Akamba bade her, and saw Page-Porter riding towards them with a led-horse beside him.

"Sorry I'm late," he called as he rode up. "Met a herd of goats on the road and had the very devil's own job with the horses. I say, you'll have to change into riding-kit, I'm afraid. I ought to have warned you. Slip along into the station and change there. No peepin' Toms about, eh?"

He roared with laughter at the quick flush that mounted to her cheeks, but turned away as she unlocked her tin box to get out the garments she would want. A quarter of an hour later she swung herself into the saddle, and he looked with approving eyes upon her slim limbs and the easy grace with which she sat her mount.

"Easy to see that you're no novice," he nodded. "Don't bother about your boy. He'll bring the baggage along when the bullock waggon comes down for some stores that came up on the train."

Maureen's mount, finding her firm in the saddle, threw a couple of bucks out of sheer light-heartedness. She leaned forward and patted his neck:

"How good it is to be across a horse again," she smiled. "I don't think I could live if I couldn't ride."

Page-Porter threw a sidelong glance at her flushed, happy face.

"There'll be plenty of ridin' an' all sorts of other fun for a good little sport on my farm."

"Oh, but perhaps Mrs. Page-Porter won't approve of my riding. I've come as governess, you know."

"I know, but what I say goes—on my shamba."

Maureen fell silent for a best part of a mile.

"D'you have a good time on the boat comin' out?" asked Page-Porter presently.

"A simply splendid time."

"I bet you did. A pretty girl can get most anything she wants in this world—provided she's willing to give something in return."

Again she was aware that the man's fishy eyes were raking her in a sidelong, half-furtive stare. This was a new game to Maureen, but she felt instinctively that there was another meaning behind those apparently innocent words, and that Page-Porter expected her to play up to his lead. She shivered inwardly, at a loss to know how to handle the situation. Thereafter she contrived to keep conversation to the safe topic of snakes and the dangerous species of African big game. On this subject she found that Page-Porter was really well informed, and she enjoyed listening to his theories and anecdotes.

When his interest flagged, or some action of the horse she rode drew his eyes upon her, she hastened to stimulate him with questions.

"Lions," he smiled in answer to one such query. "Oh, I don't know. I guess old simba's a dangerous enough brute in certain circumstances. He's naturally good natured, perhaps indolent, but not a coward, and you don't have to corner him to make him show fight; but lions are like all the other species of real big game, as liable to individual variations in temperament as the average human being."

Maureen looked curiously at the man beside her. It was evident that she had set him upon his hobby-horse. His look was intent, his words clear and concise, even the innate commonness seemed to have disappeared.

"You are keen about the big game, fond of hunting," she asserted.

He laughed, not without bitterness.

"It's a good thing to have a panacea to all ills at your very doorstep—when you're none too happy. The wild beasts furnish me with that; perhaps with a way out if things get beyond bearing."

Maureen looked at him again. Was this speech of his genuine, or was he having recourse to that well-known means of securing a woman's pitying interest by posing as the misunderstood husband? His next remark enlightened her.

"But I shan't have to seek diversion so far from home in future," he suggested with a meaning look.

Maureen checked her rising temper with difficulty.

"You were telling me about lions," she said, "and I'm all anxiety to learn the secrets of the wilds. You must have had lots of adventures."

The horses carried them steadily forward as they talked of big game and the risks of a farmer's life in East Africa.

After a while they rounded a corner of the lake, and Maureen saw before her a long, low, pleasant-looking bungalow raised upon an eminence and set in a perfect bower of tropical blossoms.

"There's Bahari-kuu," said Page-Porter, pointing to the buildings with the heavy kiboko he carried. "Your future home; you'll be happy enough there—if you know what's what an' don't give the missus any handles to catch hold of."

The girl ignored the obvious double entendre in his words, and queried:

"Bahari-kuu? Is it just a native name, or have the words a special meaning?"

"The whole name is 'Kibanda-karibu-baharikuu'; it means 'The Hut by the Deep Water.' The lake is supposed to be unfathomable, you know."

"It sounds as if there might be a story behind that name. Is there?"

"Well, hardly a story. When I came to these parts an old witch-doctress, supposed to be hundreds of years old, had a hut on the hill where my bungalow now stands. It was the best site around here, so I bundled her out, neck an' crop, and burnt her hut."

"And what became of her?" asked Maureen in a low voice, full of pity.

"Oh, her daughter took her to a place called Maweri, but she died almost as soon as she got there, I believe."

Page-Porter shot a swift, sidelong glance at Maureen. There was something more than pity, something very like indignation in her eyes.

"You mustn't become a sort of mother of pity to the savages, m'dear," he said easily. "They're just savages, remember; they don't appreciate kindness nearly as well as they understand the kiboko. There was a red god ruled here, or so men say, before we white people came into the valley. They used to make human sacrifices to him, and his priest had strange powers."

"Who were they?" asked Maureen, whose spirit of romanticism was keenly alive.

"No one knows. Little dwarfs, some people say, and queer, straight-haired, English-looking chaps as black as the pit. They went north with their god when the first white explorers came, but I've heard it said they often visited the old witch at The Hut by the Deep Water before I drove her away; and I've heard, too, from a pal of mine up at Makonda that he's more than a little suspicious of the doings of the daughter."

"What an intensely interesting land it is," said Maureen, half to herself. "I think I love it better every day. I'm beginning to understand now why Africa calls a man back—no matter how badly she may have served him—once he has fallen beneath her sway."

Maureen and Page-Porter rode in silence down the last slope of park land towards the lake, and took the narrow path beside the water. As they turned to face the sunset a low cry of pleasure broke from the girl at the beauty of the scene. Stark against the vivid crimson and orange of the sky, the outlines of Bahari-kuu and the dry green branches of the camphor trees showed in darkest silhouette; the farthest waters of the lake were black, but those at their feet gleamed blood-red from the reflected light.

A tall, red-colored native, clad only in a small square of cloth which dangled from one shoulder, came forward to take their horses as they dismounted. Then Maureen found herself mounting the verandah steps, at the head of which Mrs. Page-Porter waited unsmiling and unwelcoming.

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She was the same common-looking little woman whom the girl had met in Nairobi, but the thin veneer of refinement and geniality was gone. She ignored Maureen's outstretched hand and turned querulously to her husband.

"You're very late. I shouldn't have thought it took so long to ride up from Naivasha. Well, now you are here, hurry up and dress. Dinner has been waiting this half-hour. Your big box arrived two days ago, Miss O'Malley; it's in your room. Mnyogi will show you the way."

The boy, a mixed Swahili, grinned pleasantly at Maureen, once he was away from his mistress's eye.

"Maji moto?" he queried.

"Yes, do please bring me some hot water," she answered. But when he brought it her door was locked, and the request to put it down came to him in strangely muffled tones.

In truth, Maureen was sitting upon the side of the plain, unquilted, truckle-bed, above which hung the inevitable mosquito curtains. She was tearing at her handkerchief with little white teeth, and striving hard to keep a hold on her nerves.

The loneliness of Africa had encroached upon her sensibilities as she waited outside Naivasha station; something of the inherent evil of the country had touched her as the deadly snake had shot across her path and set the horses plunging; but, still more, Page-Porter's veiled innuendoes had alarmed her. The tale, too, of his ruthless brutality to the old witch-doctress and her daughter had caused the tender-hearted Irish girl a twinge of pain. Then that red-skinned, naked savage, rising up out of the gathering gloom right at their very feet, to take the horses, had been unnerving. Last of all, and bitterest of all to bear, was Mrs. Page-Porter's uncompromising air of superiority, when she had met her at the head of the verandah steps and sent her to this bare cell of a half-furnished room with only a native boy as guide.

With a supreme effort she pulled herself together, crossed the room, and took in the can of hot water. She slipped out of her riding kit, let down her hair, and bathed her face in the delightfully soft warmth of the water. Her big bullock trunk was uncorded, she raised the lid and hesitated between three frocks. Finally, out of compliment to Mrs. Page-Porter, who had evidently "put on her best," she chose a simple green affair that had come from Worth's, and cost a mint of money.

It was just one of those terribly simple frocks that makes the heart of every woman who sees it sick with envy. The effect upon Mrs. Page-Porter was magical. Conscious of her own ornate toilette and of the value of the jewels that sparkled on her high bosom, she had waited in a state of pleasing superiority until Maureen entered the drawing-room and shattered her complacency at sight.

She gathered her forces and tried to speak in her most dignified tones. "You need not have kept us waiting all this time, Miss O'Malley. You are neither required nor expected to dress for dinner. A plain silk blouse is more suitable to your position than that frock." There was a world of venom in her emphasis.

Dinner was not a pleasant meal. Mrs. Page-Porter talked "at" the Irish girl, at her country and at her class. Page-Porter said very little, but more than once his foot touched hers under the table, and his eyes sought hers in a covert, intimate glance.

In the drawing-room, later, she very wisely refused the cigarette Page-Porter proffered, and he winked at her knowingly. Shortly after she rose.

"I'm tired after my journey, I'll turn in if you don't mind, Mrs. Page-Porter—or is there any part of my new duties you wish me to take up to-night?"

Page-Porter chuckled as the girl left the room.

"You may have scored over the dress incident, Emma," he said, "but I fancy she got one back on you there. Don't go too far with her or she'll chuck in her hand, I fancy."

"And a good thing, too; I never wanted to have the stuck-up minx here. You don't know what sort of notions she'll go puttin' into the children's heads."

"Do 'em good to learn a bit. Ruth's all right, but that Bert you make such a fool of is a fair young terror. Well, she's good at breakin' colts she says, so maybe she'll teach him somethin' too. I shouldn't wonder."

"She'd better be very careful what she does an' says to my Bert," snapped Mrs. Page-Porter, her eyes blazing. Her husband had touched the one topic where her mother-instinct rose superior to all other feelings; that her affection was somewhat misplaced—certainly harmful—had nothing whatever to do with the matter.

She turned on him, all royal rage in a moment, and her voice rose as she lashed herself to fury.

"You leave my Bert alone, you beast," she cried. "Else, maybe I'll be seein' more than'll please you. I know you, Henry, an' I know why you've brought that stuck-up slut into the house. I mayn't be as young as I was, and you may want something younger and fresher, but I haven't lost the trick of puttin' two an' two together, my man, I know your game. Perhaps I'm tired, too, Henry, an' willin' to shut my eyes to what goes on—as I did when the other governess was here—but don't you go and think I'm a fool, an' don't you go and persecute my Bert, you an' your pretty lady, else I'll make this shamba a hell of a sight too hot to hold her. And—you can do what you like about it afterwards, only she ahan't stay if she gets the wrong side of me."

CHAPTER 6.

IT is necessary for the purposes of this story to hark back to the state of things in the Njema-Luango country, far north of Bahari-kuu, about the time when Maureen arrived in Nairobi and Renton was reappointed to the commissionship he had held formerly.

There is little doubt that the man Kombo, for causing grievous bodily hurt to whom Pereira had been tried, was no ordinary native of the perambulating type one meets often roaming thousands of miles from their homes in Africa, seeking some new thing. It would appear rather that he was a special envoy, a prophet, perhaps, from the north. That this man's death had a profound effect upon the natives, men like Renton knew well; but even Dirk believed that the matter was more or less forgotten with the departure of Pereira for England, and completely blotted out in the far more serious massacre of the little alien colony overlooking the Birk Lake by Makonda.

When the country was quite quiet Renton had applied for, and been granted, long deferred leave of absence, which he had decided to spend in Africa, and Nevinson had been appointed to the Njema-Luango district, since the authorities wished to have Dirk at headquarters for a certain time upon the expiration of his leave.

Affairs might still have marched smoothly on but for those strange epidemics, mentioned by Nevinson in his annual report. These and the massacre at Makonda the natives believed to be directly connected with the death of Kombo. Nevinson knew of this opinion through the medium of his spies who had been well trained by Renton. He was also alive to the fact that the natives were again becoming restless. He soon learned that another mysterious stranger had come down from the north. The district commissioner, who was impulsive and brave to a fault—he would have made a magnificent leader of light cavalry in the days of shock tactics—was not content, as Dirk would have been, to keep his finger on the pulse of the people and to watch developments. He preferred direct action, collected his police and such of the neighboring chiefs as he believed would help, and began to scour the country, intent upon the apprehension of the stranger.

At last, word had reached Luango that the man who was responsible for the trouble was about to leave the territory by a certain route, before recrossing the desert to the north. There had been no time to assemble a safari and rush it by forced marches to the point indicated, and Nevinson, determined to effect the arrest of this most troublesome person, had called for his horse and set out alone to fulfill his purpose.

Fearless and determined to the last, Nevinson had gone down fighting against the man who was come to restore the worship of the old gods and against, perhaps, a host of his new won adherents; but of that there is no certain evidence. The district commissioner's body was alone, save for the vultures, when it was found by Father Pierre of the French Mission and a handful of police askari.

The fresh slaughter threw the whole province into a state of unrest that spread like wild-fire from hill to hill and village to village. And, as is always the way at such times, a leader arose.

Chura, paramount chief of the Lesser Katanga hill tribes, saw his chance and summoned a great council. He felt safe in doing this, for was not the commissioner dead, and was it not well known that God-men, such as Father Pierre, looked with loathing upon all matters connected with warfare. The only person whom Chura feared was the Witch-Woman of Maweri, and to her he sent handsome presents, bidding her humbly to be present at the great mkutano.

On a certain night at a certain secret spot in the forest the chiefs, the councillors, and the witch-doctors of the tribes assembled. That the place of meeting lay just off the route from the railway to Luango was not less unfortunate, from Chura's point of view, than the fact that he found himself unable to forgo the dignity and delight of some small amount of drum-beating. Now the drum that beats for council and at the same time speaks of war, has an entirely different voice to the ngoma that merely passes on news or gives expression to the feelings of the man who wields the iron-wood sticks.

Renton, travel-stained and weary from forced marching, tramping along at the head of his small safari of police and porters, heard that voice and recognised it.

"The porters will camp here," he said grimly. "The police I will take with me. We will join this great mkutano, which it seems that some person of more importance that I knew of in these parts has assembled."

The police askari, who had served under Renton before, grinned broadly, and more than one looked carefully to the mechanism of his rifle.

Chura, meanwhile, had seated himself in a chair of state set at the far end of the clearing; a great fire blazed before him and round it, crouched in a half circle, sat those who had come to hear his words. Maidens passed among them bearing great jars of the forbidden palm wine, a pot of that same tembo rested on the chief's well-oiled, shining knee, and at his shoulder, half hidden in the shadow of his chair, stood a small form wrapped from head to foot in a fur kaross.

The chief smiled complacently upon the scene. This was greatness indeed. Greatness such as he had dreamed of ever since he was a small toto toddling at his mother's side.

"My people," he said grandiloquently, "the day of our servitude is past, our hour has come. North of the great desert dwells a people free from the white man's yoke, a people happy and blessed, a people free entirely to follow the smooth flow of the river of their own desires.

"To-day the white man who ruled us is dead and a God-man sits in his place, a

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God-man so womanly soft that he will raise no hand to defend himself when he sees the spear drawn back to strike. Such is the custom of God-men and such I have seen."

A clear, bird-like voice spoke at the chief's elbow, a voice that echoed to the farthest confines of that great assembly.

"My snake has shown me another bwana who comes to take the place of that white lord who was slain by the man from the north," said the voice, "a bwana hard and stern, but just. I think he will break you, Chura, as a boy breaks a branch that has scratched his hand."

A startled murmur moved the people as the chief blenched an instant, then turned furiously upon the Witch-Woman of Maweri who stood calm and serene at his side.

"You lie, woman, you lie," he shouted. "the witch-doctors have a different tale to tell."

The witch-woman faced him with a sudden smile and a flash of white teeth.

"Trust the witch-doctors if you like, Chura, but I see only trouble and sorrow for you in this business. You will never reign over the Njema-Luango country."

Chura sprang to his feet, and the people thought that he was about to strike down the witch-woman. Then slowly his eyes took on a silly, dazed expression, and his spear arm dropped to his side, and then the people peering into the shadows saw that the Witch-Woman of Maweri was there no longer. The chief shook his head slowly from side to side, and in a minute the mists began to disappear.

"It is too late to turn back," he muttered thickly, "we must go forward now, forward to conquest and the release of our people." His voice gained strength as he continued speaking and gradually he rekindled the enthusiasm of his followers that momentarily had been damped by the words of the witch-woman. His voice rang resonantly as he plunged into the flood tide of his own eloquence.

"We will go forward," he cried, "we will take what is ours, we will kill——" his voice trailed off, his eyes started and his jaws dropped open as Dirk walked into the firelight, big, blue-barrelled revolver swinging lightly in his left hand, leather-covered cane in his right, and behind him uniformed police whose bayonets shone bright in the dancing flames.

"You will kill no one, Chura," said Dirk tersely, "unless it is perhaps yourself, but even that road of escape is not open to you."

He strode forward, dropped a hand on Chura's shoulder, as the revolver swung free on its lanyard, and hauled the big chief roughly to his feet.

"The handcuffs, Absura," he ordered, and before Chura well knew what was happening the steel circles had closed on his wrists.

For a moment he threw himself this way and that in frantic struggles to break loose, but the two big Nubian policemen who held him were not to be shaken from their hold, and at last his struggles subsided.

"Let the fate of Chura be a lesson to you," Renton snarled. "Let it be a token to you also that I have come back and that I will have no plotting and planning, no secret meetings and devil-dances in my province. Bassi! It is finished!"

In two minutes the clearing was empty save for the commissioner and the police, who squatted by the dying fire with the fallen Chura in their midst.

Next morning the commissioner's safari reached district headquarters at Luango.

Dirk had been appointed to the then new district of Njema-Luango less than a couple of years before Nevinson took over from him, and yet the station looked ten years old, a small patch of civilisation amidst the arid wastes of everlasting Africa.

The post stood in a clearing hardly won from the forest, at the fork of two rivers and upon the first smooth slopes of a mountain. In two brief years Dirk's genius for organisation and capacity for work had turned a howling wilderness of tropical undergrowth into a very fair imitation of a prosperous estate. His well-managed herds of sheep had kept the long grass slopes as smooth as tennis lawns, his system of irrigation accounted for their surprising greenness, against which white roads and white-washed fences stood out in startling contrast.

He heaved a great sigh of relief as he came in sight of the place at mid-morning and saw that nothing had been changed, nor deteriorated, during his successor's administration.

His own house stood among trees and was surrounded with rustic fencing. Upon a small hill, opposite the commissioner's dwelling, stood the Government offices, and below them the native quarters. Round grass huts with conical roofs for the Nubian police stood in orderly, well-cared-for lines. Square, oblong, and circular huts farther away indicated the habitations of the servants, shamba-boys and messengers, and between the two sets of dwellings stood a big banda in the midst of a wide enclosure. This formed the soko, or market, and here, as Renton trudged up the slope towards his home, he saw a seething mob of natives carrying on their loud-voiced transactions. Among them moved members of the Nubian police, tall, well set up men, very black and very soldierly, their khaki bush-blouses and shorts set off by red fez, broad red belt of webbing and blue puttees, such as distinguish the East African Police Service.

SUDDENLY a woman on the edge of the thronging marketers caught sight of the little safari that wound its way among the trees along the river bank. At her piercing cry the babel ceased as if by magic, then a long-sighted Akamba native saw and recognised Renton. He shouted the news and instantly pandemonium broke loose, as the people—police, servants, clerks, and natives of the outlying tribes—came flocking down the hill, leaping, yelling, and gesticulating, to meet the man who had been as a father to them in former years.

Dirk laughed happily as he recognised the unfeigned joy with which his people welcomed him back, but his lips set in a grim little smile when the mob stopped short, and a murmur of surprise ran from mouth to mouth at sight of the chief, Chura, handcuffed in the midst of the commissioner's escort.

After Dirk had bathed, changed, and eaten lunch he sent for Jubatarra, the sergeant-major of police who had been with him formerly at Luango.

"Habari, gani, Bashouish?" he gave his subordinate formal but friendly greeting with hand extended. The native took it frankly but with marked respect.

"Everything goes well, Effendi," he answered. "There have been troubles, but those will cease now that you have come."

Dirk smiled.

"Especially as the chief, Chura, who is an evildoer, is now in custody," continued the old Nubian serenely.

"Why do you say he is an evildoer? Had he anything to do with the killing of Nevinson Effendi?"

"Who can say, Effendi? Chura was the intimate of many bad men and much worse witch-doctors. He did not make the killing himself."

"How do you know that?" asked Dirk quickly.

"Effendi, I was with the priest when we found the body. The red seal was set on Nevinson Effendi's brow."

"The red seal," murmured Dirk, speaking half to himself. "The same red seal we saw on the brow or breast of every man massacred in the little colony overlooking the Birk Lake."

"Iwa, the same mark like a crescent moon, Effendi."

"Then the slayer was from the north?"

"Yes, Effendi, I saw him once when we went to break up a meeting and narrowly missed effecting his capture. He was a tall man with straight hair, and thin features. He wore a black, camel-hair robe, and was most swift in his movement."

"You think he has gone back across the desert?"

"The people say so, Effendi, and I think they speak truth."

"Is there any word as to why he came here?"

"It is said, Effendi, that one who would have pierced the sacred secrets of the people who live north of the desert returns to these parts from the south."

Dirk looked thoughtful, for this tallied with the information contained in Nevinson's last telegram to headquarters at Nairobi.

"It may be so," he said. "We must watch and wait. My people must do nothing foolish or the Serkali will send soldiers. I will go among the chiefs shortly and talk with them."

A broad smile fashioned itself on old Jubatarra's thick lips.

"All things are in the hands of Allah, Effendi," he said, "but I think your presence will do more to combat the evil influence from the south than a whole regiment of askari."

After some days, spent in gathering up the threads of administration that had become somewhat tangled, even in the brief period of Father Pierre's authority, Dirk set out on safari. The chiefs close at hand he knew were sufficiently impressed by the suddenness with which retribution had overtaken the presumptuous Chura. It was to the outlying districts, therefore, that he turned his attention.

Everywhere he found the people vaguely uneasy. Strange messages had come down from the north, but he found it hard to comprehend their meaning. The faith of the people in, and their worship of, the old gods had departed long since, when those old gods and their remaining votaries had withdrawn across the almost impassable desert into the region of mystery before the advance of the first pioneers of white civilisation. Now it seemed that the old gods threatened to return, with reawakened power in their bloody worship, unless they were left in the peace and seclusion their priests had sought of their own volition. The message to the people of the south ran that immunity was contingent upon their willingness to leave the old gods alone, and their ability to prevent others from molesting them.

There was yet another undercurrent that Dirk discerned dimly. Some of the people were in that vague state of apprehension that might be expected of the emancipated slaves of a hard master, who learn suddenly that they are about to be cast back into servitude.

Upon his return to Luango, where he had persuaded Father Pierre to remain during his absence, the priest greeted him with news which both men regarded more gravely than an outsider might have thought justifiable.

"My friend," said the priest, "that bad man, who in the past has caused so much trouble by his brutal treatment of the wretched natives, has returned to Makonda."

Dirk expressed his feelings in a low whistle of surprise.

"Pereira back, is he? Upon my soul, I don't believe he could possibly have come at a worse time. Well, he'll have to watch what he's up to, if he doesn't want his

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throat cut. The people are in a funny temper just now, and I don't think it would pay any white man to press his authority too far against them. When did he arrive?"

"No one seems to know, nor can anyone tell me by what route he travelled; there is a rumor that he came up from the south and then safaried on through the German territory and via the lakes."

"Now, why the deuce should he come that way?" mused Dirk. "It looks almost as if he had business in South Africa and didn't want to touch Mombassa and the capital. I wonder! Well, anyway, I suppose it's no business of ours. Eh, father?"

"No business of ours at all, my son. Your duty is to protect the bodily welfare of the natives, mine to save their souls. Sometimes I think that yours is the easier task."

Dirk smiled understandingly, as he dropped a friendly, comforting hand upon the little father's thin arm. He knew the almost hopeless task these brave, splendid men, who go out to convert the heathen in darkest Africa, impose upon themselves, and for Father Pierre in particular he had a great affection.

Father Pierre started south on affairs of his own that evening, and that was the last time Renton ever saw him.

"Good-bye, Mr. Renton," he said at parting, "the mission is giving me a rest and some light duty in the Rift Valley, close to Bahari-Kuu. We shall meet again, if God wills."

In the months that followed Pereira gave no trouble. Perhaps he, too, sensed that undercurrent of unrest that Dirk had apprehended immediately upon his return to Luango, and curbed his passions in consequence.

As the state of things became more settled, Dirk set to work to give effect to some of his most cherished projects. One of these was the building of a road from the railway up to Luango. He had got permission from Sir Oscar Haviland to put this work in hand, and to remit a certain amount of taxation to those chiefs who supplied material and labor. Certain of the men employed came from the Makonda country where Pereira's shamba was situated.

One day Dirk's headman reported to him that two of the Mankonda men were missing, and that two others bore evidences of having been severely beaten.

The commissioner went down at once to the section of road upon which the men were working and interrogated those of whom the mnyampara had spoken.

"Yes, Bwana," they answered, "the Bwana Mkali—Pereira was named by the natives: 'The Hard Master'—caught us picking corn cobs as we passed through his fields yesterday evening. There were four of us and we were all flogged. Molo and Buko were not sufficiently recovered to come to work to-day."

Next morning, early, Renton mounted his horse and rode over to Makonda to talk to Pereira upon this matter, but Kipkirin, the head house-boy, informed the commissioner that his master had ridden north with a small safari. He could not say where he had gone, nor why, nor when he would return.

During the weeks that followed, Dirk's attention was too fully occupied with other and more urgently important matters for him to find time to again ride over to Makonda. Then Doka Fademula, one of his chief spies, brought him word that still more urgent messages were coming out of the desert that the old gods would take revenge unless they were left in peace.

Again he rode over to Makonda, but this time Kipkirin informed him that his master had gone south on a holiday and was not expected back for some time.

And during all these months and the many comings and goings, excursions and affairs, Dirk never forgot the haunting, pathetic eyes of the girl whose hand he had held a moment on Nairobi station as he broke to her the terrible news of her brother's death. To him the memory of Maureen O'Malley was very fragrant, but it was a memory no more; the girl herself for him was the prototype of an unrealisable ideal.

CHAPTER 7.

ON the morning following Maureen's arrival at Bahari-kuu she was introduced to her charges and, incidentally, she found Mrs. Page-Porter altogether more affable than upon the preceding evening. That lady had evidently realised from her husband's attitude that the Irish girl was likely to remain a member of the household for many months to come—until he tired of her, in fact—and that it would pay her, for Bert's sake if for no other, since he was to have his instruction at Miss O'Malley's hands, to "keep in with her," as she put it to herself.

"This is my Bert," she said proudly, as she pushed forward a sullen-looking lad of some fourteen summers.

Bert was a lout. No other term describes him. His body was loose and slummocky, his eyes were shifty, his features unpleasing, and his mouth positively cruel. He never seemed to know what to do with his hands.

"And where is my other pupil?" asked Maureen, after she had said a word or two to the egregious Bert, whose answers comprised monosyllabic grunts.

"Ruth! Ruth!" Mrs. Page-Porter called sharply for her seven-year-old daughter, and presently a sweet, fairy-like child crept into the room, carrying in her arms a great sheaf of white African lilies.

"Late again, Ruth," jeered Bert, "the new governess'll punish you for that."

"You hear what your brother says," snapped Mrs. Page-Porter; "you're always late, always dreamin'. I hope Miss O'Malley will punish you; p'raps she can bring you to your senses. Your father seems to think she's good at that sort of thing."

Maureen looked at Mrs. Page-Porter in mute surprise.

"We won't talk about punishments so early," she said quietly. "What lovely flowers, Ruth; are they for the schoolroom?"

The child flashed her a grateful glance from deep violet eyes that seemed to have the morning dew still wet upon them; a faint pink tinge suffused the smooth pallor of her piquant little face. She slid a small, trusting hand instinctively into Maureen's cool, firm clasp.

"Come along," said Maureen, "let's make a start and get to know each other."

Ruth went with her at once, but Bert demurred. There was a bullock to be slaughtered, and he wanted to watch the killing; besides, it wasn't a Monday, and no one ever started school in the middle of a week.

Maureen was firm, but Mrs. Page-Porter wavered.

"Well, perhaps——" she began, but at that moment her husband entered.

"Not started school yet?" he queried, as he pulled out his watch. "My word, an' it's half-past ten." He looked from one to another of them in the constrained silence that followed.

"Bert givin' trouble?" he asked shrewdly. "You cut along, my lad, else I'll attend to you," and Bert went, without further argument.

For the next few months life at Bahari-kuu proved uneventful. Maureen rode once or twice with Page-Porter. Then on one pretext or another she refused all his future invitations unless they were to be accompanied by one or other of the children. Mrs. Page-Porter's figure did not adapt itself to equestrian exercise. The Irish girl missed riding sadly, and felt no small resentment against Page-Porter, whose familiarity and hardly veiled inuendoes had robbed her of her favorite pastime. With little to occupy her time, for school was held only in the morning and Mrs. Page-Porter had not yet asked her to take any part in the household duties, she turned her attention to the natives.

The Nandis, Kavirondos, and Masai who came to Bahari-kuu she found very different from the more or less civilised and sufficiently clad natives she had seen at Mombasa and again in Nairobi. Here she was among real savages, who considered a small strip of cloth or hide slung from one shoulder ample covering, and the lobes of whose ears were horribly distended with balls of clay or lumps of wood or weighed down with great cylinders of metal. She noticed that the looped lobe, when not thus distended, was hooked up over the top part of the ear; many of the faces she saw were disfigured by deep cuts, or tattooed with wood-ash rubbed in after cicatrisation. The typical negro wool of the south did not ornament their heads. Those who had it shaved it off, the others, such as the Masai, ornamented their hair strangely with red clay, protecting the ornate coiffures by means of goat-stomach skull caps drawn tight down over the brow. The Nandis were very dark, had straight, smooth hair, thin lips, regular features, and bird-like voices. Their speech she found it impossible to master, but the Masai tongue she was acquiring rapidly; she made even more rapid progress in Swahili, since she had provided herself with a grammar and a dictionary in Nairobi, and now conversed with the natives each day.

She loved the quaint, pot-bellied little black babies, and admired much the delightful contrast of sombreness and vivid color that the women-folk contrived in their simple cotton lesos; these they wore bound tight about the breasts and hanging straight to the feet.

Ruth accompanied her often upon these wanderings, and won for her the goodwill of the reserved natives. The child was a favorite among them. Mwana midogo, they called her, which means in the old Swahili "Little Queen," but in the modern tongue merely "Little Child." Bert they seldom took with them; he was a sullen companion and, further, could never pass living creature nor growing plant without wishing to do it harm. The boy's one virtue in Maureen's eyes was his rare horsemanship.

It was this very virtue, or rather the abuse of it, that brought matters to a climax at Bahari-kuu.

One morning early, as Maureen and little Ruth were returning to the bungalow from a flower-gathering expedition, the awful scream of a horse in agony reached them. Maureen at once sprang forward and, rounding a corner, came upon young Page-Porter administering terrible punishment to a half-wild horse, which a crowd of natives held roped and helpless. A saddle with burst girths lay close at hand, and Bert's clothes were torn and muddy. It was evident that the horse had put him down.

In Maureen's mind everything else went down before her horror at what the boy was doing to the helpless animal. In a second she sprang at him, seized the heavy hippo-hide whip from his hands, and lashed him smartly across the shoulders once, twice, and then again, before he could spring away. Then, throwing the whip to the ground and turning her back upon the blubbering Bert, she ordered the whispering natives to take the red horse back to Bahari-kuu.

That day there were no lessons.

Mrs. Page-Porter called Maureen into the drawing-room directly after breakfast. She was quivering with rage, but strove to speak in the dignified tones she usually adopted to the girl.

"If the children need correction, Miss O'Malley, either Mr. Page-Porter or I will attend to the matter. We never allow servants to strike our children."

Maureen passed over the covert insult as to her status in the establishment, but defended herself stoutly upon the direct charge.

"I'm sorry," she said, "it was not a case of correcting a child, but of chastising

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an inhuman young fiend, and, servant or no, I should do exactly the same thing to any man, woman, or child I saw thus wantonly ill-treating a dumb animal."

Mrs. Page-Porter's dignity flew to the winds.

"How dare you call my son an inhuman young fiend?" she stormed. "Bert's the best son any woman ever had."

"I don't agree with you, his cruelty is absolutely ingrained."

"You weren't asked either to agree or disagree. Just you remember your position here, please. You're at perfect liberty to seek a fresh situation if this one doesn't suit you. You were a very important person once, I dare say, but here you are a paid servant, and you will kindly remember your position as such."

"I——" Maureen began, flushing crimson, but Mrs. Page-Porter cut her short.

"That will do," she said, with a majestic assumption of her "grand lady" manner, "the children will not have their lessons this morning. You had better go to your room and think over what I have said to you."

Maureen picked up her double-terai hat from a table on the verandah, passed through the garden, out across the plains and into the fringes of the bush beyond.

Her mind was in a whirl of chaotic, baffled emotion. She, Maureen O'Malley, had been brow-beaten, bullied, and spoken to as no servant at Castle O'Malley would ever have been treated no matter what the offence might have been, and all because she had saved a defenceless animal from the brutal torture that that little devil Bert would positively have revelled in inflicting. Hadn't she seen his eyes, and didn't she know it? Mother Mary, how she hated the country, the people, the life, and everything there was about her in this new, impossible existence.

As things were, it seemed impossible for her to stay on at Bahari-kuu. Yet, if she left there where could she go? It was an impasse; she recognised that much, shut her little white teeth with a click, and turned back to the shamba.

"I'll see this through," she told herself, "and be damned to Mrs. Page-Porter and her brat of a son as well."

At lunch that day, both women were unwilling that Page-Porter should know anything of what had occurred, but from vastly different motives. Mrs. Page-Porter was anxious to keep her husband in ignorance of the episode, because she feared that he would take it out of Bert. Maureen was like-minded, because she was virtually certain he would be only too ready to champion her cause, and thereby make the situation more impossible than ever.

As it happened, he chose the very bone of contention as the topic of conversation when the two women fell silent.

"I'm bothered about that red horse," he said. "It's quite time he was broke, but I'm hanged if I know who's going to do it. I've had the best men for a hundred miles round try to back him an' I hear Bert tried his luck this morning an' took a toss. It seems a rare pity, for he's a fine beast, if only someone could master him."

The chance of doing the girl a mischief, or at least lowering her in the eyes of her husband, was too much for Mrs. Page-Porter's discretion.

"Why not ask Miss O'Malley?" she said spitefully. "You told me once that she was good at breaking colts. And she's always telling Ruth of the fine time she had hunting in Ireland. Why don't you ask her?"

Page-Porter smiled tolerantly at this fresh display of his wife's temper. Then suddenly he saw the light which was blazing in Maureen's eyes. The direct challenge to vindicate her courage, and the unfair gibe at the tales she had told little Ruth, had fired the Irish girl's fighting spirit, and she was absolutely reckless.

"I had a look at the red horse this morning," she said, turning to Page-Porter, "I don't think he is suffering from real vice. Will you let me tackle him?"

"No, I'm damned if I will!" he exclaimed, slapping his hand hard down upon the table.

Mrs. Page-Porter laughed, and Bert echoed her merriment.

"Of course you won't let her. And that's why Miss O'Malley was so ready with her offer," she sneered.

"Miss O'Malley," he said, "I absolutely forbid you to attempt to ride the red stallion. And you," he added, turning to his wife, "ought to be ashamed of yourself for suggesting such a thing."

That night Maureen lay long awake upon her hard, comfortless bed. As a rule, the incessant hum of the mosquitoes served but to lull her to sleep. To-night imagination stirred, and it seemed to her that the voices of a million people were cheering her on to some mad victory. Once in the happy days, now gone beyond recall, she had ridden a wild youngster of her father's at Dublin Horse Show. He had fenced faultlessly round the ring, but had twice refused the big water-jump in the middle of the arena. The third time as she turned him to face it he had reared straight up and she, to teach him a lesson, had put her weight on the off-side rein, pulling him clean over backwards as she flung herself clear. Then she had remounted, spun him down the run and thrown him over the jump. As she lay there upon her bed she thrilled anew to the memory of the wild Irish yells which had greeted and celebrated her exploit.

Before it was quite dawn she was dressed in her worn, khaki riding-kit with sharp little prick-spurs clamped to her boot-heels. She slipped out of her bedroom window and away to the stables as the light grew. A sleepy native sais started up from the straw at her coming, watched her choose bit, bridle, and light polo saddle from among the saddlery, and followed her obediently when she handed them to him. When they reached the high-fenced boma where the red horse grazed, the man shook his head. He knew that red devil of old and would have none of him.

At the sound of their coming the big stallion lifted his head and then, for the first time, Maureen saw what manner of horse he was. Red as a stormy dawn in color and all of seventeen hands high, he showed tremendous power in barrel and haunches, but fined to lines of great breeding at neck and shoulder.

Maureen saw bit and bridle upon him and laughed low and contentedly, for half her problem was solved and she had no further use for the native groom at her side. With lithe agility she mounted the high stockade and stood there upon the topmost rail, poised like some diver about to enter deep water. The sais looked on a moment in amazement, then turned and began to run swiftly towards the bungalow. The horse swerved to follow him along the fence and then the girl had her opportunity. As he raced past her she sprang, sprang straight and true to light, wide-legged, across that heaving back, and in the same instant as her thighs clamped fast, her hands secured the streaming reins.

The red stallion propped his legs and shivered at the mad impact, then, as the bit bore down upon the tender bars of his mouth, reared up and up. Before he could make up his mind whether he would fall and crush this presumptuous pygmy who had backed him, Maureen decided the matter by yanking him clean over backwards, just as she had served that other horse in the Dublin show-ring so long ago; and now, as then, she swung herself back to her seat as the beast regained his feet.

Blind, frantic fury surged in the animal's veins as he strove against those calm, restraining hands, and blind, frantic fury beat in his heart. Round and round the boma he rushed, propping and leaping forward, throwing his head this way and that against the indignity of the bit, but nothing he could do could move those legs which, vice-like, gripped his sides.

Maureen was dimly aware of a great shouting, and, out of the tail of her eye, saw people running from the house, headed by Page-Porter with frantically waving arms.

The red horse shivered again, ducked and swerved sideways; then, crowning indignity of all, the sharp prick-spurs went home between his ribs. With a fearsome scream he tore across the boma, and, like a buck in spring, soared high above the seven-foot stockade. In that moment Maureen saw a vaguely familiar face, not lately seen, staring up at her. But now was no time for idle speculation. The wide, sun-washed, wind-swept plains lay before, and the great red horse was stretching himself, belly-flat to earth, as he spurned the turf beneath his flying hoofs.

Time and again he swerved, ducked or ran bucking forward half a hundred yards. Once he propped, reared and swung clean round in a half-circle as he stood straight upright, while Maureen clung on by a miracle, knees clamped to his sides and one hand wound fast in his bristling mane. Then she swung him round and forced him forward again.

Mile after mile the untamed horse strode on, his great heart well-nigh bursting with impotent rage, and ever and again that terrible rider, fixed and inexorable as fate, drove him on with goading spur and stinging palm. Right across the bitter-scented grass or heaving through heavy marsh he galloped on, apparently untiring until, at last, the outstretched neck drooped a little to the laboring breast. Then Maureen gathered him under her and drove him forward in very truth, nor was that all; the weight upon his back was disposed differently for an instant, a guiding, back-drawn calf was pressed against his side, and the steel abomination between his jaws turned him in a fresh direction, towards the hills. When the lower slopes were reached he would have eased his pace but for the insistent urge of the spurs that drove him on.

He was caked with dust and sweat now, his nostrils were dilated, his eyes wild; yet still, if this human persecutor desired it, he would prove that neither his speed nor the courage of his great heart was finished. At last he stumbled from sheer leg-weariness, and then it was that that terrible rider held him, him, the red stallion, together and saved him from falling. Then she swung him right-handed back towards the plains and it was all to do again; for still the goading spurs, the stinging palm and the commanding voice, which would ring in his ears till his dying day, urged him on.

The house of Bahari-kuu was in sight now, a hushed group of wondering whites and black people gathered about its gates. The end came very quickly. By the gates the red stallion sank to earth, flinging the rider at last from his back and far out over his off-shoulder.

Vaguely she saw people rush forward to pick her up and then, as the mists cleared a moment before settling down, Maureen found herself gazing into the wild, passionate eyes of Pero Pereira.

CHAPTER 8.

ALL through the misty realms of unconsciousness where her soul wandered after that fearful ride, Maureen felt those passionate, hungry eyes of the man Pereira following her. There was love in them certainly, but love bereft of self-denial, love dominated by lust against which her whole soul cried out.

On, on through the mists she fled, bestriding a phantom mare, a mare like the brave Lady Bee who had carried her so grandly to hounds far off in the halcyon Irish days. And ever behind her thundered

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and raged Pereira upon a ramping red devil, which was the stallion she had conquered.

At last a great Hill hove in sight, blue, dim and indefinite at the far edge of the cupped horizon. Across the plain, above which the coppery sky pressed down, the good mare fled, the red stallion still thundering behind. But, ever as the Hill grew nearer and took shape, the girl's courage rose. The thunder of the hoofs behind was less, escape seemed certain and then, suddenly, a great chasm, deep but not impossibly wide, yawned before her. Maureen gathered the mare together and sent her along. Lady Bee shot out, staggered on landing and slipped back. The girl was powerless; then there was the thud of a terrific impact beside her, she felt herself gathered into Pereira's arms and together they fell into the abyss. In that appalling moment it seemed to her that he was dragging down not her body, but her immortal soul—down, down into the ultimate depths of hell. With a choking cry she came to herself, and was instantly comforted by the feel of Ruth's warm little arms about her neck and Ruth's soft little mouth against her cheek.

By evening Maureen was sufficiently recovered to take dinner with the family. As she entered the room she noticed that Pereira, who rose at once, glanced interrogatively from her plain silk blouse to Mrs. Page-Porter's elaborate dinner dress.

"That was a wonderful ride of yours, Miss O'Malley," he said. "When I saw the way the schimmel flied over the boma railings I declare my heart stopped beating."

"I've seen you ride before," supplemented Page-Porter, "but I'm damned if I thought any man or woman could have conquered the red stallion as you have done. He'll know his master in future."

Dinner was no more pleasant than meals usually were in the household. Mrs. Page-Porter was silent or snappish and her husband uneasy; Maureen did not speak at all, and Pereira contented himself with watching his host and the Irish girl. He was wondering if there were any grounds for Mrs. Page-Porter's evident jealousy, but he remembered his own encounter with Maureen on the boat and dismissed his suspicion. All the same, he realised the advantages of a man in Page-Porter's position, with the girl always in the house and entirely dependent upon him for her daily bread. He had ascertained, through sources of his own, that Maureen was now absolutely penniless.

After a while, a chance remark that Dirk Renton had returned to the commissionership at Luango, brought his name into a discussion concerning the natives.

"I know him," exclaimed Page-Porter. "He's the type of much advertised 'English public schoolboy,' that does such a hell of a lot of harm out here and makes life so jolly difficult for us shamba owners."

"You know him, do you?" queried Pereira. "He made things a bit hot for some of us when he had that isolated post on the Abyssinian border at Moyali. He was up there to administer the Borana. Spoke their language you know, and saw to it that no one lifted any of their cattle or camels. They simply worshipped him; but no other white man could do a deal with them. I fancy Renton traded himself, and so didn't want any other whites hanging about up there."

"Aren't district commissioners forbidden to trade?" interposed Maureen.

"Yes."

"Then I'm sure Mr. Renton would not do so."

"Why, when did you come across him?" asked Pereira.

"He was with my brother when the lion mauled him, and he met me at Nairobi station when I arrived. I thought he was most kind, and I don't think a man of his type would do anything underhand."

An awkward silence was broken by Pereira as he turned to Page-Porter.

"How did Renton happen to get across you?"

"Why, when I built this show I turned a blasted old witch-woman out of the hut that used to stand on the hill. He was in these parts then and fairly raised Cain."

"I remember hearing something about that. You had the woman flogged, didn't you, and she died afterwards?"

A low exclamation of horror broke from Maureen's lips, but neither man noticed it.

"Yes, I believe so," answered Page-Porter indifferently, "but I'm not sure. They moved away from this part of the country. Why do you ask?"

"I fancy you've forgotten that the daughter lives in a cave at Maweri, close to my place. She's an uncanny little devil, but mighty clever at doctoring cattle."

As they rose from the table Pereira turned to Maureen:

"D'you ever sing nowadays?" he asked. "I haven't forgotten the treats you used to give us aboard ship."

"P'raps Miss O'Malley's too tired after her horsebreaking experience this morning," interposed Page-Porter.

Maureen had been about to plead that very excuse, but the sneering expression upon Mrs. Page-Porter's face caused her to change her mind.

"Of course I'll sing, if you wish it," she answered brightly.

In the drawing-room she crossed straight to the piano, sat a moment with fingers wandering idly over the keys and forming soft chords as she dreamed of other days, when she had sung each night to her father after dinner. A plaintive strain of the inherent sadness of her dear, distressful country was predominant as her fingers formed and her lips framed the opening bars of an old Irish lament. Into it she put all her pent-up longing for her land and her own people; tears like pearls bedimmed her eyes and adorned the music of her song, and the very spirit of a much misunderstood people throbbed through the gaudily furnished room. The two men leaned forward, eager not to miss one lovely note, the houseboys crept to the corners of the verandah, and little Ruth sat up in her bed to listen. Upon the last softly vibrant note silence ensued, as the girl sat with shaking shoulders and head bowed above the keys. Even Mrs. Page-Porter was touched, but she conquered her emotions and said peevishly:

"I wish you'd choose something more cheerful when you sing. That dirge fairly gives me the creeps."

Maureen flushed hotly, flung back her head and burst into the wild music of a hurrying, vulgar ragtime. She felt that her heart was breaking, but she would not yield up the dominion of her free soul. With the last crashing chords still ringing in the room she left the piano and walked out on to the moonlit verandah. After a few moments Page-Porter stretched his big figure, rose, and stepped towards the open window.

"I'm for a breath of fresh air," he exclaimed boisterously, and he, too, stepped out into the moonlight.

Maureen saw him coming but there was no escape. He crossed and leaned upon the bougainvillea-fringed rail at her side.

"You made me awfully proud of you this morning," he said in a low voice that shook a little, "but I'm sorry the missus has been so damned unpleasant about it since. But you must overlook that, it's only because you've done something that Bert, the light of her eye and joy of her heart, couldn't do. You won't let it worry you, will you? I'll always see that you're all right. I'd have spoken right out, but we don't want any rows in the house, better keep all cosy and comfortable. Don't forget, though, I'm awfully fond of you and that I hold the whiphand here; what I say 'goes.'"

He squeezed her arm as she thanked him indifferently. Less than a year ago the girl would have resented action and speech alike, but circumstances had dulled the edge of her susceptibilities a little; she was beginning to learn the inevitable lesson that every woman must learn who works for her daily bread, the lesson of sometimes remaining submissive when every instinct is in revolt.

Some few nights later Maureen dreamed again of the Hill, but it was still blue, indefinite and undefinable upon the far horizon. At breakfast next morning she spoke of this recurrent dream and, laughingly, asked Pereira if he knew of any hill in Africa upon the summit of which she might find such glory as Old Nannie had foretold.

"There are many mysterious hills in Africa where such a prophecy might be fulfilled, Miss O'Malley," he answered, "but I cannot think of any hill in our country which your presence would not glorify."

Page-Porter hastened to intervene, for he saw that his wife was about to say something more than usually unpleasant.

"There's a magic mountain down by Magadi which the natives say fires off big guns, and where the climber can hear cattle and goats lowing and bleating all day long as he climbs up, but never see sign of hoof nor horn nor hide. That's not so very far from here, but you know what these natives are. Not much magic about it, I bet. It's much more likely to be the rumbling of the volcano in German East across the border. And yet I don's know; that old witch-woman I turned out used to practise her magic there, I'm told."

"Why don't you take the red horse and ride there, Paddy?" interposed little Ruth, whose imagination had been fired by what seemed to her like the beginnings of a wonderful fairy story. "Dad said he was yours by rights, since you had mastered him. Why don't you take him and go to look for your mountain?"

A moment of critical silence ensued upon the child's speech. Pereira's attentions to Maureen during the last week had goaded Page-Porter almost to madness; he was in a dangerous mood and ripe for any risk. As he leaned forward and spoke to Maureen there was a definite meaning in his eyes at last.

"Well, why not? I'll give him to you if you like. Perhaps you'll find the red god there as well. I told you he was all powerful in these parts before the white man came; perhaps he'll give you happiness and your heart's desire."

At the same instant as her husband spoke Mrs. Page-Porter leaned forward and boxed Ruth's ears twice with no gentle hand. The child screamed in terror, and Maureen darted towards her just in time to receive the woman's third blow on her cheek. For a second she stood irresolute, her eyes blazing with fury, the red mark of Mrs. Page-Porter's fingers burning like a beacon on the whiteness of her face. Then, without a word, she gathered the hysterically sobbing child to her own heaving bosom and marched out of the room. Pereira, with more tact than might have been expected of him, called Bert out of the room and turned back the native servant who was coming along the verandah to clear the table.

"Well," said Page-Porter, as he glowered at his wife. "Well, so you've brought things to a head again, just as you did when Miss Rees was here, but don't think you're goin' to get away with it this time. Miss O'Malley stays on—whoever else goes. Get that into your head and then try to keep a curb on that flamin' rotten temper of yours. D'you hear?"

"It's her own fault. She'd no cause to stick herself in the way, and I'll correct Ruth if I want to, Miss O'Malley or not. And if she's such a wanton as to stay on as your mistress after you've hunted me out of the house, you're welcome to her." She screamed the epithets after him as he left the room, and Maureen, who was hunt-

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ing the gardens for Bert to commence lessons, heard the strident tones and the foul words.

For a moment she stood quite still, deadly pale and with one hand pressed hard against her heart, as she realised that the words were applied to her. Then her proud chin lifted a little higher and she continued her way through the garden. She would have walked down to Naivasha station there and then and have taken train to Nairobi but for the thought of Ruth's need of her and of the shame of accepting charity. She held steadfast to her purpose for a moment, then once again her free soul beat baffled wings against its prison bars, her mind's eye sought frantically for some way out.

Beneath the flamboyant blossoms of a great hibiscus bush she found Bert interestedly watching Pereira, who was carving something with his hunting knife. The Portuguese had been abjectly decent to her ever since he had arrived at Bahari-kuu, and now she looked at him with new eyes. Was he, after all, so absolutely impossible? Were people justified in treating him always as the unutterable dago? Was he perhaps the way out? Her fastidious instincts shied sharply from that thought, and yet the seed was there in her mind and, further, she knew that he was hers if she wanted him.

At sight of her he rose instantly and swept the wide-brimmed, double terai from his head.

"Better put your hat on again at once," she called laughingly, "the thin branches of that hibiscus are no protection against the sun. I've come to fetch Bert in for lessons."

Bert growled a sulky refusal.

"Cut along in, my lad," said Pereira, "you'll need to scrub those grimy paws before you're fit to sit at schoolroom table with Miss Maureen."

The loutish boy looked once at his mentor and then departed; he knew the quality of Pereira's temper.

"One moment, Miss O'Malley," said Pereira, as she turned to follow her pupil. "Forgive me if I speak plainly, but you're far too much with these people and they're anything but your class. You must get away, even if it's only for half a day. Look here now, you're free in the afternoons and I've got a couple of my own horses here. Won't you let me take you for a ride after lunch?"

For a moment she hesitated, full of that instinctive mistrust that had warned her not to accept the offer of his rug on that day of her first appearance upon deck. Now, as then, the easy way in which the proposal was made entrapped her.

"I'll be delighted to ride with you," she answered frankly, "and thank you very much for asking me."

It is probable that Pereira was the only person at Bahari-kuu who was really pleased with the arrangement. Maureen, her promise once given, was instinctively uneasy. Mrs. Page-Porter was frankly disapproving, and her husband looked black as thunder when at lunch-time he was told of the proposed ride. He rumbled something extremely rude about foreigners poaching on other people's preserves, and then Mrs. Page-Porter made a remark about stuck-up beggars riding on horses that almost sent Maureen into open revolt. She was more than usually gracious to Pereira as he held his cupped hands for her to mount, while Page-Porter stood furious but silent at the head of the verandah steps.

He was a fine figure of a horseman, Pereira, as he sat well down in the saddle with supple hands light on the reins, back straight, head erect, and flat thighs gripped close to the pigskin, and Maureen in her new mood looked upon him with something akin to approval.

"It's a wonderful land, this Africa of ours," he said, as they rode down towards the lake. "Do you know any land in the world that can offer you such glorious blossoms as grow wild in our tropical bush, any land that can produce such luscious-flavored fruits or graceful creatures? Where else on earth is there such a natural zoological garden as Africa offers?"

"You talk well," laughed Maureen, "but you can't show me anything to equal the fox-hunting I left behind in Ireland."

Pereira laughed light-heartedly.

"Can't we, though? What about the Masassi fox hounds? Did you never hear of them when you were in Nairobi? They're supposed to hunt jackal; so they do, in fact, but I never heard of them killing anything except an old lady's tame monkey once, when they were being taken back to the kennels. But what is this fox-hunting, after all? Just a lot of people galloping madly after a pack of dogs, hot on the scent of a single little red beast with no power to put up a fight against them."

"Dan Russell, the fox," whispered Maureen softly as she leaned forward and patted her horse's neck. "Can any foreigner ever understand the lure and the lust of hunting you?"

"I know that the sport calls for courage and endurance," interposed Pereira quickly. "How d'you say it, 'men ride with their necks for sale when hounds are running,' eh? But I can show you betetr sport than that."

"Could you; I wonder?"

"What do you choose then? Lion, leopard, rhino, buffalo or elephant? We can offer you them all."

"Lion," she answered, laughing. "Yes, let's hunt the king of beasts."

"You'll find him a stark fighter," he answered, momentarily responsive to her mood. "He's gone to cover ahead of us and keeps throwing back a warning growl of what he's going to do if we annoy him much more; but he won't turn really nasty unless we press our attentions too closely upon him. But when he does turn, look out; he doesn't have to be cornered to make him fight.

"He's only indolent and more than a trifle good natured. When he has made up his mind that he means business, nothing but a bullet in a vital spot will turn him from his purpose. The bullets may hit and check him time and again—may paralyze his limbs perhaps—but still he'll drag himself desperately forward towards his foe until at last he can go forward no more. Then he'll roll over and tear up great lumps of the ground with rending claws and furious teeth; fierce, terrible, and a fighter to the very last. There's something wonderfully grand about the death of a lion, I always think. I know it all so well," he finished with a quick sidelong glance at her. "Forgive me if I've been carried away by my love of hunting. But then you love it, too, and—I wish you could share the fact as well as the fiction with me."

Maureen did not see that glance; did not hear his half murmured last sentence in all probability. Her mind had raced on headlong at the changes and chances life would offer her if——

She saw again the return of the old, carefree days of fresh air and splendid sport in the rain and the sun if—— Thoughts of Dennis and her father obtruded themselves upon her mental vision. They, the last men of the long line of the O'Malleys, showed big and strong and clean in the northern wind and rain; Pereira showed small and insignificant beside them, and yet he, too, was a hunter, and a brave one by all accounts. She felt herself in sympathy with him at the moment, but would that feeling last? Could she, the very last O'Malley of all, mix her ancient blood with that of a foreigner, whom men and women of her order dubbed, contemptuously, a dago? Then the horror of the life she had lived as a member of the impossible Page-Porter menage surged over her in a great wave and—she resolutely turned down the page of the life that was finished.

As one awakening from a dream she realised that Pereira was again speaking, but in different, more humble, tones now:

"I've been sorry, beastly sorry ever since, that I annoyed you on board ship, Maureen, I ought to have known you weren't the woman for chance caresses, but there it is—kisses come and go with most of us easily at sea."

The brown face was very near hers, the dark eyes blazing into hers, compelling an answer.

"Maureen, you'll marry me, say yes, and you'll never regret it."

She struggled for a minute as his arm flung round her, lifting her half clear of the saddle, his side pressed close against her heaving body. Then, as from a long distance, and very slowly, she heard her own words: "Yes—I'll marry you."

For an instant his burning lips clung to her cheek, then he released her and they cantered on in silence.

CHAPTER 9.

LONG before Maureen and Pereira reached Bahari-kuu on their homeward ride a white-faced Bert met them. They saw him a long way off across the plains urging a sweating horse relentlessly on with whip and voice.

"Madre de Dios," exclaimed Pereira, "it is Bert, and he rides like the bearer of evil tidings."

"What on earth can have happened?" said Maureen, "see how he drives the horse along, poor brute, it is almost foundered."

Before he was within earshot of them Bert shouted something unintelligible; then, as he drew level, flung the red-nostrilled horse he rode back on its haunches.

"Ruth!" he cried. "She's gone; the guv'nor wants you both back at once. Mother's nearly mad, and there's hell to pay with the natives."

A low cry of dismay burst from Maureen's lips. The love of little Ruth had been the one bright spot in the misery of her life at Bahari-kuu.

Bert slipped from the saddle and stood staring at his horse. Its head was sunk almost to the ground, breath came from its dilated, twitching nostrils and open mouth in painful gasps, and sweat and lather streaked its heaving sides.

"I must ride on for help," said the boy thickly. "Father wants all the settlers to lend a hand in the search. This cursed beast must have a rest, I suppose?"

He looked interrogatively towards Pereira.

"Of course he must rest," said Pero, as he also dismounted. "Here, get his saddle off and let him roll if he will. Then take him over to that nullah; there may be enough water in one of the pools for him to get a drink, but don't let him have too much. Can you manage by yourself? We ought to be getting on."

They watched the boy a moment as he crossed the plain to the bed of a river, almost dry at that season; then Pereira swung himself back into the saddle and they were off.

"Don't spare that horse," he said to Maureen, "he's in fine condition and will do all you ask of him."

Within an hour they were back at Bahari-kuu.

Mrs. Page-Porter lay moaning and sobbing in a long, teakwood chair upon the verandah, her husband was striding up and down, beating his hands together and cursing his wife and the natives impartially for the noise they were making.

Maureen crossed at once to the stricken mother, all dislike and past resentment forgotten in face of the elder woman's present grief.

"Don't cry, Mrs. Page-Porter," she begged, dropping to her knees beside her and taking her hand. "We'll get Ruth back for you if it is humanly possible to find her. Perhaps she hasn't wandered far."

Meanwhile Page-Porter was talking rapidly to Pereira.

"The child hardly spoke during lunch," he was saying, "and I don't remember

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noticing her in the verandah when you rode off with Miss O'Malley. Mnyogi says he saw her going along the shores of the lake towards the bush, and seems to think that he caught a glimpse of a strange native hanging about earlier in the day."

"What do you mean by a strange native?" interrupted Pereira quickly, "just an ordinary shenzi?"

"No, Mnyogi says the man did not belong to any tribe or people he's ever come across; he was tall and thin-featured like the Nandis, but different to them somehow. I'm not building much on that, however; you know what the natives are for making up tales to supplement trouble."

"What do you think then?"

"I think Ruth was upset at her mother hitting her, and that she has just wandered off to try and forget about it; she may have been miserable, too, because Emma went for Miss O'Malley. Ruth's awfully fond of her you know."

Maureen caught the last words as she passed the men on her way into the bungalow.

"We must make a plan," she said, "but first, I'm going to get some eau de Cologne from my room for Mrs. Page-Porter."

In a moment she was back, a bottle of scent in one hand and in the other a sheet of notepaper scrawled with baby writing. Her face was white and her hand shook as she held out Ruth's letter which she had found pinned to her pillow.

"People are always cross with you, poor Paddy," the child had written, "and they're cross with me, too. Daddy said you might be happy if you could find your Hill of Riches, and, because you wouldn't take the red horse and go to look for it for yourself, I'm going to find it for you. I do so want you to be happy always, Paddy dear."

"Good God," cried Page-Porter, "the child's gone down to the volcano by Magadi. It's a fearful place; half the outlawed natives of the Rift Valley are in hiding there. I doubt if we shall ever see her again."

"Steady, man," said Pereira, "it's no good giving up hope yet. How long's she been gone, six hours?"

"About that."

"Well, then, we may catch her before she gets into the bad country."

"We'll need a strong force to fight our way into that place."

"There are the two of us and the natives; oh, don't shake your head, Page-Porter, we'll make the niggers fight if need be. You leave that to me."

"You can count me in as well," said Maureen quietly. "It was for my sake Mwana went away, and I'm going with the party that sets out to find her. Bert is bound to bring in some of the other settlers as well."

"They'll have to follow us," interrupted Pereira. "There's no time to be lost."

"It's a mad adventure, even though it's my own child we ride to save; just the three of us alone going down into the most desperate tract in the whole province," said Page-Porter.

Mnyogi, the head house-boy, who had listened in silence to this conversation, signified that he had something to say and waited for permission to speak.

"Well, what is it?" snapped his master.

"Bwana," he began, and Page-Porter who knew the natives' way, did not attempt to hurry him, although every moment was precious.

"There is, some hours' journey away, a place where certain porters camped years ago, and there a great rock fell upon and killed them all"—Maureen tapped her boot with impatience as Mnyogi described in detail the age-old accident—"Kathuka, the bibi's boy," he inclined his head towards Maureen, who could scarcely keep her hands off him, "passed that way yesterday, and there he saw the safari of a famous white hunter camped. He does not know the name of the bwana, but his boys told Kathuka that he was braver than any lion, and stronger than any buffalo they had ever heard of, and more cunning than Mbweha, the jackal."

"Well, what of it, fool?" snapped Page-Porter at last.

"The white hunter's camp is on the way to the Magic Mountain, bwana, he may have seen the Mwana Midogo."

"It's the longest way round," said Pereira doubtfully, "but we oughtn't to neglect the chance."

As the two men stood thoughtful and undecided, Maureen made up her mind.

"You take Pero with you and push straight on," she said to Page-Porter, "leave directions for Bert to follow with the settlers. I'll go to the white hunter's camp—can I have the schimmel?—and, if Mwana is there I'll bring her back, if not, I'll get the hunter's help and we'll ride on to the mountain to meet you."

As Maureen waited on the verandah for a sais to bring the red stallion from his stable, Mrs. Page-Porter left her long, teak-wood chair and crept quietly to the girl's side.

"I've been a beast to you sometimes, dear," she said, "but you'll save my baby if you can?"

"Of course."

"And you'll see that my Bert doesn't come to harm if you can help it?"

"Bert's almost a man now," laughed Maureen, "he's quite old enough to look after himself really." Then she patted the fat, common little woman's shoulder. "Don't you worry, Mrs. Page-Porter, it will all come right in the end. But be good to little Ruth when we bring her back."

"An' to you, too, my dear," mumbled the conscience-stricken woman.

Maureen shook her head with a sad, little smile.

"Don't you worry about me," she said. "I'm going away."

"Going away? Why?"

"I'm going to marry Pero Pereira."

Mrs. Page-Porter's mouth fell open, but before she could voice her momentary surprise, her husband and the Portuguese entered the verandah from the bungalow. At the same moment a sais appeared leading the red stallion.

Maureen listened attentively for some moments while Page-Porter outlined the route she must follow; then, with a last word of reassurance to Mrs. Page-Porter, she ran lightly down the steps and mounted the schimmel.

The great animal plunged furiously, lashed out and shook his head, so that the watchers thought that Maureen must be thrown; then, recognising, perhaps, the hands and the will that had mastered him before, he tore like some whirlwind along the path beside the deep water.

Of the ride that followed Maureen had afterwards scant recollection, her every thought was centred upon saving Mwana and reaching the white hunter's camp before the dark shut down.

Some hours later Husky Hillier, fresh from his bath and ready for supper, raised his eyes from the book he was reading as the sound of rapidly approaching hoofs came to his ears.

"Someone in a hell of a hurry," he murmured, then sprang to his feet as the red schimmel tore round a bend of the track and into sight. Almost at the same moment Maureen caught sight of the flaming red head and familiar eyeglass. She brought the schimmel to a halt and laughed weakly as she slid to the ground and was caught in Husky's arms, for her saddle-cramped legs would scarcely support her.

"You," she said wonderingly, "you of all people? Well, you've a chance now to retrieve that promise you gave me aboard ship on the voyage out."

As they sat at supper she told him all her present trouble; but of the evil times she had been through and of her engagement to Pereira she did not speak.

"I think you're quite mad," said Husky with a grin when her tale was told. "It's about a hundred to one the child is dead already. That bush is full of lion and leopard, and I think the rest of us will get our throats cut if we try to penetrate the outlaws' country down by Magadi, but still if you're game I'm ready enough to stand in; who do you say is riding with Page-Porter?"

"Pero Pereira," she answered very low, and Husky was not sure whether a hot flush suffused her cheek or whether it was but the reflection of the leaping firelight that he saw.

"Is that dago back in this country?" he asked. "By gad, I don't much fancy any business he's mixed up in."

None the less, they mounted their horses and set out together as soon as the full moon rose in all its splendour, flooding the plains with golden light.

While the events already related were going forward at Bahari-kuu, others, of no less importance, were taking place in the Njema-Luango country and working up to a dual climax destined to have far-reaching results.

To the cave of the Witch-Woman of Maweri there came one night at the season of the new moon a tall, thin-featured man clad in a black, camel-hair robe.

The witch-woman crouched on her heels and regarded her visitor keenly across a small, smokeless fire that burnt in the mouth of the cave with a clear blue flame. For many minutes, during which a silent battle of wills endured, neither spoke. At last the man broke the heavy silence.

"I am Shadron, High Priest of the Red God," he said evenly, but there was a strain of sullenness in his tone, for he was not accustomed to bend his will to that of another.

The witch-woman inclined her head, but her eyes never left his face.

"What have I to do with you, Shadron, High Priest of the Red God, whose worship is dead in this land?" she asked. "I bear neither allegiance nor loyalty to you or your god. I, who am of the children of the Inkoos-i-zana-y-Zulu, the Chief-tainess-of-the-Heavens."

"And yet my father's father remembered an oath sworn by an old, old doctress who came hither many generations ago seeking shelter from her own people."

"Do the oaths of the dead bind the living?"

"The dead paid tribute for the Hut-by-the-Deep-Water and the living dwelt there."

"The hut is broken down. When the white man drove her out to die, the Red God did not protect that doctress who had sworn to serve him in return for his favor."

"Ill luck will fall upon this land if the spirit of the Red God's son that dwells in the Magic Mountain is not propitiated with sacrifice."

"The tribute shall be paid, but it shall be no sacrifice of human life. The hand of the white man is heavier than the Red God's wrath."

"We will go to the Magic Mountain," said Shadron calmly. "My people wait."

"It is a long safari and I must make preparation. We will start in two days' time. But, Shadron, neither the Little People nor your priests shall slay one single person as we go. If they do I will curse them with a curse stronger than your Red God's displeasure, for here his power is weak, but mine is strong. Let him remember this as he looks out for ever over the world from his high hill in the north."

"The Red God is powerful everywhere," said the priest proudly, "he carries his worship where he will."

"He must be careful," murmured the Witch-Woman of Maweri, half to herself, while a far away look stole into her eyes and Shadron fidgeted uneasily. "Sometimes I hear voices in the night and the sound of marching feet, let him remember that times change and power shifts from place to place, like a migrating bird at

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certain seasons. Such power as he has may remain his if he is content with the meat that shall be given him. If he asks for more, then shall he vanish for ever into darkness, aye, and the last of his priests and worshippers shall vanish with him. The black belly of the night is hungry for those who seek too much. I have spoken!"

Shadron rose quietly and left the witch-woman brooding above her smokeless fire.

In the thick, uninhabited forests of the Mau Escarpment, the witch-woman told Shadron it was her will that they should wait until a messenger she was expecting should arrive.

There they camped two days, and on the third morning a pygmy, unlike those who had accompanied Shadron's safari from the north, stood before the witch-woman's shelter of boughs and asked for speech with her.

"I am of the Batwa race of the Banyaruanda people, mother," he said. "Lwogera the Mwami of Ruanda sends you greeting and bids me say the sacred sheep awaits you at the place appointed."

The witch-woman did not speak, but waved her hand in dismissal. The pygmy paused for a moment, looking interestedly at his fellow dwarfs from the north; but he did not speak to them, and after a few moments spent in staring, turned and trotted off among the trees.

From that point onwards it seemed that the coming of the party was expected by, and its significance known to, the natives. These, when they could do so, took cover and remained in hiding until the safari was out of sight. Those who were caught unawares stood quite still with heads bent and hands folded upon their breasts, but each signed himself with the sign of the sickle moon before the hands were folded.

Shadron smiled a superior smile at this evidence that the worship of the old gods was not altogether dead in the land, but the Witch-Woman of Maweri, in the concealment of her litter, smiled for a different reason. Once she halted the safari and called a frightened native to her. She spoke with him for some moments and then summoned Shadron to her side.

"You must be careful what you do," she said. "There is a white God-man in these parts. I think it is he who sat in the chair of authority at Luango after you had slain the last lord—he who pursued you to the edge of the desert."

Shadron laughed unpleasantly.

"It is your affair, see you to it," he said. "It is you who still pay tribute for the Hut-by-the-Deep-Water."

"But the sacrifice shall be a beast of the field and no human being."

Again Shadron smiled.

"The Red God chooses his own meat," he answered contemptuously, and his fellow-priests and followers murmured their approval of this sentiment. The witch-woman lay back in her litter, and a brief smile of understanding lit up her countenance.

That the coming of the mysterious safari from the north was expected became still more abundantly evident when they reached the Magadi district, where it was said that the son of the Red God had made his home in the Magic Mountain. No birds sang in that eerie place, no beasts moved through the bush, and of human life there was no sign. Even the terrible outlaws of the Rift Valley, whose reputation was so evil, had taken themselves elsewhere for the time being.

AT last they caught a sound of bleating. A moment later, as they cleared a belt of trees, they came upon a large, white sheep, which bore upon its brow a black star, tethered at the edge of the fields of giant lobelia.

"It is the Red God's meat," exclaimed Shadron, but the witch-woman said nothing, only smiled that quick, all-comprehending smile of hers.

From this point they journeyed on, dragging the unwilling sheep with them. At last they came to the very lip of a crater, from which proceeded volumes of smoke, terrific rumblings and, occasionally, bursts of flame, that the prevailing wind bore away from them.

At a safe distance from the edge of the crater a rough altar had been built upon some far-off day, and from it a sort of chute sloped sharply to precipitate that which might be dropped from the altar into the everlasting fire of the volcano.

The witch-woman looked at the sky, she looked at the smoke, and she looked at the priests; but, in her own mind, she was making certain calculations of time.

"We will not sacrifice until the full moon is risen," she said, with an air of finality that there was no gainsaying; "meanwhile, let the sheep live."

She retired to the hut that her own servants had quickly made ready for her, and for the rest of that day seemed lost in contemplation. It was as though the weight of coming events pressed heavily upon her. Shadron came twice to her shelter, but she would not see him.

Later, and in utter darkness, broken occasionally by the red glow from the mouth of the volcano, they waited for her. The white sheep with the black star upon its forehead was caught between the knees of the high priest of the Red God. From time to time he ran his thumb along the keen edge of a crescent-shaped sacrificial knife.

Once in the darkness the sound of singing rose very softly from close at hand, then a vast cloud of smoke was belched up from the very bowels of the volcano; a great column of fire followed it, and from the very heart of that living fire the witch-woman seemed to come.

At the coming of the lady of the night the Witch-Woman of Maweri commenced to sing, but what that song was no man may say, for the words of it were in the lost-to-men, forgotten language of the first witch-doctors of the children of heaven, the great Zulu people.

As the witch-woman sang Shadron drew nearer and nearer to the altar, dragging the bleating sheep with him. When the song rose to a frenzied climax of triumph, the terrible old man's eyes flashed fire, the sacrificial knife fell unheeded from his hand as, with superhuman strength, he swung up the sacred sheep of Imana, prepared to hurl it living upon the altar of the Red God's worship.

That sacrifice was never consummated. Came a sudden shrill crying from the outer ring of darkness, the whistle of pygmy arrows, and a shriller cry of pain from Shadron as arrows transfixed both his wrists. The sheep fell from his nerveless hands, lay still a moment, stumbled to its feet and ran off bleating into the darkness whence the arrows had come.

A voice cried: "That which is Imana's returns to Imana."

Then followed silence, abysmal and complete; even the Red God's son in the depths of his volcano forbore his grumbling, until from the heart of that silence there grew the sound of a little child sobbing pitifully.

At that sound the Witch-Woman of Maweri wrapped her kaross about her and vanished into the darkness, unobserved of those who waited curiously to see what new wonder this night of mystery was about to yield up to them.

The moon rose higher, flooding all the mountain side with warm, yellow light, and into the path of the moonbeams stepped little Ruth Page-Porter, lonely and frightened, for she was lost in the unfriendly night.

The natives stared curiously at her, but no one offered to move until Shadron laughed fiercely.

"Said I not," he cried, " that the Red God would provide his own meat? Behold, it is young and tender and altogether good for the Red God's maw."

Ruth raised her head at the sound of that fierce voice, stark terror showed in her eyes and she turned to fly, but relentless hands closed upon her, tearing at her clothes and bearing her forward to the altar.

Even yet the surprises of that strange night were not altogether at an end. From the darkness came a gentle voice, speaking in the Swahili language with which all natives are familiar.

"My brothers, what do ye?"

Again it seemed that time stood still and waited an instant upon some great event.

Into the ring of light, thrown up from the volcano and enhanced by the golden redness of the moon, stepped Father Pierre of the Catholic Mission; a frail figure, clad in the long white robe of his order, and carrying in his left hand a great, white pith helmet.

"What do ye?" he asked again, but this time sternly. He knew, but made no sign, that a ring of hostile natives was closing in behind him.

"Go hence, white man," warned Shadron. "Our work is not with you. The Red God has chosen his own meat."

Father Pierre thought rapidly. He knew that persuasive eloquence and threats alike would count for naught with the savage priest of a dead faith, of which he himself had heard vague rumors. Conversion of the heathen was out of the question here; he sought only to save the child.

"A small god that will be satisfied with such a meal," he said, with a contemptuous glance at little Ruth, who lay unconscious at the feet of her captors.

"Perhaps you, who are the priest of another god, are prepared to take her place?" sneered Shadron, as he thumbed the sacrificial knife that he had now recovered.

"That way as well as another," smiled Father Pierre, "but how do I know that you will let the little maiden go if I consent to take her place?"

"You don't know," Shadron grinned back. "We will test your courage first; prove it and we will prove our faith to you."

"What do you need of me?" asked Father Pierre, coming a step nearer to the altar, upon which the high priest of the Red God was kindling a small fire.

"Bare your breast, white man," he breathed as the flames blazed up to lick the curved blade of the sacrificial knife he held above them. "No," he ordered, as two priests stepped forward to grasp Father Pierre's arms, "let him be. If he can bear the kiss of the hot steel without flinching, perhaps we will let him buy the little maiden's life—at a price."

The watching natives laughed, laughed heartily with contentment. This was great sport indeed, sport such as their fathers' fathers had spoken of, but they themselves had never seen. They craned forward eagerly as Father Pierre, the holy light of martyrdom blazing in his gentle eyes, opened his garments and held them back from the smooth white flesh of his breast, beneath which the palpitating heart beat visibly.

Shadron watched the knife-point until it glowed white in the heat of the flame; then, with the very essence of cruelty, he held the blade before Father Pierre's eyes until they blinked and the tears ran down his cheeks. Then, slowly, very slowly, he lowered it until the agonising edge cut into the tight-drawn flesh, that opened wide in a raw-edged wound—the shape of a crescent moon—as the knife travelled relentlessly on.

Great beads of agony started out on Father Pierre's brow, his lips moved in silent prayer, but his muscles remained rigid, and his calm eyes caught and held the cruel eyes of his torturer in a gaze of such serenity as must have come to him in his moment of agony direct from that Other who suffered and forgave on Calvary.

The knife fell from Shadron's hand, a great wonder dawned in his eyes. Then he remembered that he was the high priest of the Red God, this other the servant of another Master. He stepped back from the altar with a snarl of rage.

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"Bring that mark, his sign manual, to the Red God's table on the Red God's Hill," he raved, "and you shall have back the meat the Mungu Mekundu has chosen for himself."

He sprang forward to drag Ruth up to the altar, stumbled and almost fell. That saved his life, for there was a shout; a sharp explosion and a bullet went singing over his bent back. Shadron leaped for the shadows, and the other natives went after him.

Father Pierre swayed an instant on his feet, stumbled a step forward and fell unconscious, but with arms flung protectingly across little Ruth's still form. At the same moment, Maureen and Husky Hillier appeared from one belt of undergrowth, and Page-Porter, followed by Pereira, from another. The father and Maureen went at once to little Ruth, but Husky and the Portugese turned their attention to the Catholic missionary.

As he lay on his back they looked down at that queer, crescent-shaped wound upon his breast, then they looked deep into each other's eyes.

"I wonder, Pereira, if you could give a name to the devil who did that job?" queried Husky.

Pereira flushed a deep red under his bronze, and turned aside his eyes from the other man's penetrating gaze, which seemed to search his very soul.

"How should I know all the devil marks in this accursed country?" he growled. "Why should I recognise it any more than you?"

"Your safaris have travelled farther north than mine in a certain direction," answered Husky significantly. "I thought perhaps you knew."

A low whistle escaped him as he turned away; he stooped swiftly and picked up from the ground the curved sacrificial knife Shadron had let fall. He weighed it in his hand a moment, then held it out to Pereira.

"The knife that did the mischief is the same shape as the wound it inflicted. That's both strange and significant."

Pero held out his hand for the knife, but Husky shook his head. "I think not," he said. "There are all sorts of people in Nairobi, and at home in England, who'll be interested in this evidence of the survival of a very ancient form of nature worship combined with satanism."

Page-Porter turned to them with little Ruth held tight in his arms.

"Can you and Miss O'Malley between you get him down?" he said, nodding to the still form of Father Pierre, "or will you wait till Bert brings up the settlers? They're bound to be here soon, still every minute counts. I fancy, now that damnable witch-doctor we caught a glimpse of has gone and taken his bunch of devils with him, the outlaws'll be coming back pretty soon, and they're only about one degree less dangerous than the devil-worshippers themselves."

"We'll manage the padre all right," answered Husky, "but you'd better stick by us, Page-Porter. We had an easy enough passage coming up, but I wouldn't swear we won't have to fight our way down."

As it happened, the descent of the mountain was as uneventful as the ascent had been. The thoroughly frightened outlaws knew, in that mysterious manner known only to the African natives themselves, that many white men were coming as fast as swift horses could bear them. "Of a truth," they said one to another, "we shall repent it if we interfere with those who come down from the place of fire bearing their dead with them."

Thus it happened that Maureen and those with her came safely down to the plains, where they met Bert and the first commando of settlers he had gathered.

A rain of eager questions fell upon them, and men cursed furiously when they saw that terrible seal that the Red God's priest had set upon the missionary breast. Then they started in pursuit of Shadron, although, in truth, they had but the vaguest idea of the sort of native they were seeking, and Pereira went with them.

At Pero's departure Maureen heaved a great sigh of relief. She was not exactly ashamed of her engagement to him, but somehow it seemed that Husky Hillier represented a page from the life she had determined to forget, and it was not her will that he should have even a glimpse of the life that lay before her.

For one night Husky stopped at Bahari-kuu, in order that he might talk with Ruth when she was sufficiently recovered, but from her he learned next to nothing. Father Pierre was perhaps a trifle more helpful, in that he was able to give a fairly accurate description of the man who had mutilated him, and also was able to say that that man had spoken of Ruth as "the Red God's meat" specially chosen for himself by the Red God.

"The Red God, Mungu Mekundu?" said Husky speculatively. "There's trouble brewing. We always hear rumors of this same Red God before some section of the natives cuts loose. Will you come down to Nairobi with me and see the Governor?"

At Nairobi, however, they found that Sir Oscar Haviland had been summoned home to an important conference in London, and that the reins of government were temporarily in the hands of a lesser man, who was totally unprepared to take any action on the unsupported testimony of a wandering big-game hunter and a crafty Jesuit, as he, himself a staunch dissenter, designated the Roman Catholic missionary.

CHAPTER 10.

WHEN Pereira told Maureen that he had a decent shamba up at Makonda, he spoke no less than the truth—from his own case-hardened, frontiersman's point of view. He was rich, it must be remembered, and a great hunter of big game. It did not matter to him whether or not the farm was a paying proposition, so long as it was in the big-game country. Personal comfort was of no account, and he never entertained, for the white population of British East Africa would have no truck with him—since a certain time when he had been tried for murder, and should have been hanged, but had got off with a heavy fine of several thousand rupees.

It was a particularly brutal case, in which a native had been flogged nearly to death, revived by many immersions in the icy water of a river, and thereafter flogged and flogged again until he had died. An attempt had been made to dispose of the body, but someone had informed Dirk Renton, the district commissioner, of the matter, and he had taken it up at once. There was only native evidence against Pereira, however, and the courts were not fully satisfied that he should be convicted upon the capital charge. The settlers and Government officials were in no doubt, however, and the Portuguese was, therefore, socially ostracised. Maureen had never heard this tale chiefly because, beyond the Page-Porters, she had met no one who would care to repeat it to her.

After the trial in Nairobi, Pereira had retired still farther into the wilds, and had established a small shamba and large hunting preserves close to a forbidding stretch of wild country, eminently suited to the requirements of the semi-nomadic Masai, but unsuited for white settlement, with the exception of the small strip where he had located himself. This was not far from a brackish lake called by the natives Ndege Nyanza, the Bird Lake. Over its waters and round its guano-covered shores, myriads of aquatic birds screamed and chattered, or rose into the air in scurrying clouds at the approach of man.

Pereira, upon his return with the settlers from their fruitless pursuit of Shadron and his followers, had urged that the marriage should take place at once, and there had been a quiet, uninspired ceremony at a little mission. Then had come the long journey up-country to Makonda, the decent shamba of which Pereira had spoken. It seemed afterwards to Maureen that her sensibilities and feelings must have been dormant from the time that they had returned to Bahari-kuu with the rescued Ruth until she found herself riding at her husband's side along the narrow native road that led to his shamba, and picking her way carefully down its wheel-rutted course. Subconsciously, she had expected something better, something more imposing than this sorry collection of grass huts that hugged the side of the hill, as if fearful that the first storm of wind would tear them from their frail foundations.

Pereira kept his ammunition and stores in a tin shanty at the base of the hill. Higher up the hillside were two larger huts, one for living, the other for sleeping quarters. Each was approximately twenty feet long by fifteen feet broad, and built entirely in the native fashion with roughly trimmed uprights supporting the ridge-pole. The roof and sides grass-thatched over loosely interlaced branches. The windows were innocent of glass and "diamond-paned" with white sticks. The doors were merely undressed zebra skins slung across the framed openings. The floors, made from cow-dung stamped hard by native feet, were covered with rich ylon and leopard skins, spoils of Pereira's hunting trips. The furniture was all the work of native fundis.

Maureen learned that the big double-bed in the sleeping hut had been specially made for her home-coming. It was a splendid specimen of native carving, but crude and horrible in its conception. The head and foot posts represented naked native men and women, from whose outstretched arms hung wooden snakes, which formed the rails. The sides of the bed were carved to represent alligators.

Crude though the furniture was, Maureen made no objection to it, but she had much to say when she discovered that the grass walls, through which the wind whistled and the dust-devils danced, were infested with rats and that those same rodents attracted many snakes, as horrible as that awful black mamba she had seen upon the road from Naivasha to Bahari-kuu.

In those first days after their arrival at Makonda the fires of passion had not yet burned low in Pereira, and he had, therefore, acquiesced instantly when his wife had asked if it would not be possible to have erected a proper bungalow, such as the Page-Porters and other prosperous farmers lived in.

A letter had been despatched to Nairobi that very same day, the work had been put in hand at once, and now Maureen reclined in a long, teak-wood chair upon the verandah of her new home, which the quick-growing African creepers were already beginning to clothe with glorious blossoms.

Had she been wise to escape servitude by marriage with Pero Pereira? She began to wonder. At first he had been all tender consideration and thoughtfulness; then the flames of his passion had blazed up, searing them both and driving the girl almost frantic with outraged terror. Afterwards he had been apologetic and abjectly anxious to please; Maureen, conscious that she had come unloving into marriage and with a despairing desire to make the best of things, had tried to set their relations on a basis of normal friendliness, but without avail. The physical contact of marriage

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was complete, but at no point was the mental union, which alone spells happiness, possible.

Maureen liked the natives well, particularly the quaint old Nandi house-boy, Kipkirin, and her own toto, Kathuka, whom she had engaged in Nairobi and who had been with her ever since. She seemed to have a genius for getting on with all colored people, even the surly Masai who came often to the shamba to trade with her husband, or with the strange Suk people who came south, each wearing a curious pendant of glass or agate attached to the lower lip, and clothed only in leather capes and feathered head-dresses.

Pereira found her, lovely as a picture, when he stepped soft-footed on to the verandah. For a long moment he, deeming her asleep, gazed and gazed as the fires of passion kindled and flamed in his eyes. Some sixth sense warned Maureen. She opened her eyes, half struggled to her feet, shrinking from the personal contact.

Pereira told her quite callously that he was going on safari for some weeks.

"I'm leaving Kipkirin to help you run the house. Kalua, the mnyampara, will oversee the shamba boys. You'll be quite all right."

Maureen looked at him, shook a little, and was upon the point of telling him that she was rather afraid of being left entirely alone to the management of the uncivilised natives on the shamba, natives whom she knew to have scant respect for a white woman when their blood was up. Then a revulsion of feeling against Pereira's animal passion swept over her and she bit back the unspoken words.

"All right, Pero. I'll manage somehow," she answered indifferently.

Next morning Maureen went outside to find a number of camels and a donkey waiting with a group of natives, such as she had not seen before, in attendance. They were sturdy, compactly built men of medium height, vigorous and purposeful, with pleasant, chocolate-brown faces, broad nosed, firm of mouth, and high cheekboned. Their features were clean cut and undisfigured by the cuts and tattoo marks to which most Africans have recourse.

"Pero," called Maureen, "who are these strange men, and why are there camels here?"

He turned round from the native, to whom he was giving instructions, to sneer at her.

"Very interested in me this morning, aren't you? If you must know, those fellows are Wanyamweed—safari porters from German East and the best men in Africa at their job. I was lucky to get hold of them. And I want the camels for crossing that desert land between here and Njema Nkubwa, where the waterholes aren't too plentiful."

"That mountain, Njema Nkubwa? Why are you going there?"

"That's got nothing whatever to do with you," he answered, rudely indifferent to her feelings.

He walked away, carrying his early morning temper with him, and a few minutes later she heard a sharp scream of pain from an old kakoos, who winced from the cruel hippo-hide whip he laid wantonly across her bare shoulders.

A month ago she would have interfered instantly, but she learned her lesson then when, after she had remonstrated with him for his brutality, he had made her witness such a flogging as had turned her sick with horror at the time, and whose memory still haunted her when she lay sleepless at night. Presently she heard him shout, "Bandika! Load up!" and the Kathuka brought round the red stallion, which Page-Porter and his wife had insisted she should accept as a wedding gift after the rescue of Ruth.

The porters formed their red blankets into k'atas, or head-rings, on to which they hoisted their sixty-pound loads. The camels, already laden and roped together, got to their feet and moved off after their little lead-donkey.

Maureen sat staring after her husband, until the bush had swallowed the whole safari. The man was an absolute enigma, utterly indifferent to her for whole weeks on end, then wildly, passionately affectionate for a few hours or a few days. In one particular only did he never vary, and that was in his utter brutality to the wretched natives who came under his sway. Quite recently she had learned his native nickname; it was "Bwana Mkali," "The Hard Master."

There had been many times of late when the mere presence of Pereira had driven her nearly frantic; but now that he had gone off, apparently without a thought for her safety or comfort, she half wanted him back. She pottered aimlessly about the gardens and fields of the shamba, rode the schimmel again, and talked to her dogs. Lunch-time, tea, and supper came and went, and at last the long day was done. She sat for a while on the verandah, but the soft darkness did not bring peace. The night was filled with stealthy terror. She heard animals slinking about in the garden surrounding the bungalow; time and again her dogs got uneasily to their feet with hackles rising; weird birds flew crying plaintively overhead and, far off, she heard the muffled roar of many native drums; the mosquitoes seemed more than usually active and at last drove her indoors. There the soft-footed padding of the native house-boys and the swish of their khanzoos irritated her beyond bearing. At last she heard a door softly closed and, from the utter silence that ensued, she gathered that the last native had departed to his quarters. She was alone in the bungalow now except for her dogs.

She went round and carefully bolted every window and door, and even took the precaution of fastening the trap that led to the cellars.

At last she was in bed, and the mosquito curtains tucked in all round gave her a momentary sense of security, in which she fell asleep. Later she was awakened by a shattering roar and felt instantly that all the wild was crouched, belly-flat to earth, rigid with terror beneath the menace of that mighty voice. She lay still, listening, but the roar was not repeated. Presently movement began again. She was painfully aware of creatures—perhaps men—moving stealthily beyond the mosquito-proof wire-mesh that protected the window. The sound of something that snuffed and blew once or twice close at hand drove her almost frantic and sent her hand feeling for the heavy revolver beneath her pillow; then, quite suddenly, a sense of security possessed her. She had had that curious feeling of being protected once before in Ireland, and again as she climbed the Magic Mountain with Husky Hillier. It was as if a warm, comforting hand were seeking and finding hers in the darkness.

She lay there, awaiting she knew not what manifestation, but filled with quiet hope, although her limbs still trembled from time to time, until presently she fell asleep and dreamed that her head was pillowed once more on kind Old Nannie's breast.

She awoke to find Kipkirin and Kathuka hammering on the outer doors of the bungalow, telling her that her tea was cold and asking should they make her some more. She laughed, half hysterically, as she bade them do so, and plunged into the bath that her boy had made ready overnight.

That day, as she roamed a part of the shamba that was close to the edge of the bush, she came across an isolated, well-concealed hut she had not seen before, and at the door of which squatted a surly-looking Masai olmoran nursing a long-bladed spear.

She asked him what he did there, but received only a mumbled answer, somewhat more surly than the fellow's appearance, and, not speaking his language very well, she was unable to press her questions. She approached the hut, but the olmoran rose with threatening spear held ready, and Maureen was wise enough to realise the folly of trying to enforce her w"l in such circumstances. It was evident that the man was strong in the knowledge of his authority, otherwise he would never have dared thus to deny the wife of the Bwana Mkali.

As Maureen turned away a clear, bird-like voice spoke to her:

"Greeting, chieftainess, the time is very near for us to talk."

A strange, warm glow pervaded all Maureen's being, but she did not answer, for she saw that the Masai was regarding her closely, and she did not wish to rouse his evil temper further.

"Kipkirin, come here," she called directly she reached the bungalow. "What is this hut at the edge of the pori over which a Masai olmoran stands guard, and who is the woman held prisoner therein?"

The old Nandi's eyes goggled, his hands shook, and he was obviously about to deny all knowledge of the matter, when Maureen took him up sharply.

"Don't trouble to lie to me," she said. "I have both seen the hut and heard the woman speak."

"Oh, bibi, bad luck will come of this," the man stammered. "The bwana, your husband, has had many goats and much cattle die lately, and yesterday, after the safari had gone but a little way, he came upon the Witch-Woman of Mawerl, close to the grazing grounds. And in her hands were bunches of the ol-dule, which it is death for goats or horses to eat, and dead tulip leaves such as kill the cattle. The master sent her back here a prisoner; when he comes home she will be kibokoed, perhaps hanged, who knows?"

"But she cannot be punished without proper trial."

"The master is all powerful. No man dare cross him in his anger. The woman will suffer."

"Let me see her, Kipkirin. I must hear what she has to say about these matters."

"Bibi, I dare not, the master would kill me."

"Nonsense, I will answer to him for you."

The native was not easily to be moved, but Maureen was curiously set upon seeing and talking with the witch-woman, and—she was not Irish for nothing.

At last the Nandi gave way, and, as dusk was falling, he accompanied her to the hut from which, with the aid of Kathuka, he had succeeded in luring the Masai olmoran for the moment.

In fear and trembling he unbarred the door and handed to Maureen the lamp, which she lit the moment the door had closed behind her. By its light she saw a small woman of a type unfamiliar to her, a woman who rose as she entered and stood clad in a rich fur kaross which, clasped carelessly at the throat, did not hide the beauty of her slight figure. Her features were small and regular, her lips quite thin, the nose aquiline, and eyes of a curious tawny shade; soft curls crimped close to her shapely, uplifted little head.

"Welcome, chieftainess. I was waiting for you," she said quietly.

For a moment she regarded Maureen with strange, searching eyes, then she spoke slowly, in distinct Swahili, but with a peculiar accent:

"The burden men place upon us women is a heavy one; but there is no man dare impose his will upon me, for I am from the south, a woman of the Wachawi—the wizard folk—a woman of the line of the doctors of the Inkoos-i-zana-y-Zulu, initiate of the mysteries from birth. A rain-maker am I, a groan-maker, a seer in whose hands lie happiness for some and death for others, and in whose heart the secrets of the future are hid."

"And what of this present charge against you? What of the ol-dule and dried tulip leaves that were found in your hands?"

"Pah! I had but gathered them to hang up, according to custom, as a warning that the beasts should not be pastured where such poisons grow. And for that the Bwana Mkali, who is a fool, would have me beaten. Me, who am a wise woman,

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a great doctress, gifted with power to blast him if I will. But there shall be no need, for thou wilt set me free, chieftainess, for that it is in thy mind to do at this very instant."

Instinctively Maureen's heart went out to this small, beautiful woman, who stood so proudly before her, with head held high and flashing eyes. She knew, though, for all her brave words, that the native was too frail to be allowed to come beneath the cruel hippo-hide whips. She turned to the door and called Kipkirin.

"I am going to release this woman," she said. "She has done no harm."

"For the love of Allah think well before you do this thing, bibi," he answered, laying a black hand upon her arm in his eagerness. "The bwana will be like a devil unleashed, if he returns to find the witch-woman gone. He will most certainly kill the Masai, who was set to guard her, and what he will do to the rest of us, Allah, the all merciful, alone can tell."

"The Masai will take himself out of harm's way fast enough, when he returns to find his prisoner gone," said Maureen quietly. "And go you back to the bungalow now, so that if need be, you can swear upon the Koran that you saw naught of this matter. I alone will bear the blame—if blame there be. You have nothing to fear."

"Amri yako! It is your order," answered Kipkirin. "But do not tell the bwana you let the witch-woman go, for in his wrath he is very terrible."

Maureen waited a few minutes until Kipkirin was well clear before she turned back to the interior of the hut, where the Witch-Woman of Maweri still stood in the same serenely patient attitude.

"I know something of your history," she said, "for I, also, dwelt once at Baharikuu."

"Vengeance broods like a black cloud above the house that stands now upon the Hill-by-the-Deep-Water," answered the native woman. "But fear not, chieftainess. Your fate is set upon another Hill and your thoughts also."

Maureen had hardly realised the import of the words before the witch-woman walked confidently past her and out through the open door. For a moment it seemed that no word of gratitude was to be spoken, since the native held straight on her way to the fringes of the bush that stood out in sharp, black silhouette against the flaming amber glory of the evening sky. The light faded rapidly; a low whistle echoed from the vicinity of the thick mimosa thorn-bush, against which the witch-woman had halted. She stood, half turned about, and waited.

As Maureen peered towards her, puzzled to pick her figure out against that black background, it seemed that a weird phosphorescent glow illumined the woman's limbs, almost as if the corpse light grew upon her living body, or as if, perhaps, the light of the spirit shone through the walls of the flesh. The witch-woman flung up her arms in a wide gesture that lifted the skin kaross from her limbs—clear, distinct as the call of a bird, came the liquid notes of her voice out of the darkness:

"There is no prison that could have held me for long, me, a woman of the wizard folk. But you, chieftainess, have given me freedom before I needs must take it for myself. And for this I say to you courage, though the tracks ahead be full of sorrow, trouble and shame; courage, chieftainess, for I shall be near you, and beyond you lies the Hill where happiness awaits you and to which I alone know the road; courage! Hamba gachle! Go in peace!"

Maureen stared intently for many minutes, but the pool of mystic light in which the Witch-Woman of Maweri had seemed to stand had vanished, and she with it; and with her going the curtain of night had fallen completely. But still the Irish girl waited spell-bound, until the voice of Kipkirin, calling "Bibi, where are you? Bibi, it is dangerous for you to stay here after darkness has fallen," aroused her. She shivered and turned back to face another night alone in the bungalow.

CHAPTER 11

PEREIRA returned from his mysterious expedition in a mood of black rage that threw an instant gloom over everyone at Makonda.

The copper water-tanks his camels carried had burst, beasts had died by the way, the trade goods he had taken up had proved unacceptable to the natives, a ground hornbill had flown across the line of march in a certain manner the third day out, and the Wanyamwezi porters had refused to go farther until certain other portents had been fulfilled. To all Pereira's frantic ravings and adjurations to get forward, unless they wished to die of thirst in the stony desert, the headman had replied stoically "E hapana dasturi: It is not the custom," and forty-eight hours' delay had been occasioned thereby. Finally, all the circumstances combined had forced Pereira to turn back without reaching his destination and with his purpose unfulfilled.

Maureen suffered much upon his return. He was, by turns, fulsomely attentive or brutally indifferent, and nothing she did seemed either to please or satisfy him. For the natives it was a period of absolute hell; floggings and fines followed each other in quick succession; and now a new phase entered into the life of those who lived at the shamba.

The physical expression of his rage upon the wretched natives was, apparently, not enough for the Portuguese. He was working himself up for still greater mischief, and drinking steadily the while, drinking cheap, fiery spirits which, in that tropical environment, were driving him rapidly to the verge of madness. Every night now the boy would bring out a full decanter and set it down upon a coffee-stool at his master's elbow, and Pereira would sit sip, sip, sipping, hour by hour, until his glazed eyes, that never seemed to leave Maureen's face for any instant, closed in sleep and, with superhuman effort, she half dragged half carried him to bed. Her old courage seemed to be slipping away from her since his return; at nights she lay awake in wide-eyed terror, fearful lest he should kill her if she slept, and yet with a dim, half-formed wonder if the last, long sleep of all would not be better than the living horror of her days. Pereira ceased his bout of drunkenness as suddenly as he had begun it. Thereafter he went about cold-eyed, more cruel than ever, and shaking like a man in the grip of malaria.

One evening he failed to return to the shamba at dusk; Maureen dispatched Kalua, the mnyampara, and several of the shamba boys, to look for their master. When they returned without him she went to bed.

Next morning he was seated at the breakfast-table when she entered the dining-room, but during the meal he spoke hardly at all. Later she discovered that Kipkirin was missing. She called Kathuka and questioned him closely:

"Bibi," he answered evasively, "Kipkirin is sick."

"Of what nature is his sickness?"

"I think it is catching, bibi," the Akamba replied, wriggling his shoulders and looking extremely uncomfortable.

Maureen regarded him closely for a moment.

"You're hiding something from me, Kathuka. But you may speak openly, no harm shall befall you."

"Bibi, I dare not!"

"Nonsense. Where is Kipkirin?"

"In his hut, bibi, but do not try to see him. It will but anger the Bwana Mkali more."

"So that's it, is it?" said Maureen to herself and in English. To Kathuka she said quietly:

"Very well, get me my hat. I am going for a walk."

"Do not go, bibi," he pleaded. "The master is very dangerous since he came back disappointed from the treasure hunt. Yesterday he remembered the Witch-Woman of Maweri and went to see her. She had gone, and the olmoran who guarded her also, but someone told the master that Kipkirin had been seen near the hut. He has paid for going there, but he has told nothing."

Pereira had ridden off to a distant part of the shamba when Maureen left the bungalow. Outside Kipkirin's hut she paused a moment to listen to the poor fellow's incessant moaning. She entered and found him stretched upon a low kitanda. Nothing at all had been done to alleviate his sufferings, since none of the other natives had dared to come near him for fear of Pereira's anger.

At sight of his mistress he started up on his elbow.

"Go away quickly, bibi," he whispered. "If the Bwana Mkali finds you here, Allah alone knows what will happen."

For answer Maureen set down her basket, took out a bottle of milk and made him drink. Then she forced him to let her examine his back. It was flayed to a pulp where the cruel hippo-hide whip had bitten deep into the brown flesh. She took lint, ointment, and bandages from her basket, and was about to dress the man's injuries when a slight sound caused her to turn swiftly. The Witch-Woman of Maweri stood in the doorway.

"Greeting, chieftainess," she said. "I had word of what has been done here, and am come to attend to this man."

"You must go away again at once," answered Maureen. "The Bwana Pereira is doing all he can to find out how you escaped; if he catches you now no one can say what he may do."

"He will not harm me," answered the little woman indifferently as she moved over to the bed. She took from beneath her fur kaross a skin bag well filled with very pungent leaves. These she placed in an old tin that she found in a corner of the hut, added a little water from time to time, and finally ground the whole mass to a sticky, strong-smelling paste. Directly this dressing was applied to his back the Nandi uttered a long sigh of relief, closed his eyes, and turned over with his face to the wall.

"He will sleep now," said the witch-woman, "and, by night, his wounds will be almost healed. Fear not for me, chieftainess, if the Bwana Mkali should know of my coming, nor fear for yourself, since none will tell him that I have spoken with you. But let him fear for himself," she raised her arm and pointed to the native on the bed. "For this and for all the others he has beaten shall vengeance fall upon the bwana, but not for this alone. There be other things, chieftainess, things hidden from you for which he shall go in fear of the day, the night, of himself even, until the time is set and his doom sealed and the vengeance of the Mungu Mekundu falls upon him at last; he stands between two gods."

She flung her kaross round her, slipped like a snake from the hut, and was gone before Maureen had time to say a word.

It was late afternoon before Pereira returned to the bungalow. Maureen was inside, seeing that Kathuka laid the table properly, when her husband rode up and shouted for a boy to take his horse. He stamped into the room, flung his sun-helmet and kiboko on to the sideboard, and poured himself a stiff "sundowner."

Maureen watched him for a moment, fully determined that the time for speech had come, but at a loss to know how to begin.

"Pero," she said at last, "there's some-

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thing I feel I must speak about; I want you to listen to me as patiently as you can."

"Well, what is it?" he snapped, with the glass raised halfway to his lips.

"Oh, I know you'll tell me to mind my own business and leave you to get on with yours in your own way, but I know this. The beatings and all the other things that go on here are absolutely shameful, and you'd be severely punished for your hand in them if word of what's happening reached the proper authorities."

"By God, but you go too far," he snarled. "We're right off the beaten track here, and who d'you think is to know what I choose to do? Or perhaps you intend to turn informer. Is that the game, eh?"

She clenched her fists and looked him straight in the eyes.

"Yes, I would turn informer, as you term it, if the need arose, but be reasonable, Pero. Remember that natives come and go."

"Do they? And who, pray, has left the shamba lately?"

"A certain Masai olmoran, if I am not much mistaken."

"What d'you know about the olmoran?"

"Very little; but I know that you've half-killed Kipkirin because of a certain prisoner the Masai allowed to escape."

"The Witch-Woman of Maweri. It never entered my head you'd know anything about that shauri, but I can promise you that the man who peached will get a hell of a sight worse hiding than was given to Kipkirin."

Maureen had never funked her fences in the old fox-hunting days, and now her jaw set but a little more squarely, her eyes seemed but a trifle braver.

"Suppose there was no need for anyone to tell me. Suppose that I let the witch-woman go?"

"Madre de Dios, but you would never dare."

"And why not? The woman told me her story, proved that she but intended to hang up the ol-dule and dried tulip leaves as a warning, and, when I was satisfied of her innocence I set her free."

She had vindicated her sense of duty, and now faced him, white, but unafraid, as he poured upon her a stream of filthy invective, words such as she had never dreamed that any man could utter before a woman. Even when he swung back the kiboko across his shoulder and moved threateningly upon her she did not flinch. She waited, a regal figure, for the blow to fall, but a sharp exclamation cut like a whip-lash across the tense silence:

"Master!"

Kipkirin had entered unobserved.

Pereira, half afraid to strike Maureen, swung round, a devil unleashed, upon the inoffensive Nandi:

"What in hell do you want?" he raged as he cut ineffectually at him with the whip.

"Master, the Bwana Renton is here. He wishes to see you."

The kiboko fell from Pereira's hand. He took a cigarette from the box on the sideboard, and tried to light it with trembling fingers. Then he turned to Maureen:

"Clear out of here. I've plenty more to say to you, my lady, but it will keep until I've settled with this cursed Englishman." He swung round upon the staring Nandi. "Show him in then, you flaming pumbafu. What the hell are you standing about there for?"

Pereira wondered, uneasily, how much Renton had heard of his stormy interview with Maureen, and hastened to kick the kiboko under the table, but the action did not escape the observant commissioner, as the other came forward with hand outstretched.

"Hallo, Mr. Renton," said Pereira, ingratiatingly, "we were all delighted to hear of your return to the district. But what brings you up here just now?"

Renton shoved his own hands deeper into the pockets of his tattered shorts, then with the toe of his boot raked the heavy hippo-hide whip into full view:

"That's what I've come to see you about, Pereira," he observed tersely.

The Portuguese wavered a moment, then began to bluster.

"I don't understand you. How can you have come to see me about so small a thing as a kiboko?"

Renton pulled a cigarette from the cartridge pocket of his bush-blouse and lit it.

"There have been far too many natives flogged and otherwise ill-treated on this shamba of late. For example, your house-boy, who announced me, still bears upon his body the marks of your brutality."

"He told you that?"

"Oh, no, I have my own intelligence service."

"Black men. Niggers, eh?"

"Why, yes, but you should know that the term 'niggers' is never applied by us to the African natives."

"And that is your chivalry. To set a native to spy upon a white man. That is your much-vaunted English public schoolboy spirit, is it? Well, I don't think much of it."

"Don't you, though? Well, your opinion doesn't worry me much for, to be frank with you. I don't think you're much of an authority upon such matters. They're best understood by 'white men,' you know."

Pereira half rose from his chair, but the look in Renton's eyes quelled him. He controlled himself with an effort.

"What's the object of all this talk?" he said at last.

"Simply that these floggings have got to cease, or else the matter will be reported to His Excellency the Governor."

Pereira fidgeted with the arms of his chair and fought down the forceful rejoinder that sprang to his lips. He knew that he stood back to the wall and that one word from Renton would unleash all the forces of Government House against him. There was silence while he turned over and over in his mind what was the best line to take. At last he got up, shook himself and faced Renton. Out of the tail-end of his eye he caught sight of the flash of Maureen's white frock as she passed across the verandah. A sudden impulse seized him:

"Here, Maureen, come in here. This is Mr. Renton, the district commissioner. He says the kiboko is used far too freely on this shamba."

Renton rose and threw down his cigarette. He stared a moment at the girl in amazement, as his eyes fixed themselves upon the wedding ring she wore. He had heard of Pereira's marriage, but had never dreamed that Maureen O'Malley might be the bride, he did not even know they had ever met. He had, moreover, thought that she had returned to Ireland long since. With an effort he mastered his emotions and bowed formally.

"Really, my good Pereira," he said, "it's hardly a matter in which this lady need concern herself. The issue rests between you and myself. I've told you that the flogging of the natives upon this shamba must be modified, and that's all there is to it. I'm off now."

He rose, walked towards the door and bowed courteously to Maureen. A moment later he vanished into the gathering darkness, followed by Pereira.

Maureen stood still in the doorway long after they had passed out of the ring of lamplight on the verandah. She could hear her husband's voice, ingratiating, placating, almost servile in its tones to the all-powerful district commissioner. She heard Renton's curt, monosyllabic answers. Then there was silence.

She went to her room. Outstretched on the bed, her face close pressed into the pillows, she sought vainly to check the hot, passionate tears that stung her eyes.

CHAPTER 12.

IN the ordinary course of events and despite the few brief, bitter words between them, Dirk would undoubtedly have accepted Pereira's invitation to spend the night at Makonda. It was the sight of Maureen and the knowledge that she was actually married to the dago that took the wind completely out of his sails, and made it impossible for him to stay in the same house with her, until he had readjusted his outlook upon life, and settled his future attitude towards Pereira and his wife.

He rode slowly back through the forest to where his safari was waiting, gave curt orders to the naive sergeant of police to make camp and post sentries, then turned into the tent that his personal boys had pitched with lightning rapidity the moment they knew that it was their master's intention to camp for the night.

In the quiet hush of the bush, in the quietness that is not disturbed by the myriad noises of the African night, and made but more beautiful by the plaintive, subdued singing of the caravan porters crouched beside their fires, Dirk sat in the lamp-lit tent and brooded.

He knew now that he had been wrong to leave Nairobi without again seeing Maureen after that one brief interview at the station, when he had broken to her the news of her brother's death. He knew that his error was a fatal one, and that he would regret it all the rest of his life. He had believed the girl a great heiress and, as such, set her far beyond his reach. Now he shrewdly suspected that poverty had driven her into the African wilds as the wife of Pereira. At the thought of that lovely, indescribably pure, Irish girl at the mercy of an unutterable dago, a red mist swam before Renton's eyes, and his hand rested unconsciously upon the butt of the revolver in its holster at his hip.

"God," he muttered, clasping and unclasping his hands, "to think of all I might have given her, if I had only known, if I had only known."

That night his dreams were troubled with vain regrets for the might have been; at the coming of dawn he banished all such thoughts resolutely from his mind, as he busied himself with breakfast and the affairs of his small safari.

Towards mid-morning they came in sight of Luango. The usual busy spectacle was to be seen. People coming and going, buying and selling in the Soko; litigants squatted outside the Court House awaiting the return of the commissioner to compose their differences; and everywhere as Dirk passed the natives smiled at him and murmured to each other, "Bwana Ret! e Baba y'Afric kwell," which, being interpreted, means "The Bwana Renton is truly the father of Africa." He heard their quiet praises with pleasure, looked round upon his handiwork and found it good.

"After all, there are more things in life than the love of women," he told himself, as he rode up the hill. He looked towards the council and dance ground in front of his offices and there saw groups of police and a great concourse of natives assembled. They were squatted upon the ground in a half-circle, and each man's spear was struck into the ground behind him.

Renton glanced at the sun as he turned his horse towards the Government buildings. He had convened a council of chiefs for that day, and had arrived a few moments before the time appointed for the commencement of the shauri.

The tribes he now controlled had always been truculent and difficult to deal with.

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but his mastery over them was clearly demonstrated by the scene that followed.

Dirk swung himself out of the saddle, threw his reins to a police orderly and walked across to the open-fronted hut where a Hindu clerk awaited him by the side of a bare table. The commissioner seated himself and tapped upon the table with the Turk's-head knob of his kiboko, to indicate that he was ready to attend to the business that had brought the chiefs together.

"The eyes of the Serkali are upon Njema-Luango," he said, "those who sit in authority desire to know what is troubling the people. You, O chiefs, can say if you will." He paused a moment, waiting, but no one spoke. "If you will not tell me I shall find out for myself," he said, "and those who are guilty will be punished for the trouble they cause me." Again he waited, and the chiefs stirred uneasily as they squatted on their heels.

For a time he reasoned with them, trying always to get them to air their views. At length one asked:

"Master, why do white men trouble the old gods? If they are angered they will come back and the land run red with blood."

"Why do you ask that question, Busako? Who do you think has angered the old gods?"

"Master, all things are known to you," answered Busako smugly, "who am I to put words in your mouth?"

From that point Renton led the talk slowly away from the subject of the uneasiness that he felt was afflicting his people. From the brief words and questions of Majilua and Busako he had learned all that he wanted to know. Now he turned the thoughts of the chiefs to their own domestic affairs. It was not his wish that they should leave Luango with thoughts of the other matter fresh in their minds. Also, he asked their opinions upon matters of husbandry and taxation in the district.

One after another the chiefs got to their feet and stated their views, aired their grievances, or made their requests. Dirk, lounging back in his chair, listened with patience to them all—though some of them were very long-winded indeed. Then he spoke for perhaps five minutes, concluding with the words:

"Basai! Shauri kwisha kabisa!" ("That will do. The business is completely finished!")

Thereupon the chiefs rose, saluted the commissioner, and walked over to the market-place to join those who had accompanied them to Luango for the great shauri.

Dirk, meanwhile, walked across to his bungalow and passed straight through to the bedroom, where his boy had already laid out clean clothes and made ready the bwana's bath in a small dressing-room opening off the bedroom. He brought coffee and cigarettes while Renton was dressing, and announced that lunch was ready as soon as he should have completed his toilet.

He could not banish the memory of those weary, fear-ridden eyes with which the lovely Irish girl had regarded her dago husband, as she stood in the doorway of the bungalow at Makonda; obviously impelled to tell the truth but held back from so doing by many considerations, of which Dirk believed fear to be the least.

"Hang it all!" he exclaimed, as he swung himself out of the chair, "I must be getting sentimental through living so much alone, if the first sight of pretty girl, who has obviously had a tiff with her husband, is going to turn me into some sort of a knight errant."

Despite his common-sense resolve to banish the matter completely from his mind, however, it seemed that Maureen and the state of things at Makonda were seldom absent from the district commissioner's thoughts in the weeks that followed. At last he persuaded himself that it was really his duty to go over and see how Pereira was behaving. He was, after all, he told himself, responsible for the welfare of the natives, both on the shambas and elsewhere; besides, he wanted to see if that uneasiness he had sensed had yet subsided in the outland parts of his district.

When he reached Makonda, Maureen was seated upon the verandah, with a piece of untouched sewing in her lap and her unhappy eyes gazing out unseeing towards the far hills.

"Hullo, Mrs. Pereira," he called, "I happened to be this way, so thought I'd best look you up."

Maureen started to her feet with a low, glad cry of welcome. It was such a very blessed relief to her to have the chance of talking to one of her own kind, if only for a few brief minutes.

"Pero's out somewhere on the shamba," she said, "but he'll be back by lunch time. Let one of the boys take your horse and come along in. Kipkirin will get you a drink. What shall it be: whisky?"

"Not at this time of day. A lemon squash's safer, you know."

Dirk, despite his dozen years of lonely sojourning in the African wilds, had not lost the trick of conversation. He talked well, and gradually the carefree atmosphere of her old life reasserted itself. Time and again her clear, girlish laughter, which had been silent too long, rang out, and her eyes sparkled, as Dirk spoke thrillingly of some more than usually fine run he had enjoyed with the Woodland Pytchley before he had left England, or during his brief periods of leave spent at home.

"D'you know, Mrs. Pereira," he laughed, "I used to ride unbacked devils for horse-copers, rather than miss hunting, one time, when I was particularly hard up."

"Oh, but everyone does that sort of thing in Ireland,' she answered. "You mayn't be able to keep your head above water financially, but you must hunt or else go under for ever. I'm afraid that's why daddy came to such terrible grief in the end."

Renton recently had half suspected that some such financial disaster had sent this charming, big-hearted Irish girl out to Africa to join her brother. In another minute, doubtless, he would have had the whole story, but at that moment Pereira, wearing silent veldt-schoon upon his feet, entered the verandah from the house.

"I heard your most attractive laughter, Maureen, and came to see whom you were entertaining—with that charm which you seem to keep exclusively for other men," he sneered.

During the meal Maureen glanced anxiously from one to the other of the two men. Renton was as calm and imperturbable as ever, while Pereira's every remark seemed to be a covert sneer directed against she knew not whom. Towards the end of the meal he rallied her on her silence.

"You're very dull all at once, Maureen. I seem to be the fly in the amber as far as this jolly little meal goes. You'd got plenty to say before I arrived."

Directly the commissioner was gone Pereira sought out his wife. He swung her into his arms and crushed her passionately against his breast.

"By God, Maureen, you're mine—mine, d'you hear? Don't you dare forget it. And that fine fellow, Mr. District Commissioner Dirk Renton, with his airs and graces, hadn't better let it slip his memory either. We're beyond the edge of the pavement here, and the man who tampers with the wife of another answers for it with his life. He's served me one or two dirty tricks already, has Renton. But I fancy I'll match him if he sets himself against me in this."

Maureen tore herself from her husband's embrace.

"The edge of the pavement, indeed, I can well believe it. Your thoughts and words savor far too much of the gutter to please me; people in our position don't do such things."

"Your position, eh? So that's to be the bond of sympathy between you. I'm only a dago and not fit to enter into your high and exclusive conversations. What were you talking of and laughing at when I came on to the verandah? Making fun of me, I suppose. But I tell you I won't have it. I'm master here an' you're my wife. You'll take your orders from me, and I won't have that swine hanging around you."

"Really, Pero, I think you are positively absurd."

"Maybe you do, but just remember I'll kill the pair of you if there's any monkeying about."

With that he flung out of the bungalow, shouted for his horse and galloped wildly away along the edge of the lake. That week a perfect orgy of flogging followed, until Maureen prayed God to send Renton back to put a period to this senseless brutality.

She regarded Pereira's prohibition that she should not again entertain Renton as but one more example of his unreasonable cruelty to her, but regretted it only because it had seemed that the society of the pleasant, cultured commissioner would prove a link with her old life, the memories of which were so infinitely precious to her nowadays.

Renton, for his part, was seriously troubled. His penetration was greater than Maureen's, and he knew that a jealous dago with a clearly defined streak of cruelty in his composition has infinite possibilities of inflicting pain upon the object of his unreasoning anger, especially when that object happens to be his wife, and their home is an isolated shamba in the heart of the African wilds.

So deeply did he think upon the matter that it was beginning even to affect his work. What he needed was another white man with whom to talk things over. At last the opportunity came.

ONE evening he sat upon his verandah, still pondering the problem, as he watched the flaming sun turn all the sky to a crimson glory as it sank to rest. Finally the red rim dropped, moving visibly, below the battlemented crest of the mountains. Scarlet still suffused the sky, but soon gave place to lambent orange, which, in its turn, was replaced by palest primrose, and in the midst the evening star shone bravely. Cooking fires sprang up across the valley; and, very softly, the rolling of the native drums and the voices of the natives themselves, singing the Marrahengi, reached his ears. Then, through the last of the daylight, came a small safari of native soldiers. At their head strode a mighty man, wondrous light on his feet but swinging his bulk like some great bull elephant. He carried a pliant kiboko in his hand, a serviceable revolver sagged his belt, and a gleaming eyeglass was jammed firmly into his right eye. Renton looked on this six foot of brawn and muscle weighing every ounce of fifteen stone, and chuckled delightedly, as he surveyed the tattered shirt, worn outside the torn shorts, for the excellent reason that the slightest belt pressure would have torn the much-washed, sweat-drenched fabric in half.

"Hullo, Tank," he cried, springing to his feet. "What good wind blows you this way?"

"Now don't be a silly ass," drawled Tim Hamlyn. "You know it needs more than half a gale to blow a man of my weight and responsibility anywhere. No, Haviland's come back and a little priest's been talking to him, consequently the powers-that-be have got the wind up about some rumored trouble in these parts, and insisted that I should take a platoon on patrol. Silly nonsense, y'know; may just as well try to stop a charging rhino with a pop-gun, as attempt to put down a rising with a single platoon. Still, needs must when the devil drives, and there don't seem many signs of trouble round here anyway. But you're the man who ought to know most about these things. That's why I've rolled up. How's the golf course?"

"So that's why you've rolled up, is it? Well, the greens are in prime condition and

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I've just got a new consignment of balls and clubs out from home, so if you'll produce your Royal and Ancient blazer, I'll play you a match for a small bet in the morning. I've made the course, as I promised, but I'm pretty sick of going round alone."

Later, when they sat out on the verandah with coffee and cigars, Dirk broached the subject which was not long absent from his mind.

"Do you remember a chap named O'Malley who came out to the 3rd Battalion?" he asked.

"Heard of him, but never met him. Poor devil went shooting, got mauled by a lion and died, didn't he?" asked Tim, with the easy nonchalance of one well used to such tragedies.

"Yes, I took him on that safari."

"No, really? I say, old thing, I'm deuced sorry; I didn't know he was a pal of yours."

"I didn't know him very well. But his sister is out here now, and, frankly, Tim, I'm devilish worried about her."

The subaltern cocked a knowing eye at his companion.

"Oh, come I say, old son, you know it won't do, it really won't; we can't have our immaculate gettin' married, or any rot of that sort, no really!"

"She's married already."

"Worse an' worse; bill of divorcement, what?"

"And to a man named Pereira."

"No!"

Tim's eyeglass dropped from his eye as he stared at his friend in genuine concern.

"Unfortunately, it is only too true."

"But not that swine who I've been told ought to have been strung up for the murder of a native?"

"Yes."

"But what the deuce made any decent girl cotton on to such an outsider?"

"I'm not sure. Her people came a financial cropper, I fancy. She came out to join her brother, and I had the painful duty of meeting her at Nairobi and of telling her he was dead. She probably found herself stranded after that."

"But surely the regiment would have sent her home."

"If you'd seen her you'd know that she's too proud to accept charity of any sort."

"Preferred Pereira, eh? Well, there's no accounting for tastes."

A long silence ensued.

"Tim, what are we going to do about it? I wouldn't swear that he doesn't actually ill-treat her. He's a perfect brute to the natives on his shamba. I've given him one pretty sharp warning already."

"There you are strictly within your rights; you're the D.C., but I don't see what you can do about the other business. You might go down and give him a taste of his own kiboko, if you're sure of your facts, but that wouldn't prevent him taking it out of his wife after. You might help her to get out of it altogether if—— But frankly, old son, you'd better not—er—get mixed up too prominently in the affair. The Governor's very down on anything of the kind, and it might muck up your career for good and all."

"And I've not a rupee beyond my pay to live on. It's a hell of a bad business."

"Poor old lad. I'd make Pereira's treatment of the natives a good enough excuse for keeping a pretty tight eye on him. Put the fear of the Lord into his dirty yellow soul. That sort are usually cowards; if he thinks he's being watched he may mend his ways."

"That's a sound notion. I'll ride over to-morrow."

Next morning Dirk took his uneventful way towards Makonda. Once or twice he passed natives of a type totally unfamiliar to him. He would have questioned them as to whence they came and whither they were going, but always at his approach these mysterious fellows made off hurriedly into the bush. He called up the orderly who trotted untiringly at his heels, but the man either would not, or could not, tell him anything. Nevertheless Dirk saw him once or twice make a curious sign with his hands as one of these people hove in sight, and it was obvious that he was decidedly ill at ease.

At noon Renton off-saddled and ate his lunch. Afterwards he rode forward at a sharp canter, having bidden the native policeman follow at his leisure to rejoin him at the shamba of the Bwana Pereira.

When he was within a few miles of Makonda, Dirk caught, above the drumming of his horse's hoofs, the fierce, distinctive shouts of natives hunting a lion. He was disinclined to leave the track, since he was anxious to reach his destination before nightfall, and yet some sixth sense compelled him to turn aside.

It was well that he did so, for Maureen at the moment was the centre of a pantomime that well might have ended in tragedy.

She had ridden the schimmel out beyond the lake for exercise and had come suddenly upon her husband's Wanyamwezi porters, who had but recently been paid off. They had greeted her appearance with derisive shouts and had rushed towards her. She had swung the red horse around for flight, but had found her retreat cut off by others of the wapagazi. She had slashed at them valiantly with her whip, but black hands had closed upon ankles and wrists and dragged her from the saddle to the ground. Then they had stood off from her a moment.

Suddenly the headman writhed forward close to earth, red blanket wound about his waist, the rest of his glistening body bare. To right and left he darted and wriggled as if in search of something, and all the while he repeated, first in question then in stark affirmation, a phrase that sounded to her ears like "Kasompela." Behind him came his comrades following his every movement closely and chanting in deep bass voices: "Kam soop! Kam soop!"

They advanced, stamping upon the ground at every third step, circling and twisting this way and that, as they rolled forth in deep, rumbling bass voices their threatening chorus.

Suddenly the headman sprang upright, darted his spear towards Maureen and dashed upon her.

She felt her flesh crisp with sharp fear, but never allowed the level, contemptuous gaze of her eyes to falter. Round and round her the natives danced and yelled, nearer and nearer they approached, as if ringing in some savage beast of prey. With terrible accuracy the spear points stabbed at her, ripping her clothing to ribbons, almost touching the flesh, but never actually drawing blood. In a curiously detached manner she wondered what would happen if one of those spear points went home just sufficient to let the red blood flow, and thus inflame still further their mad passion. At the same time she wondered how much longer she could preserve her air of stoical calm that alone, she felt, held the diabolical savages in check.

Then, without any warning it seemed, Dirk Renton rode into the glade. His grey eyes kindled dangerously at the scene before him, his hand slid to the revolver slung low on his thigh. With an effort he conquered his passion and drove his horse forward into the gesticulating horde, hustling them right and left and effectually breaking up their fiendish dance. Had he drawn his revolver, had he even raised the whip he carried, bloodshed must inevitably have followed; but he knew the natives, few white men better, and he knew how to handle such a situation. He spoke a few scornful, biting phrases in clear-cut Swahili, and the Wanyamwezi slunk away into the bush.

The moment they were out of sight he leapt to the ground and caught Maureen, who, in the shock of sudden reaction, was already swaying upon her feet. Still supporting her, he sank upon one knee, so that her head lay pillowed on his breast. Then he drew from his hip pocket a small flask of brandy, turned the stopper with his teeth and forced a few drops through her pale lips.

After a moment she opened her eyes and sat up.

"That's the first time in my life I've ever fainted," she said bravely, "but you'll admit it was rather a trying situation."

"Thank God I heard their shouts and came to see what they were up to; something seemed to tell me that you—that I was needed," Dirk answered, with a curious tremor in his tones.

Maureen looked at him an instant in puzzled surprise.

"Well, I'm awfully glad you happened to come along just then, and I'm all right now, but——" she strove to pull together the tattered sleeves of her frock. His eyes followed her movements and she flushed with shame that he should see the bruises on her arms and shoulders.

A little silence fell between them. Then Dirk spoke:

"God! You poor child. Who did that? Was it——?" Pereira's name choked in his throat.

At the throbbing, passionate pity of his voice, the girl, strung to breaking point by the scene she had just endured, turned from him, flung herself face downwards on the turf and gave way to a passion of weeping.

He waited until the first paroxysm was passed before he raised her very gently and led her to a large boulder, upon which he made her seat herself and sip some more of the brandy.

"Now," he said, "you'd best tell me the whole story. You've about reached the end of your tether, I can see that; there'll be a breakdown if you don't unburden yourself to someone."

And Maureen, with that curious "protected" feeling again stealing over her, opened her heart to him and talked as she would have done to an elder brother. She did not see the pain in the man's eyes as she spoke drearily of her exile from Ireland, nor the manner in which the nails went home into his palms as she told shamefacedly of how Pereira, in his drunken rage, had struck her again and again.

They fell silent, and in that hush were aware of a soft rustling in the undergrowth behind them. Dirk flung a protecting arm about Maureen's shoulders and dropped his free hand to the butt of his revolver. A low exclamation burst from Maureen's lips as, from the bush, there appeared the Witch-Woman of Maweri, clasping her fur kaross about her breasts.

"Quick, chieftainess," she breathed, "the red horse has galloped home and the Bwana Mkali is coming. He must not find you here. Follow this path through the pori; it will take you safe past him—perhaps lead you in time to that hill for which you seek."

Maureen hesitated a moment, at a loss how best to express that which it was in her mind to say.

"My friend," she exclaimed, catching Dirk's hand, while the rich blood mantled her cheek, "last time you came to Makonda my husband forbade me to see you again. You know the man he is, and if he finds you here now—— I think it would be wise for you to go away."

"I think not. There are certain matters upon which I must see him, and he is too wise to lift his hand against me, since it is known that I have come to his shamba. But I certainly think that it would be best for you to go. Follow the path the witch-woman has pointed out."

She felt the firm pressure of his hand on hers. Next instant she had followed the native into the bush.

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CHAPTER 13.

PEREIRA, racing round a bend in the track, flung his horse back upon its haunches when he saw that Renton stood in the middle of the path, completely blocking the narrow way.

"Where's Maureen? Have you seen my wife? Oh, my God, what's happened to her? The schimmel's come home with his saddle empty. Hell, man. Don't you hear me? I tell you she couldn't have fallen." His voice rose in a crescendo of fear.

Renton removed his pipe, seemed to watch the curling smoke wreathe an instant, then turned his gaze upon the other.

"Get off your horse, Pereira," he said, calmly, "your wife's safe enough."

In that instant the Portuguese's whole attitude changed. Suspicion gleamed in his eyes and crept into his voice.

"Safe is she. Did the horse break loose, then, while you two were—talking?"

Dirk stepped forward and laid hold of the horse's bridle.

"Just get off for a moment, will you? Is there any reason why I shouldn't talk with Mrs. Pereira, if I chance to meet her?"

"If you chance to meet?"

The two men remained silent a moment, each striving to read what lay behind the imperturbable mask of the other's face. At last Pereira's lips began to work. He swung himself out of the saddle with a curse and hitched his horse to a tree.

"That's better," said Renton. "Now perhaps you'll tell me why you object to my speaking to your wife?"

"You've been a hell of a sight too much at my shamba lately. I don't like it, and I hoped you'd take the hint last time you came. You used not to be so keen on calling when you were up at Moyali."

"That's no explanation," said Renton quietly.

Pereira's fists were clenched as he strove to hold his temper in check.

"What the devil right have you to demand reasons or explanations? A man's at liberty to choose his wife's associates, isn't he?"

Dirk looked thoughtfully a moment into the bowl of his big briar pipe, then slipped it into his pocket.

"Why don't you want me to talk to your wife, Pereira. What have you got to hide?"

"What the devil do you mean by 'hiding'? Anything between Maureen and me is my affair."

"Then you admit there is something that you don't want me to know about?"

Livid with rage, Pereira flung out a threatening hand.

"I don't admit anything. Look here, will you tell me where my wife is?"

"Yes, I will," snapped Renton, his grey eyes flashing as he threw off the cloak of nonchalance. "Not an hour ago I was riding down this path towards Makonda. I heard what sounded like a lion hunt in progress, and turned aside to see what was happening. I found some Wanyamwezi porters of yours acting as hunters. Your wife was the quarry."

"Madre de Dios! They shall be flogged to death."

"Not by you, Pereira. Their punishment is my province. But I haven't finished yet. Those porters had practically ripped your wife's clothing to ribbons with their spear points, but thank God they hadn't drawn blood or even my intervention could hardly have saved her. That's not what I'm getting at. There were bruises upon her arms and shoulders that have got to be explained. The Wanyamwezi didn't put them there you know."

"That's just about enough, Renton. I'll stand no more damned interference from you."

"Now, look here, Pereira. Let's have this thing straight." Dirk strove to keep his voice calm, but it shook a little, despite his efforts. "There's no need to ask you any questions. Your attitude admits what I am well prepared to believe. You say I've no right to interfere between you and your wife. I admit it. But all the same I'm not going to see a girl, who was born British, mishandled by a dirty dago—even if she has been foolish enough to marry him."

Pereira's sallow cheeks flushed and his brows darkened. "You would dare——?"

"Now, see here," Dirk broke in harshly. "You flogged your shamba boys to ease your evil temper, and I warned you. You've been off on some mysterious safari—I see that touches you—and I may have a word to say about it. Meantime, keep your hands off your wife. For I tell you this, if you don't, I'll make you pay for it—in the only way that will appeal to you, and that's through your own hide."

Pereira's cold fury held him silent a moment as he stood there biting his fingers.

"Ah, I see it now, Mr. Mighty Particular Renton. You're in love with Maureen as I thought. Thank you for putting a very effective weapon into my hands. I may be a dago, but money talks, and my people have got plenty of influence. I think you'll soon find yourself moved to another district, far enough from here for you to have plenty of time to wonder how your inamorata is faring. I wish you good day, Mr. Renton."

"That's all right," said Renton as the other mounted his horse. "You've given me every excuse for coming to Makonda to see how the natives are treated, and you can expect me at the shamba pretty often."

Pereira rode off up the track.

Dirk stood a full moment motionless, then slowly, deep in thought, turned towards his horse. As he unhitched the reins he heard a low laugh. He turned swiftly to find the little witch-woman at his elbow.

"Do not fear for the chieftainess, inkoos, I am always close at hand," she said. "No harm shall befall her."

Pereira, meanwhile, had reached the bungalow. Neither then nor later did he mention his meeting with Renton to Maureen. She, for her part, was content to believe that they had missed each other in the bush.

In the weeks that followed she was almost always alone. Pereira was out at all hours of the day and night. The Wanyamwezi came back and were made welcome. Their presence led her to believe that her husband knew nothing of their attack upon her, and was planning some fresh expedition into the wild lands. She wondered often what he sought beyond the stony desert. Her curiosity gave place to a vague misgiving when she saw that even the mention of the name, Njema Nkubwa, caused a frightened hush to fall upon the natives.

There was a marked change in the whole atmosphere of the shamba. Sometimes when Maureen rode to far parts of the place she caught fleeting glimpses of strange, tall men with straight hair and aquiline features, men who wore long, black, camel-hair robes. At home the houseboys and even Kathuka and stoical old Kipkirin seemed vaguely apprehensive. A sense of hushed expectancy, a sort of brooding terror clung to Makonda. On every hand Maureen felt mystery and intrigue, heard whisperings foreboding dark events. There were many unexplained comings and goings among the natives.

The mysterious feeling of unrest among the natives was by no means confined to Makonda. The Intelligence Department at headquarters had had word of it, and had sent Hamlyn up with a platoon of K.A.R. askari, in case Renton should need to supplement the strength of his small police force. The Commissioner himself was aware that something had happened to anger a strange red god, Mungu Mekundu, whose name was only mentioned when big trouble was brewing.

Renton sent for his sergeant-major of police.

"Jubatarra," he said, "what is this foolish talk of the anger of a Red God?"

"I do not know, Effendi, but I have heard him spoken of before. At the time of the Sotik expedition his name was in all men's mouths and, more recently, when a small tribe of the Masai was in revolt, men spoke of him again. And now the unbelievers, even among the police, are uneasy and whisper of him once more. They speak, too, of another god—Imana—whom it is said the Red God has angered."

"But you are a true believer, a Mohammedan, Jubatarra. What think you when men speak these names?"

"There is no god but God, and Mahomet is his prophet. I am not afraid."

"It is necessary that we should know more of this business."

"Then, Effendi, send Doka Fademula to find out. He, too, is fearless and of the true faith."

Doka Fademula was one of the men that Dirk had brought up with him from Nairobi, a good intelligence man, and one, moreover, whom he himself had trained from the beginning and of whom he was inordinately fond, for they had been in some tight corners and had saved each other's lives more than once.

"Doka," he said, when the Nubian stood before him, "there is trouble in this land and no man yet has been found clever enough to discover the cause of it. Will you try?"

"Iwa, Effendi, we sit here and grow fat and sleek in idleness, it will be good to be back at work once more. What do we know?"

"Majilua has spoken of dangers from north and south that will crush Njema-Luango in the course of their own struggles. Busako has reminded me that the Serkali did not punish the Bwana Pereira with death when that stranger from the north, named Kombo, was killed on the farm at Makonda—and the Bwana Pereira himself has been north into, perhaps across, the stony desert on an expedition the nature and purpose of which are utterly unknown to me. All men are uneasy, and all men speak of Mungu Mekundu, whose name is invoked when the young men sharpen their spears for war. Jubatarra tells me they also speak of one Imana, but him I do not know."

"He is the god of the strange people from the Mountains of the Moon," said Doka quickly, "Allah forbid that our people should anger him. I think the Amazulu had dealings with him once; beside his anger that of the Red God is as the lowing of kine to the trumpeting of elephants."

"But what have our people here to do with the Red God of the north or this Imana of the south? The worship of the old gods died out long ago."

"Effendi, you have studied the suras of the Koran. Do you believe that anything dies, even that which is eternally evil?"

"That is beside the point, Doka," said Renton sharply. "I ask you again, what have we to do with these strange gods?"

"How do I know, Effendi, my mind is as full of thoughts as a Wandorobo hive of bees, but thoughts are not facts."

"What, then, do you think?"

"I think, Effendi, that someone who has gone into the stony desert has roused the Red God's anger. I think Mungu Mekundu has sent his emissaries south to seek revenge—as they came before, after that man Kombo was killed, and wiped out the little alien colony hard by the Bird Lake—and I think that those same emissaries have

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fallen foul of the Imana or his people. The Witch-Woman of Maweri could tell us if she wished, I fancy; but Allah, the All-merciful, knows she talks over little for a woman."

"Go thou and find out about these things, and may the prophet prosper you," said Renton, "but do not fail me."

"On my head and by my heart I will not fail you, Effendi," answered Doka with simple pride.

Next day Doka Fademula and some other spies were sent out.

Two weeks later one of them returned. The news he brought caused Renton to send in haste for Tim Hamlyn.

The huge K.A.R. subaltern arrived in due course. He was perched precariously upon a camel, which bore also a bag well stocked with golf clubs.

"I've brought the necessary adjuncts for an imperial conference," he shouted, as he rode up brandishing a murderous looking mashie about his helmet-covered head.

"My good Tank," laughed Renton, as they strolled into the bungalow. "It's quite possible you may get a round or two before you go back to your 'lonely outpost of Empire,' but I sent for you to discuss matters more interesting than golf. Come across to the office," said Renton. "I won't risk anyone overhearing what I have to say to you."

ONCE inside the room Hamlyn looked round with an approving eye, while Renton busied himself at a cupboard.

"Very nice and snug we are in here," said Hamlyn, sinking into the only chair that looked capable of supporting his bulk. "I suppose there isn't one fine, large drink in this one fine, large office?"

"Yes there is, I'm getting it now."

"Ah, just put it at my elbow and then I shall be pleased to listen to your guilty secrets, friend of my misspent youth!"

The smile faded from the Commissioner's lips as he seated himself at his desk.

"It's a good thing you're not such a fool as you try to make out, Tank," he said. "Did you ever hear of Mbatian?"

"Um. Sort of Prophet Moses to the Masai people, wasn't he?"

"He was the greatest medicine man they ever had, and the last to hold undisputed sway, both in British and German territory."

"Well, what about him?"

"He prophesied that a great snake should come to Africa, and that it should be so long that no man could pass round the head or tail. The natives believe that his prophecy has been fulfilled by the building of the Uganda railway."

"Very interesting, but what about it?"

"Nothing, except that it has strengthened the natives' belief in Mbatian's prophecies."

"Oh he prophesied some more, did he?"

"Yes. Among other things he foretold the coming of the British and their penetration farther and farther into Africa, until at last they should meet a force far stronger than themselves. That force, made up of pygmies so the Masai say, is to drive us clean out of the country back into the sea."

"Well, what about all that?" asked Hamlyn.

"This about it. Every time there's been any trouble, the chief who has planned it has tried to persuade his followers that this mysterious, mighty force was behind him. At last it has become a legend, the legend of the Red God. This god is supposed to live in some forgotten belt of country where neither king nor chief has ever reigned."

"Egad! I can see that there might be big trouble if that god's sanctuary was ever discovered."

"One of my best spies tells me that it has been discovered."

"What, by him?"

"No, not by him, and that's more or less the whole point. We don't know who has been there; if we did, we'd know who's really at the bottom of all this trouble."

"This land lies somewhere up to the north, where I don't know, and it seems that the Red God has been served from generation to generation by pygmies and priests of some isolated, lost race. These people have kept their secret for centuries—almost become a myth with the natives, in fact. Still, they are there, and, naturally, when a white man comes along and shoves his nose into their affairs, they're likely to be a bit awkward—if nothing more."

Renton relit his pipe and looked at his companion across the tiny flame of the match.

"We've got to know where this hidden sanctuary is, and we've got to save a human being from a heathen god. In the first place I'm going to look for this god; in the second I must trust to luck and the strength of my influence to prevent the sacrifice taking place."

"Both pretty tough jobs, I should say," said Hamlyn. "I admire your pluck, but it all sounds rather like a forlorn hope to me if you've nothing more definite to go on."

For some hours the two friends were deeply immersed in plans and maps, but it was on the uncharted lands beyond the stony, arid deserts that their attention was mainly centred.

Soon after midnight they heard the sentry challenge sharply, then followed a muttered colloquy. A police asikari stood in the doorway with his right hand to his tarbush in salute, and his left resting upon the shoulder of a small native clad in the khaki shirt and shorts of a personal boy. The lad's face was vaguely familiar to Renton and yet he could not place him.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" he asked abruptly.

The lad slipped from beneath the sentry's hand and came close to the commissioner.

"You sent spies out to seek for something a little while ago, Bwana," he whispered. "Perhaps you would pay me well if I could guide you to the place you seek?"

Renton signed to the asikari to return to his post.

"Come over here, Tank," he said over his shoulder.

Hamlyn heaved his huge bulk noiselessly out of his chair and stood over the diminutive native.

"What's it all about, Renton? What does Little Tich want?"

"Don't quite know. Seems almost too good to be true, in the face of what we've just been talking about. Just keep your eye on this boy and see he doesn't slip through the door and I'll tell you later. Now, boy, what do you know of the place I seek?"

The boy looked up with a sudden smile and a flash of white teeth.

"Many things are known in the bush, Bwana. What if I tell you that I know the path to the land of the Red God and can guide you there? Then will you pay me well, Bwana?"

"This is a strange tale you bring. How may I know that you speak truly, boy?"

"By this, Bwana. At the setting out of the safari, I, Sungura, shall be there to lead you." He smiled again, and in a flash had slipped under Tank's arm and out of the room.

Hamlyn gazed after him in astonishment.

"Slippery little cuss, Renton. What yarn was he spinning you?"

Renton told him the details as they walked across to the bungalow on their way to bed.

Dirk fell asleep directly he was in bed, but was awakened long before he had anticipated by Jubatarra, the old sergeant-major, whose form loomed huge and indefinite through the mosquito netting in the grey light of the false dawn.

"Effendi, Doka Fademula has come back."

"Send him here then, bashoulsh, to make report if his news is urgent."

"Doka has made his last safari, Effendi, and carried his last dispatch. It is but by the will of Allah that he has come thus far through the night to the compound where he waits." Dirk raised the mosquito netting, swung his pyjama-clad legs out of bed, and pulled on mosquito boots, while Jubatarra handed him a camel-hair robe to slip on.

"Bring the lantern," he ordered, "it won't be fully light for a while yet."

At the foot of the verandah steps they found Doka. His great form seemed shrunken somehow, and the white burnous he wore was soaked with blood; he lay and groaned faintly with one hand pressed to the side of his breast. The thick blood oozed darkly through his outspread fingers. For a dozen years he had gambled recklessly against death for his life; but now he had lost his stake at last. No more than a humble cog in the great machine of Empire perhaps, but still a man, who had suddenly become a hero.

He lifted his glazing eyes to Renton's face.

"Effendi," he gasped, and the blood followed the words, "pray for your servant that he may pass quickly. Those who serve the Red God have set his seal upon me. They caught me between the desert and the Bird Lake, and—you see what they have done." The burnous fell open and Renton saw that half the man's side was cut away in the shape of a great half moon.

Dirk bit back an oath as he looked down on the mangled body and the tortured limbs. Before he could speak Doka spoke again, signing to him to bend low to catch the whispered words.

"Effendi," he gasped, "they make a plan—a plan to—kill." A frightful haemorrhage racked him, but Dirk wiped the bloody froth from his lips and held his soul in check an instant by the power of his will. "To—kill——" A mumble of words followed; then, in an accession of strength, he slipped the half of a sentence: "The Red God's meat," he shouted, rearing up his body. Dirk caught him and laid him back.

"Starri, be at rest, my brother," he said hoarsely, for he loved this man. "I will carry your blood upon my hands until the slayers themselves are slain."

"Bwana Ret," whispered the dying man, "it is worth all to hear you call me brother."

And when the true dawn came they buried Doka Fademula with all the rites of his faith, while Renton and Tim Hamlyn waited outside the little mosque the commissioner had built for his Mohammedans to pay the last tribute to a very gallant son of Empire. But it was a very thin-lipped, grim-eyed commissioner who sat down and wrote his report of the service and the passing of Wakhil-mbasha Doda Fademula of the East African Police Service. Then he went outside to find Hamlyn, and together they set about the preparations for the setting out of the commissioner's safari.

From that moment affairs went smoothly forward. The sight of the two stalwart policemen, each with a heavy hippo-hide whip in his hand, had the desired effect.

In less than half an hour the headman shouted "Bandika! Load up!" The men took up their loads, the police escort sloped arms, and Renton lingered a moment upon the verandah to shake hands with Hamlyn and to watch the safari file past. As the last man went by a sharp exclamation burst from the commissioner's lips.

"B'gad, Tank, I don't see that boy Sungura anywhere."

"Nor I. I warned you to keep a tight eye on him."

"He may be waiting for me. Msharria!"

"Yes, Bwana."

"Where is Sungura?"

"I do not know, Bwana. We have not seen him since he ate his morning meal with us."

"Well, we can't wait about for him," said Renton ruefully. He had counted more than he cared to admit upon Sungura's help. He mounted and cantered off after the safari, Msharria running hard at his heels.

"I wonder if that dammed boy had anything to do with all these delays?" he mut-

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tered. "I've never before known any safari of mine take so long to get started."

When they camped at sundown they had made fifteen miles by hard marching. There was no moon, the bush was dense and further progress impossible till morning.

CHAPTER 14.

MAUREEN stood idly on the verandah at Makonda waiting for the boy to bring round her horse. Her face was very pale beneath the wide-brimmed double terai, the eyes deep set and haunting. A boy had come up with the mail that morning; a large pile of English magazines and illustrated papers that Mrs. Burnside had sent up lay on the table.

"Ready, Maureen?"

Pereira's voice recalled her with a start. He came and stood beside her, his hand on her arm; there was an unwonted gentleness in his voice.

"You're looking washed out, Maureen, what's wrong? Aren't you feeling up to the mark?"

"Oh, I'm all right; it's the heat, I expect."

His dark eyes searched her face for a moment.

"Look here," he said at last. "I'm pretty busy just now, but when I'm through with this shauri, wouldn't you like a week or two in Nairobi?"

The sudden color that flooded her cheeks and the light that sprang to her eyes answered his question.

"Right. We'll talk it over later. Now let's be off. I've a hell of a lot of things to see to."

They rode in silence towards the hut in which the Witch-Woman of Maweri had been imprisoned. Their horses' hoofs made no sound upon the thick turf; only the soft creaking of saddle leather was audible. With startling suddenness a tall, straight-haired, thin-lipped savage stepped out of the bush. At sight of the white people he started violently and turned to spring away. Before he could reach cover Pereira clapped heels to his horse's sides and was upon him.

"I've heard that you shenzis are hanging about my shamba. Now I've caught one of you I'm going to know who you are and what you're after?"

The man stared back with stony eyes.

"D'you hear me," stormed Pereira, "what is it you're after?"

He swung the heavy, hippo-hide whip back across his shoulder.

"Be careful, Pero, the man's dangerous," cried Maureen.

"Dangerous is he? I'll teach him."

The lash of the kiboko whistled through the air, fell, and laid open the native's cheek from ear to chin.

"Oh, Pero, don't, don't!" The low cry burst from Maureen's lips, but the wild light had died out of the native's eyes, and Pereira's arm fell to his side.

"Shauri ya Mungu Mekundu. Ngoja, Bwana! It is the business of the Red God. Wait, Master!" said the man.

Almost before he had finished speaking a mixed mob of natives, many of them boys from the shamba, burst from the bush brandishing spears and clubs. Pereira tugged furiously at his revolver, but the weapon refused to leave its holster. In another moment he would have been unhorsed and killed. Maureen spoke once to the schimmel, closed thighs upon saddle-flaps and gave him his head. With a scream of fury the great red horse sprang forward, ears laid flat, teeth snapping and great hoofs striking men down like cornstalks before him. The natives cast one terrified glance at that red fury above them, dropped their weapons and fled back howling to the shelter of the bush.

Pereira looked half shamefacedly towards his wife:

"I believe you've saved my life, Maureen. I shan't forget it."

They spoke little during the long ride home, but a strange tenderness was apparent in Pereira's voice. The girl suddenly broke one of the silences that had fallen between them:

"You are—you've been awfully decent to me this morning, Pero. Why is it?

He threw her a sidelong glance before answering.

"Aren't I always decent to you? No, I suppose I'm not. I'm a rotten sort of devil sometimes, but whatever happens I'm fond of you, first and last."

She laid her hand on his arm.

"Pero, the fault's partly been mine as well. Can't we try and pull together a bit better in future?"

He caught her hand impulsively to his lips, then let it fall.

In the silence that followed, her thoughts turned to the natives. She wondered if she dared broach the subject to him, now that the chance had come, or would she, by so doing, anger him anew. She was fearful of his anger just then. So many strange things were going on around them, and her husband's new friendliness seemed of incalculable value.

She pondered the problem, then, summoning her courage, spoke.

"Pero—the natives——" she faltered.

He swung round in his saddle to face her.

"Pero, don't get in a rage with me if I say this. Don't you think you've flogged them so much that it hasn't any effect now? Couldn't Mr. Renton help you? He's the district commissioner. He'll know what's best to be done."

There was an instant change in Pereira's attitude as Renton's name was mentioned.

"It'll be a long while before I ask help or advice from that damned Englishman," he said harshly. "I'm quite capable of managing my own shamba, Maureen, and of taking care of my wife as well."

Maureen flushed, but stuck manfully to her guns.

"I don't suggest that you aren't capable, Pero, but Mr. Renton is the Commissioner, after all, and we're quite entitled to his protection."

Pereira laughed unpleasantly.

"I dare say we are, but you needn't waste time cracking him up to me. I've always played my own hand; I can't see myself whining to any Englishman now, Renton least of all."

He looked meaningly at her and she said no more.

That night at supper she was more than ever puzzled to account for a certain strangeness about her husband. He had not, as usual, changed into a clean suit; but, after his bath, had resumed his bush-blouse, riding-breeches, and boots. The heavy revolver he carried nowadays was still slung in its holster at his hip.

They sat talking disjointedly for a time, but Pereira was abstracted. Always he seemed to be listening, and always his eyes peered out into the night, as if his soul were set upon penetrating the gloom.

Presently he rose, crossed to Maureen's chair and bent down to kiss her with a restrained tenderness wholly foreign to him.

A low whistle echoed from beyond the thorn fence surrounding the bungalow; Pereira started upright.

"I must go out," he said. "Don't sit up for me. I've something to attend to which may take a long time."

"Pero—what is it?"

Maureen half rose from her chair, more frightened than she would have cared to admit. But Pereira was gone. The night had swallowed him, and, no more than a murmur at first, the throbbing reverberations of native drums rolled out from the far hills. The girl felt the soft hair rising at the nape of her slender neck. She gathered up her books and her work and went inside the bungalow. Already the night was full of stealthy terror.

Hour after hour she sat on in the dining-room. A heavy revolver lay upon the table before her, and her gaze was fixed upon the half-open door that led to the verandah. She would not shut it lest her husband should return in haste and seek admittance.

At last the flame of the lamp died down. She glanced at her wrist-watch. It was after one o'clock; Pereira would not come now, she decided. Then, above the incessant murmur of the multitudinous voices of the African night, she heard a new sound. Someone was moving furtively along the verandah towards the open window. She rose stiffly, slowly to her feet and lifted the revolver from the table. The lamp burned lower. She heard the stealthy footsteps drawing nearer, a scream of sheer terror rose to her lips and was choked fiercely back. Suddenly the lamp flared up in a last expiring flash. A black hand was sliding slowly across the glass of the door. In pitch darkness Maureen sprang across the room and in an instant had closed and shuttered the door. At the other side of that frail partition she felt—or heard—that someone was breathing softly with restrained respiration.

Maureen slipped into her own room and closed the shutters there. They muffled, but did not shut out the incessant roar of native drums, which was rapidly rising to the wild crescendo of a veritable storm. Suddenly the uproar ceased, and through the ensuing silence tore the piercing scream of a leopard—silence—the drums again, louder than ever now—again silence—the threatening mutter of drums like distant thunder—silence—sounds that she could not define, stealthy footsteps, perhaps, soft rustlings. Then—and Maureen cowered down upon the bed in stark terror, an insistent tapping at the window.

She never knew how long it was before the terror gave place to that strange feeling of protection which had come to her before in times of crisis and great fear. Then some unreasoning impulse within her drove her to slip from the bed and open the window.

Through thick impenetrable darkness and silence deep enough to be felt, came a sweet, bird-like voice:

"Chieftainess! Let me in."

Maureen sank sideways against the wall beside the window. A great gasp of indescribable relief sighed from her lips as the Witch-Woman of Maweri pushed up the sash and climbed in over the sill.

The woman lowered herself silently to the floor as Maureen stumbled back. Her limbs were outlined in pale, phosphorescent fire, a nebulous aura surrounded her head and liquid light seemed to ebb and flow about her body as she moved. She seemed to float rather than to walk forward. Into Maureen's mind flashed the witch-woman's mysterious words:

"The tracks ahead are full of trouble and sorrow and shame; but I shall be near; and beyond lies the great Hill of which you think always."

Soft, compelling hands pressed themselves against the white girl's breast, bearing her back until, at last, she rested upon the bed; presently one of those same gentle hands rested an instant upon her throbbing forehead. The birdlike voice breathed in her ear words that she could not understand, but which seemed yet to bring peace to her soul and solace to her mind. In another moment Maureen was asleep.

MEANWHILE Renton in his forest camp lay wakeful as he listened to the excited chattering of his porters and policemen, that rose even above the rafale of drumming, that was louder and more menacing than ever he had heard it before in all his years in Africa.

Through and through the talk about the camp-fires ran the names Mungu Mekundu and Imana, and once he thought he heard some porter speaking of the Bwana Mkali,

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but of this he could not be certain. At length he shouted to an orderly to tell Sergeant-Major Jubatarra to come to the tent.

"Bashouish," he said, "why do the ngomas beat thus wildly to-night? What goes forward in the bush?"

"Allah alone knows, Effendi, but I think there is a great indaba close at hand."

Dirk's eyes flashed as he rose slowly to his feet, his gaze fixed all the while upon the Nubian's face in which, also, tense excitement was beginning to show.

"Suppose we go to that indaba, Jubatarra? We've been to such meetings together before. What do you say?"

"Let us go by all means, Effendi," answered the Nubian, as he showed his teeth in a flashing, delighted smile.

Dirk quickly darkened his face and hands and slipped on a native robe. With a word of warning to the sergeant on duty, and closely followed by Jubatarra, he left the thorn boma surrounding his encampment.

In a few moments the Commissioner had lost all sense of direction, but the old Nubian moved through the densest bush with the certainty of animal instinct. At length they found themselves at the foot of a cliff.

Jubatarra whispered to Dirk to reach upwards until his fingers should find a ledge, then to pull himself up. This he did, and soon they stood together upon a narrow shelf than ran along the rock face. The native went first, with Dirk's hand resting upon his shoulder. After a while the ledge widened as it wound along the cliff and, at last, they lay down and crawled forward flat on their bellies; for the drumming that, even in the camp four miles away, had seemed overwhelmingly loud, now rose in an incessant roar from somewhere directly beneath them.

Very cautiously Dirk wormed his way to the edge and looked down into a great firelit arena beneath. Jubatarra lay close beside him, but so great was the uproar of the drums that the native had to shout to make his voice heard.

"Nabingi, the Expellers!" he cried. "They are those who serve the ancient god Imana, and, see, they are about to practice the forbidden rites. Look, there goes the red goat into the flame; what would the priests of the Red God say to that, I wonder? Bisallah, Effendi, is not that a white man who leaps and yells about the fire as madly as the rest? It is, it is!"

"Hell, but I believe you're right," shouted back Renton. "What in the name of God are they up to now?"

Dirk sprang to his feet shouting wildly, doing all in his power to attract the attention of the dancing, shouting fiends two hundred feet below him. A man, dazed and bewildered but fighting madly, was being driven slowly, inch by inch it seemed to the watchers, towards the edge of that seething mass of flames, and all the while the drums roared out more loudly. Dirk sought frantically for some missile to hurl down upon the dancers, and more particularly upon that mad, naked white man—unrecognisable at that distance and in that light—who capered and postured about the huge sacrificial pyre of a heathen faith.

Suddenly the scene below took on a different aspect. A swift storm of small, poisoned arrows swept down upon the votaries of Imana, as the pygmies from the north fired down upon the pygmies of the forest and the priests of the south. Then strange, black-robed figures, armed with great, shovel-headed spears, axes, and huge knives with moon-shaped blades, swept across the clearing and, in an instant, the prisoner was freed and the worshippers dispersed howling into the forest, but not all of them. Those who were obviously the priests of Imana were caught and killed with slow deviiry before the eyes of the commissioner, who, high up on his ledge, looked on helpless to interfere; but the dying, agonised screams of the tortured men rang in his ears for many and many a day. Even old Jubatarra who, years before, had seen the handiwork of the Madhi, turned away his eyes from that terrible sight.

When it was all over and the clearing below them still and deserted, save for the dead men, the Nubian led his master down the cliff-face by a secret path known only to himself.

Dirk looked first for the body of the renegade white man, who had evidently thrown in his lot with the witch-doctors of Imana for some dark purpose of his own, but it was not there. Then he turned his attention to the dead priests. Upon the breast of each one of them was set the seal of the Red God—even as he had seen it last upon the body of Doka Fademula, and before that upon the bodies of the men of the alien colony slain by the raiders of the north in their village by the Bird Lake. He shuddered as he turned away.

"These men are ruthless and utterly without mercy," he said. "Let us get back to our camp."

Some while before the dawn he, with Jubatarra, reentered the boma and went quietly to his tent, where he bathed and ate the breakfast that his boy immediately made ready. As the first glimmer of grey light showed in the sky, the safari marched out.

They had been swinging along perhaps an hour, and were approaching the dense stretch of bush that lay, many miles wide, between them and Makonda, when Renton saw the figure of a native waiting just inside the fringe of the forest. He shaded his eyes a moment to make sure, then cantered forward.

Sungura stood before him.

"Why did you go away yesterday after you had taken service with me?"

"Did I take service, Bwana? Well, it does not much matter, since I am here to meet you. I knew you would come this way, and—I had affairs of my own to attend to before setting out to guide you along that road so many people have sought to follow and but few have found."

There was an inscrutable look in the native's eyes as he searched the white man's face. Then he smiled that sudden familiar smile that set Renton wondering afresh where he had seen the boy before.

"You seem to know a very great deal?"

He deliberately threw a note of suspicion into the sentence, but the native only smiled again.

"Come," he said, "let us be going to Makonda. Perchance your road starts there, master."

Maureen and Pereira were still at breakfast when Renton arrived at the shamba. There were no signs in the girl's face of the night of terror through which she had passed. The sleep into which she had fallen at the witch-woman's touch had completely refreshed her. Maureen had found her husband at table when she entered the verandah, and had been shocked by his appearance. He looked wretchedly ill and seemed to be in the last stages of exhaustion ensuing upon some terrible debauch. She was quite certain that he had not been to bed; his clothes were torn and stained, there was a cut over one eye, where blood and dust and sweat had caked together. The food upon the plate before him stood untasted. She went back into the bungalow and called imperatively for Kipkirin. A few minutes later she reappeared with a tumbler of brandy and milk into which she had whipped a couple of eggs.

Pereira thanked her with his eyes.

There was a curiously hushed calm about the place that morning, the sort of indefinable peace that so often follows hard upon the heels of some devastating storm; but that calm was not destined to last.

Presently Pereira looked up from the omelette with which he was toying. He saw Renton advancing at the head of a safari of porters and police; but he did not observe the little native who slipped unobtrusively out of sight as the bungalow was approached.

After his first polite salutation to Maureen, Renton wasted no time in useless preliminaries. His porters and police, at a sign from him, had squatted down outside the gate of the thorn fence and well out of earshot; a single glance informed him that the verandah and dining-room beyond were free of natives at the moment. He greeted Pereira curtly:

"You probably know as well as I do, better, perhaps"—his eyes took on a steely glitter—"that the natives are working up for mischief. Don't you think you'd better bring your wife into Luango, where the police can protect you both?"

"Thank you. I don't think we should care to accept your hospitality," answered Pereira.

"You wouldn't be accepting my hospitality, my good man. You'd be the guests of the Government until this trouble has blown over. Anyway, it would be Bailey, my assistant, who would entertain you, I'm off on safari."

Maureen, of whom Renton had taken absolutely no notice apart from his first conventional greeting, looked up curiously from her plate at this announcement.

"All the same I shan't come into Luango," said Pereira doggedly.

"Very well, then I'll just leave a few police here as a protective precaution. Mrs. Pereira will possibly feel safer with them about the place."

The Portuguese sprang to his feet and stamped an angry foot:

"I don't want your police, nor your damned interference, either. I'm quite capable of managing my own affairs, Renton."

Dirk raised his eyebrows at this outburst. He was careful not to enrage the man further, for he saw that his temper had completely got the better of him.

"Very well," he said quietly, "I can't force them upon you, of course. All the same I think you're a fool. I give you fair warning that my assistant has orders to fetch you in, whether you like it or not, at the first signs of a rising taking place."

At a word from Renton the men took up their loads. Five minutes later the forest had once more swallowed up the whole safari.

Maureen, despite the fact that she knew that Pereira was watching her closely, could not restrain the small sob that rose in her throat. A sudden black feeling of utter loneliness and dismay swept over her. She rose and walked back into the bungalow without a word to her husband.

Pero, for his part, sat on by the table, gnawing his knuckles, cursing the folly that had lured him into the forbidden lands beyond the stony desert.

Presently he lifted his head and listened. The native drums were beating again, in broad daylight, too. Faint and very far away they seemed as they sent forth their message in long, reverberant rolls and quick, staccato tappings.

CHAPTER 15.

THE roar of the drums sank to a faint, indistinguishable whisper. Then the predominant tapping reasserted itself, steady, insistent and inexorable as the feet of a marching army.

Minutes passed; the noise was no louder now, yet strangely advancing nearer and nearer every moment.

With startling suddenness came a discordant crash of sound from the other side of the thorn fence, then a frenzied babble of native voices rising to a full-throated roar, then silence.

Pereira got up and swung round as he heard Kipkirin's voice behind him: "Come, master."

Inside the bungalow was semi-darkness

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The back windows were already shuttered and barred and the house-boys stood waiting for further orders. Pereira ran his eye quickly over the group; the gun-bearer was missing.

"Where's Mboyu?"

"Opening cartridge boxes, Bwana."

Pereira nodded.

"You, Kathuka and Hamesi Ali, get mattresses off the beds and fix them over the shutters, and pile furniture against the doors. Kipkirin, see that water's taken down to the cellar and that long chair from the dining-room as well. Now then you others,

shutter and bar these front windows as fast as you can."

He crossed to Maureen's bedroom and found her struggling to push a chest of drawers against a barred window. He dropped his hand upon her shoulder.

"I'll see to that. You get down into the cellar."

She turned and faced him.

"Isn't there anything I can do to help, Pero? I'm a pretty good shot. Let me have a rifle. I'll go mad if you shut me down there."

He took a long look at her.

"All right. Take charge of the boys at the back. I'll look after the front. The main attack's pretty sure to come through the verandah."

He caught her hand for a moment, then was gone from the room. The noise of the drums and the confused shouting had started again outside; it echoed with a muffled note through the darkened rooms of the bungalow. There came the crash of an old elephant-gun and the rattle of its miscellaneous charge against the shutters. Mboyu's rifle barked back from the dining-room, and the fight was on.

At the back Maureen checked the eagerness of her natives to expend their ammunition, but kept up a slow, steady fire that held back her immediate attackers. At the front Pereira and Mboyu, directing a deadly fire against the more venturesome who came close, kept the verandah clear. The shouts of the wounded added to the general hubbub.

For the next half-hour the fight held without advantage to either side. Then Maureen heard a coughing grunt, felt a clutch at her skirt, looked down and saw Kathuka at her feet, with a gaping bullet wound in his chest. She stooped to take his half-raised hand, but even as she did so his body flung back in a curiously inert attitude. He was dead.

The end was very near now. With every second the chanting grew louder and rose higher. Roused to fanatical fury and regardless of their losses, the natives surged forward over the partly levelled thorn fence; the garden was full of a harrying mass of fighters, each striving to reach the bungalow first. The boards of the verandah splintered beneath the trampling feet, spear points thrust through the cracks in the shutters, and on the instant the flimsy barricades at the door were down, the windows burst in, and the room was full of a yelling, stabbing crowd of savages.

The whip-like crack of a revolver cut across the uproar. Pereira, his back to the wall and his rifle clubbed, saw Maureen's white face at the far door.

"Get back!" he yelled.

Framed in the ruins of the shattered doorway was a tall, majestic figure, one arm raised high to fling back the black, camel-hair cloak. Maureen had an instant impression of the man's face, blazing eyes and thin, aquiline features framed by straight black hair, before his voice spoke again.

"The Red God claims the white goats."

As one in a dream Maureen felt a hand on each of her shoulders. She glanced right and left and saw tall, priestly figures, clothed also in camel-hair robes, impelling her towards the middle of the room where Pereira, with a bodyguard like her own, awaited her.

A new voice spoke.

"This bwana—the Bwana Mkali—beat my son to death and flogged me when I would have gone to the commissioner. There are others here upon whom the weight of his hand has fallen, and many others, women and children, who have not seen this killing but have sped us to it with glad words. Now that he has fallen into our hands, we would work our own will upon him."

"He is the Red God's goat." The priest spoke slowly and coldly.

The native stamped hard upon the floor.

"Why does the Red God claim him? If I hunt lion or buck and make my kill the meat is mine. I and the others who have fought claim the Bwana Mkali as our kill."

There was a muttered roar of assent from the natives who crowded the room and those who waited upon the verandah.

The roar died down and there was silence. Maureen stole a glance at Pereira and saw that his face was livid and his limbs trembling with the fear that possessed him.

A great shout went up.

"The Bwana Mkali is our meat. Give us the Bwana Mkali."

The tall priest stepped forward, his eyes flashing and arms upraised, compelling silence by the sheer majesty of his presence.

"By hunters' law the kill is yours. By the Red God's law the meat is his, for the Bwana Mkali has defiled the hidden sanctuary, and plotted with foul witch-doctors upon whom the Red God's vengeance has already fallen. Go now in peace." He pointed to the room beyond. "Those that lie there are your meat for this hunt, but beyond the desert you shall share the Red God's feast at the rising of the new moon."

He flung a word of command to the priests who held the prisoners, and the next minute they were being hurried across the trampled garden. Maureen felt a sudden rush of thankfulness for the cool evening breeze after the reek of the bungalow; then as her foot touched one of the corpses that lay in their path, a wave almost of physical sickness passed over her, and she would have fallen but for the hands that held her. Out through the beaten-down thorn fence they went and a little way along the road to a grassy clearing under the trees. Black, shadowy figures rose up out of the darkness and a voice spoke:

"Receive, ye who wait, the Red God's sacrifice."

A lantern gleamed. By its light Maureen saw the priests hoist Pereira on to the back of one of the waiting camels; the next instant she was lifted into the air and felt a sickening lurch as her own beast rose to its feet beneath her.

A guttural voice gave the order to march.

After endless hours of journeying forward, when the air was chill with the coming dawn, something seemed to snap in her head. From then she was only conscious of the movement of the camel and of hands that held her in the saddle, until she was flung forward and bent almost double as the beast stopped. Very slowly she opened her eyes. It was dawn and the vanguard of the caravan was already halted and making camp at the edge of the desert.

Food was brought to her as she half lay, half sat upon the ground, her back pressed hard into her camel's side. She ate and drank mechanically and tried to sleep when the food was done. Her eyes had hardly closed before she felt herself lifted into the saddle again; tears flooded them as the first movement of the camel brought back the intolerable aching in her limbs. Physical horror and a great fatigue entirely possessed her to the exclusion of all coherent thought.

Late on the afternoon of the fourth day they left the last of the desert behind them, and camped upon a grassy plain among the foothills. Far off they saw thin spirals of smoke rising from other camp-fires; in the nearby trees birds sang and there were sounds of life in the undergrowth, even the silent priests, moving among the matting huts, seemed more human now that the soundless desert was passed.

With a sudden longing for human companionship she beckoned, and one of them came to her at once.

"Where are you taking me?"

The man spread his arms and shook his head in a gesture, signifying that he did not understand.

"Where is the Bwana Mkali?"

The man's eyes flashed, his arms fell to his sides, and he broke into a torrent of fluent Swahili. He spoke so rapidly that it was only here and there that she could catch a word. "Bwana Mkali—thief—riches of the Red God—vengeance."

She shrank back before his vehemence and shut her eyes; when she opened them again he was gone.

CHAPTER 16.

As Dirk rode at the head of his safari along the road from Makonde, Sungura, who was walking at the side, laid a hand on his boot.

"Master, we should take the north path through the bush."

"No, we must first go west to meet one of my spies, he may have news for me."

"No news are needed now; our feet are on the path. And, master, the need for haste is great."

Dirk looked down into the native's determined little face.

"That'll do, Sungura, we go west."

A strangely compelling look crept into Sungura's eyes; Renton had an instant feeling that the boy was striving to impose his own will upon him, and the suspicion crept into his mind that the native might after all know best. For an instant his determination wavered, then the value of his prestige as a bwana decided that his order must stand.

The spy joined the safari at the appointed place and reported that a caravan of camels had crossed the desert from the north. Beyond that he had no fresh news.

They turned north-east and pushed on through the bush. Then followed the interminable round of camp and march through ever-changing country until the edge of the desert was reached. They camped that night beneath the shadow of a stony hill. Renton had been unusually fortunate in shooting three zebra, and the work of making camp went rapidly forward since there was a feast in prospect. In an amazingly short time the thorn boma was constructed, the camp-fires lighted, and the commissioner's tent pitched.

After supper Renton flung himself into his camp chair and lighted his old briar pipe, prepared to enjoy an hour of that most pleasant of all idleness that comes after the day's work and the evening meal.

"Pretty average fool I shall look," he soliloquised, "if this Sungura is leading me into a trap. With all this trouble about it might suit someone's book to have me well out of the way for a while. Yet, on the

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other hand, the boy seems straight enough —something compelling about his honesty. I don't think he'd sell me a pup despite old Tank's warning. Anyway, it's worth taking the only chance that has offered itself of finding my way to the Red God's country. They won't dare to hold a human sacrifice anywhere else, and this business has got to be nipped in the bud before it spreads into my district."

He tapped out his pipe against his heel and refilled it.

"And that camel caravan the spy saw," he mused. "Not many safaris come down from the north. Where was it going to? I've a feeling that it's got something to do with the present troubles. Must have struck Makonda, the way it was heading when he saw it. Wonder if it's anything to do with any of Pereira's furtive undertakings?"

From Pereira his thoughts turned naturally to Maureen.

"I hope that dago'll have the decency to get her out of the way in time if trouble comes. What a God's pity it was that she ever married him; she must have been right up against it—Mrs. Page-Porter's doing I expect—she's a thousand times too good——" He checked his thoughts sternly, but Maureen's face persisted in his mental vision. "Baily's got his orders. He'll fetch her in to Luango if trouble comes, and there's time. Anyway, I've done what I could for her."

He looked up.

"What do you want, Msharria?"

"Bwana, the porters are making trouble and their mnyampara can do nothing with them."

Renton rose quickly to his feet and passed Msharria who held back the tent-flap. Close to the fire stood a group of excited natives. Jubatarra and the mnyampara faced them. A sudden hush fell at the sight of the commissioner. The gesticulating hands dropped and all eyes turned upon him.

"Shauri gani. What's the matter, Kazi Moto?" he asked the mnyampara.

"Oh, Bwana, these sons of misconceived she-asses refuse to go farther. They fear the desert." A threatening murmur came from the porters in which Renton caught the Red God's name muttered in harsh Swahili, "Mungu Mekundu! Mungu Mekundu!"

"Quiet, quiet!" snapped Renton. "I will see what your mnyampara has to say. Well, Kazi Moto?"

Kazi Moto himself looked more than a little uncomfortable.

"Bwana, all men fear Mungu Mekundu ——"

At the Red God's name the tumult broke out again with redoubled force. Before Renton could command silence a bird-like voice, clear and high above the clamor, rang across the boma:

"Peace, fools, and listen to the Bwana!"

At the sound of Sungura's voice the shouts died down. A little shiver, almost of dread, shook the natives. The boy turned back into his hut as if the matter were entirely settled.

Renton spoke quietly to them for a few minutes. When he returned to his tent, the porters, who had been so anxious to march back to Luango, were already settling down about their camp-fire and discussing the journey ahead.

As Renton undressed he pondered upon yet one more mystery added to the many which are Africa. Sungura's influence seemed to extend to the men of all tribes.

It was late before they camped on the evening of the day on which they left the last of the desert behind. Renton had forced the pace since it was imperative that they should find fresh water, and darkness had fallen before the thorn fence was finished. He waited until the last touches had been put to the defences of the camp and then turned in.

Sungura had not spoken one word to his master throughout the day. He had trotted along at the head of the safari, his gaze ever on the far horizon as if he could see beyond it, and his lips moving ceaselessly. The other natives had watched him with apprehensive eyes.

At dawn he slipped quietly into the commissioner's tent.

"Waken, Bwana," he said, "and come out. I have something I would show you."

Together they stood outside in the faint, shy splendor of the new day; there was a great silence, a waiting, and a hush while light crept over the plains and touched the far-distant mountain peaks with rosy fingers. Light grew and a certain definite warmth came into the air; as they stood there a sudden wind swept past them, then the great cloud of mist divided and swirled back like two gigantic curtains.

"Look, master. Kilima Njema Nkubwa! The Hill called Great Good."

Faint and far away, its contours ever changing with the mists that still clung about it, the hill stood. They watched it in silence until the whole outline was clearly defined in all its stark grandeur. Then the curtains of mist were swept down again and the picture was gone. Renton turned to Sungura.

"Njema Nkubwa, the Hill of Great Good, well, what now?"

Sungura had moved a little apart and stood with head half flung back and eyes closed. The voice came clear but faint as if from afar off.

"Night passes and the dawn is nigh, yet for a space the darkness still endures. For you, and for her who rests in your heart, though she knows it not, comes peace and a great reward, if your spirit be great and your heart clean when the Moon Calf,

Mwezi Mwandama, lows upon the hill once more."

Renton took a step forward and laid his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Sungura, what is all this tale?"

The native shivered, opened his eyes, and flashed his teeth in a sudden smile.

"Have I been telling you a tale, Bwana? Well, who knows, it may be true. Listen now, Bwana, and remember well what I am telling you. So far have I guided you, farther with you I may not go. I have shown you Kilima Njema Nkubwa; there at the rising of the new moon the Red God drinks once more of human blood. Go, now, and quickly to the hill, but first send word to the Bwana Ndovu that he come to you there."

Sungura stooped swiftly, picked up a small bundle that lay outside the tent door, and, without any further words, walked steadily away from the camp.

The camp was beginning to stir; Renton shouted for the sergeant-major to come to him and went into the tent. When Jubatarra entered he looked up from the note he was writing to Hamlyn.

"Get the camp struck as quickly as possible," he ordered. "I've found Kilima Njema Nkubwa and we're going there straight away. I reckon the hill is about four days' safari from here."

"Very well, Effendi." The stern discipline of the police service struggled with the old Nubian's very real affection for the commissioner as he went on: "This is no ordinary fight ahead of us, Effendi, in a land which is accursed and full of afreets and djinns."

"'Mussalmani awadani!' Jubatarra," he quoted with a laugh, "perhaps you will civilise the evil spirits? Anyway, send Asimani along to me now."

While he was waiting he glanced through the letter he had written, and carefully read over the latter part to see he had not omitted one of the scanty directions he could give Hamlyn to guide him to the hill.

Dirk drove his safari forward mercilessly. He knew that the feast of the new Moon was very near now, and Sungura had said that the Red God would drink human blood at moon-rise. His impatience kept pace with the porters' reluctance to get on; yet, since they formed the commissariat, he dared not leave them until the third night, when the Hill was within twenty-four hours march.

He left the porters camped with a police corporal in charge, and orders to remain in concealment for a week. If he and the asikari had not returned by that time, they were to make the best of their way back across the desert in charge of their mnyampara and the corporal.

Next day he marched forward steadily with the fighting part of the safari. The asikari trudged on in silence and Dirk, unusually sensitive to atmosphere, missed the inconsequent chatter of the porters, their sudden bursts of laughter and the tapping of the safari sticks against their loads. They marched in concealment as much as possible, only crossing open spaces when the dense bush denied them cover. They saw no one, but all felt the tension produced by the knowledge that many other bands were moving forward in the same direction as themselves.

Towards evening they entered a thick belt of bush and worked their way with painful slowness on to a narrow rhino-track that barely gave them head-room; the air was foul with rank vapours and the fetid smell of many beasts. Their feet slipped on rotting vegetation, their hands were torn by the barbed branches that they grasped to save themselves from falling. It seemed an eternity before they were suddenly free of the bush-belt, with the ground sloping upward beneath their feet and the fresh night air blowing upon them.

Dirk listened. All round him he heard rustlings, movement, and the occasional click of spear blades.

"Jubatarra," he whispered, "let the men keep hand-touch with one another. If anyone speaks to us do you reply that we are a party of natives coming from Makonda for the feast."

With a dread sense of anticipation strong upon him, Dirk pushed on up the slope until they found themselves on level ground where Jubatarra, who was leading, halted them.

"Careful, Effendi," he whispered. "The slope has stopped. There may be a chasm beyond."

In the moment's pause that followed, Renton heard the soft whispering of innumerable voices round him, again the click of spear blades and the smooth sound of gently moving bodies. Above all he sensed the brooding atmosphere of mystery and dread, of tense waiting and unnameable horror. He knew now that the place of sacrifice was reached, and that he stood on the edge of the vast concourse of people assembled to witness it.

Jubatarra whispered in his ear: "What next, Effendi?"

Renton thought swiftly; he had the impossible task of finding cover for his men, and finding it quickly in the impenetrable darkness.

A long, wailing cry rang out from the crest of the Hill.

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CHAPTER 17.

THE eerie cry that announced the first sight of the new moon died out. The watcher on the Hill was silent. A long, shuddering sigh rose from the vast unseen assembly, one drum spoke, a steady insistent tapping, then a hundred more took up the tale. Pin points of light gleamed here and there in the darkness as torches were kindled; around the rocky amphitheatre rolled the roar of the drums. Suddenly above them rose the shrill scream of trumpets. The dull glow of kindling fires suggested rather than revealed the scene.

Dirk's only concern at the moment was to find cover for himself and his men. A swift glance right and left showed him a tumbled mass of rocks a few steps away. With a whispered prayer to Providence that the shelter was not already occupied, he led his men to it.

They crouched close behind the boulders as the fires flared up; as yet they could see nothing but the ragged edge of cliff high above. The roar of the drums ceased and the sound of many naked bodies moving became audible.

A single voice, deep-throated and swelling, began to sing, other voices joined in one by one until the pagan chant was complete. It rose higher; native feet began to stamp on the ground in rhythm with the song until the earth seemed to rock and sway. Drums began to mutter again, grew louder, and then louder; the chanting and the stamping increased until at last came a crash in which all sounds met in a fiendish discord, then shivered into utter silence.

Dirk rose cautiously to his feet. As he did so more fuel was thrown upon the fires, and a sickly red light revealed the whole strange scene. Before him were the glistening backs and bent heads of a thousand worshippers, and beyond them a group of black-robed priests with upraised arms and heads flung back.

The circle of light widened and widened again. Beyond the priests half-way up the Hill was set a great altar, over which brooded the figure of a mighty god, gleaming redly in the firelight, its arms stretched out and fingers curved as if to grasp something bound across the altar.

A deafening shout rang through the assembly.

"Mungu Mekundu! Mungu Mekundu!"

Priests stepped forward and set flaming torches at either end of the altar. The bound figure turned its head a little and Dirk recognised Pereira. He felt the askari stir uneasily around him and their whispered "Bwana Mkali." His fists clenched; this was far beyond any sacrifice he had expected to find prepared.

Something drew Dirk's eyes upwards to where, between the great god's knees, a blue misty ghost light ebbed and flowed around two faint, indefinite forms. The light deepened, its blue became more intense, its gleam more steady and the forms took definite shape.

Maureen stood there upon a little platform, the muffled form of Sungura at her side.

"God in Heaven!" The surprise of seeing the girl there forced the words from Renton's lips and every other thought from his mind. His hands gripped the rock before him as he strove to master a mad impulse to spring forward and reach her side at any cost. His mind worked quickly. Could he save both or either or—in a lightning flash of understanding that illumined every corner of his mind, he knew for an instant that it was Maureen he would save even at the cost of staying his hand until Pereira was sacrificed.

The temptation passed. A muttered word of command. They rose from concealment and walked unobserved out into the open.

A grinning black face turned towards them and froze into primeval rage at sight of the white man. The face vanished, and the shout drew every eye upon them. A long-drawn-out howl of execration, a rush of natives towards them, and, high above the tumult, Dirk heard his own voice commanding that the sacrifice should not take place. In an instant the askari stood back to back with rifles held ready.

Dirk knew that further resistance would prove fatal, and had barely time to shout "Don't use your rifles," before a new rush of natives had surrounded them with a ring of gleaming spearpoints. The next moment they were seized, disarmed, and led towards the centre of the amphitheatre.

As they drew near the altar a priest detached himself from the group and came towards them and stayed them with a gesture. He ignored Dirk and spoke directly to the leader of the natives.

"Why bring ye a third white goat when

two already are prepared? The time for sacrifice is now, the period of preparation past."

A little group of natives had pushed forward to see what it was taking place. A chief from the Luango country spoke.

"It is the Bwana Ret. Is he also to be given to the god?"

On a sudden impulse Dirk flung round and faced the speaker.

"You, Majilua, you are from my own district. You know me, and that I have carried my people in my arms and spoken true words in their ears. Have you forgotten the fate of the Masai who slew the Bwana Dick? Have you forgotten how rinderpest and smallpox swept their flocks and forces? Remember! Mbatian's prophecy of what should befall if they slew a white man was fulfilled."

The threatening black faces pressed closer, the contemptuous voices howled in his ears: "The Bwana Mkali is no white lord. He is a mzungu, a European." And the men from Makonda and the south shouted: "Let him die. He has brought the anger of the Red God upon us." Others cried: "Let him die, we who bear the marks of his blows upon our bodies and the records of his cruelty in our hearts desire it."

"If he has done evil against the black man the Serkali will see to it. If he were fifty times a white lord or only a mzungu the Serkali would punish him if he has gone beyond the law," cried Renton.

"Bwana Ret," asked Majilua, in the sudden hush that followed, "on your heart and by your head dare you swear that the Serkali dealt justly with this man, the Bwana Mkali, when Kombo, the stranger from the north, was done to death at his shamba?"

For a moment Renton remained silent. Before he could speak a priest shouted a sharp order from behind the altar, hands closed once more on Renton and flung him roughly round. He saw Pereira bound immovable, his face twisted with fear, and his eyes rolling horribly.

Dirk struggled with all the strength that was in him to fling off his captors, but they held fast, and the whole swaying group staggered almost to the steps of the altar. There was a sudden blaze of light behind the altar and the flash of a knife in its glow, the short "Hough!" of the striker and the long-drawn-out "Augh!" of the watchers.

The Bwana Mkali was dead.

CHAPTER 18.

MAUREEN had been standing nerveless upon the little platform between the knees of the Red God, unseeing and insensible to all feeling. She had seen Pereira for an instant that evening, when they were brought bound from the caves in which they had been imprisoned since their arrival at the hill. There had been no chance of speech between them, but a great wave of pity had swept over her at the horror she saw in his eyes. Sheer physical terror had seized her when her captors had brought her to the back of the god, forced her to climb a tortuous stairway and left her alone upon the platform.

A great shudder shook her, and she covered her eyes with her hands to shut out the vision that still persisted. The sound of a mighty shout, and a light, comforting touch on her arm roused her. Very slowly her hands were drawn down from her face, and the curious feeling of protection she had known so often before grew upon her. Her eyes turned wonderingly to the little native figure that stood by her side, then her gaze wandered out over the sea of bestial faces which from far below seemed to leer up at her through a sea of red light.

Quite suddenly she saw Dirk. A little cry broke from her lips and she took an involuntary step forward.

"Chieftainess, hold. There is that upon the altar which you must not see." The little native's fingers closed on hers and drew her back from the edge of the platform, as a nerve-shattering howl rose from below.

"The Red God is still hungry. Give him the she-goat."

Sungura dropped Maureen's hand, stepped forward and flung wide her outstretched arms. The fur kaross slipped from her shoulders and fell a soft, glistening heap at her feet. She stood revealed as a shout of recognition broke from the crowd and a forest of hands pointed at her:

"Look, look! The Witch-woman of Mawer!!"

Her clear, bird-like vice rang out, carrying its message to the farthest corner of the great amphitheatre of the hills, and stilled the excited murmur of the natives.

"Hold! The Red God has fed full for this feast. I, the Witch-Woman of Mawer!, speak to you, and you have known my power in the past. Yet again do you see it here, for it is I who delivered up the Bwana Mkali for sacrifice. You have feared the vengeance of the Red God since the Bwana Mkali defiled his sanctuary when he sought the treasure. Fear no more. The he-goat's blood is spilt in atonement."

Her voice rose higher and rang more clearly through the hushed air:

"The he-goat was yours. This one shall be mine."

She flung back a hand, seized Maureen's arm and led her forward to the edge of the platform.

And now she spoke with a note of pleading in her tones.

"You have known me long, O people of the south," she cried. "You have drunk at the fountain of my wisdom. You have been comforted—you and your kine—by the healing of my hands. I have called down the rains to give you life when all the land lay parched, and, more than once, the shield of my protection has been held

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between you and the white man's wrath. Now I would ask a boon of you."

An angry cry burst from the priests, but was as quickly beaten down by a fierce murmuring from the southern people, whose attention had been caught and held by the witch-woman's appeal.

"You have killed the Bwana Mkali," she continued, "and that was just, else had I not delivered him into the hands of Shadron and his fellow priests. You have killed the Bwana Mkali, and for that no vengeance shall fall upon you for, as you yourselves have said, he was no white lord. Yet, if you lay but one finger on this white bibi who stands at my side, the whole might of the white people shall fall upon you, and you shall be eaten up like tickgrass when the spring fires sweep the pori."

Her clear voice sank to a note of entreaty soft as the cooing of a dove.

"What need is there to speak on vengeance? Has not this bibi earned her own release? Have you, O people of Makonda, forgotten how often she has turned the wrath of the Bwana Mkali from you to herself? In sickness has she not tended you? In sadness given you words of comfort? She came a stranger among you, but was soon your sister. Now is the time for her to go forth from your house to that of the white lord who holds her heart and waits below."

In the brief hush that followed, Maureen's eyes met Dirk's in a long look of hope and understanding that held them tense and oblivious to all else, while the hum of contention raged around them.

The natives had broken up into little excited groups. Priests passed among them urging the people to demand the sacrifice. Those who lived north of the desert and far from the white man's vengeance were set upon it. Those of the south, from their double fear of the dread Chieftainess of the Heavens, and the stern discipline of their white administrators, were half-hearted or dead against the sacrifice.

The men of Makonda, who had been hottest in the fight against the Bwana Mkali, ran from group to group striving to win adherents to Maureen's cause.

"She was always good to us—our quarrel is not with her. Did you not hear the witch-woman's words, that the Bwana Ret is to have her? We fought and took her. It is for us to say to whom she shall be given."

Some of the older Makonda men reasoned even with the priests themselves.

"The witch-woman has said that the white bibi is of our house——"

Shadron, the priest, standing beside the altar, interrupted the speaker scornfully:

"The witch-woman. What faith have we in witch-women?"

His voice was almost drowned in the rising turmoil of the contending factions. He turned upon them, flinging back his black robe with a furious gesture.

"Listen not, O ye people, to these men of Makonda. The she-goat shall die."

The answering shout, "Nay, she shall live!" was almost beaten down by the frenzied roar, "Give her to the god!"

Spears, clubs, and battle-axes were upraised, rage-distorted faces glared into each other, and furious words were battled to and fro. . .

A bugle rang out.

The roar of voices died down, a shiver and a tense whisper: "Asikari! Asikari," ran through the crowd.

Through the silence came a short, sharp order, then Tim Hamlyn, nonchalant as ever, appeared at the far side of the idol, followed by his orderly and a bugler. He fixed his eyeglass firmly in his eye, waved an airy hand to Renton and called:

"Well, that's fixed things, I fancy, sir. I've got the men and the maxims in the right spot to squash any trouble here, but you'll have to tell these black blighters what you want 'em to do."

At the first sight of a K.A.R. officer there had been a hurried movement around Renton, and his captors had released their hold of him. He stepped forward now and stood on the lowest step of the altar.

"Well done, Tank," he whispered. "You get after the priests. I'll attend to the men from Makonda. Since you've only a platoon I'm afraid we shall have to let the rest go."

He raised his voice as he addressed the people, who faced him sullenly.

"The police asikari will take charge of the men of Makonda. See to it, Jubatarra. Let no man try to escape. The soldiers and the guns of the king hold the entrance to this place. They have crossed the desert from far away at my word, and as always they have come in time. For you that is fortunate. Had you killed me and the white bibi before they came, then thousands of the white king's soldiers would have followed, until not one man who stands here had been left alive even to whisper of his part in this night's work.

"For the priests and the men of Makonda, who seized and carried off the Bwana Mkali and his bibi, comes trial and certain punishment. Let this be a warning to you men of the north. For this time you shall go free, but forget not that where the word of my king is law, human life may not be sacrificed to any god, and the white man and his possessions must be respected.

"Go now, carrying with you the words I have spoken. The desert has been passed, remember. Where one white man has trodden many will follow in his footsteps."

He stood for a moment regarding the scene. Jubatarra and his police had rounded up the men from Makonda. The others were breaking up into small groups and beginning to disperse in the fast-coming dawn. Among the boulders where the amphitheatre narrowed stood a group of K.A.R. asikari, some leaning upon their rifles, others squatting beside their glistening maxims.

A voice sounded at Renton's elbow. The Witch-Woman of Maweri waited with one arm flung about Maureen's waist. Her teeth flashed in a sudden smile.

"Inkoos," she said, "Sungura brings you her who has rested in your heart these many moons."

"Maureen!" Her name burst from his lips in a low, glad cry.

Her wide, unseeing eyes gazed back at him, her lips moved as if she would speak but no sound came. In the sickly light of the great torches that still burned on the altar her face was deathly pale and her hand icy cold when Renton caught it between his own and said again: "Maureen!"

The little witch-woman spoke:

"Enough, Inkoos. The dawn is nigh, yet for a space must darkness still endure. My white sister is weary almost unto death and would sleep. Much more is yet to be told, but wait in patience till the summit of the hill is reached."

Dirk's eyes followed Maureen as the witch-woman led her gently away.

CHAPTER 19.

DIRECTLY Maureen had gone, Renton picked up a camel-hair robe dropped by one of the priests, and threw it over Pereira's body. Then he called up Jubatarra and gave instructions that a grave should be dug.

By the time the sun was up the last of the men of the north were gone, and those from Makonda under guard. The asikari released from duty fetched wood and water, tended their cooking fires and set about preparing a morning meal.

Renton walked slowly down the amphitheatre and turned when he reached the narrow gap at the end. In the daylight the place was immeasurably smaller than it had seemed by night; here and there broken spear-blades glistened on the trampled ground, and the smoke still rose from the smouldering embers of last night's fires. On the steps of the altar, where the great torches had long since died out, lay a broken native drum and an elephant-tusk trumpet.

His eyes were drawn upward to the brooding figure of the great Red God. It was made of some dull yellow metal that gleamed like gold where the sun touched it. The face was moulded into an expression of fiendish malevolence, the outstretched hands seemed still to be grasping for human sacrifice. Its back rested against a sheer wall of rock that rose behind it and sloped up to the summit of the hill. Jubatarra came towards him:

"The grave for the Bwana Mkali is ready!"

He walked back with the old sergeant-major and reached the altar as Hamlyn appeared from some caves to the left of the idol. Tim stood apart while the natives cut the bonds and took Pereira's body down; he fell in at Renton's side as the little procession moved off to the grave. As they walked back he spoke:

"We're more or less in a hole as far as catching these priests is concerned. They cleared off as soon as they saw me coming for them this morning, and I got a fine view of the skirts of the last one disappearing into what looked like a solid wall of rock. I poked about a bit, and at last found they'd gone through a sort of hole with an enormous boulder over it which we couldn't move, although the lot of us shoved damnably hard. I reckoned it out that they wouldn't have gone to ground in a place that hadn't got an exit somewhere. I left a couple of men to watch the boulder and set off with the others to look for possible bolt-holes. We found one or two likely-looking caves that seemed to run back into the hillside, but we didn't dare explore them very far. I've left men to watch them, and here we are. What are we going to do about it?"

They had come now to the side of the idol, and as if by common consent had halted to look up at it.

"Look," said Renton, "there's a rough stairway leading up to the platform between the god's knees."

"Front door entrance, b'gad. Up you go, guv'nor, an' see if anyone's at home."

Renton scrambled up the rough hewn steps to the platform and disappeared for a moment behind the curve of the Red God's knee.

He reappeared on the edge of the platform and called out:

"There's a little door up here, Tank. Shut fast, of course."

"Ring again," said Hamlyn. "P'raps they didn't hear you the first time."

"You are a damned old idiot," said the commissioner when he rejoined the other. "Let's have some men up and see if we can't smash our way in."

Renton sat down and filled his pipe. Tim strolled casually round the altar and looked up at the idol.

"If this chap's gold, old bean, we've tumbled on to a giddy fortune," he called.

Tank puffed dismally as he toiled up the stairway. By the time he reached the platform the door was already down. He joined Renton, who waited just inside the passage where Jubatarra was lighting a lamp.

"Hellish dark and smells of cheese," Tank quoted as they followed one another down the narrow passage. It ran straight a little way, then turned sharply to the right and led upwards, twisting and turning until a small chamber was reached. They crowded into it, and Jubatarra held up the light while Renton ran his eye over the group to see that all were present. Camel-hair robes hung on the walls, an elephant-tusk trumpet and blood-stained sacrificial knife lay side by side upon a bench. Three further passages opened out of the room.

"Which way now, Effendi?" asked Jubatarra.

"What d'you say, Tank?"

"There's not much to choose. You take the right, I'll take the left; Jubatarra can watch this middle passage. Don't be gone

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more than a quarter of an hour, then we can make up our minds which path to follow."

Renton was back in a few minutes. His passage had led almost directly upwards, and finished in a tiny room in which were stored the great torches for the altar. He now led his men down the middle passage, but this, too, ended in a small room. Here he found several goats' horns, used for catching the blood of the victims of sacrifice, and two larger gold vessels of curious form and rare workmanship. These he carried back. Jubatarra regarded them with interest.

"These are indeed ancient, Effendi, nor have I ever seen the craftsman who could fashion them."

They were still examining the workmanship when Hamlyn returned.

"Well, what luck?" said Renton. "I drew blank except for these two bowls."

"I haven't found any prizes like yours, but my way seems to run on interminably into the hillside."

"All right," said Renton, "let's follow it. Don't leave anybody here, the other two passages are blind alleys. You lead, Tank."

They followed the rocky tunnel in silence long past the point that Hamlyn had reached. Here and there galleries branched off, but for the present they kept to the wider main path which, winding and descending at the start, seemed to stretch straight and level before them.

A light gleamed suddenly in the far distance and vanished. The steps of the explorers insensibly quickened and there was a mutter of words, stilled instantly at a whispered word of command. The light gleamed again. There was a sound of chanting, faint and distinct above their own movement. The leaders broke into a trot. Another hundred yards and they rounded a sharp bend and almost fell over each other as Hamlyn came to a sudden stop inside a small chapel.

One of the priests turned sharply at the noise and the chanting broke off instantly.

Shadron shouted an order in an unintelligible tongue, and a half-circle of black-robed priests drew back to either side of the altar.

The altar was a blaze of jewels split from the great gold vessels at either end. In the centre stood a golden figure of the Red God, brooding above the mass of rubies that gleamed like blood at his feet. The walls of the chapel were hewn out of the solid rock and covered here and there with dull, silken fabrics. Behind the altar was the sense of illimitable blackness. . . .

All this they saw in a flash as Shadron faced them at the centre of the altar. He flung up his arm, and the camel-hair robe fell back to reveal his gorgeous vestments.

"Look ye, O white men, upon the treasure that lured the Bwana Mkali to his death, the treasure that the sons of a strange race have stored up for Red God's delight since the beginning of time. Look well upon it, I say, for ye shall see it no more. The feet of your young men are upon the road to the Hill of Riches, the tramp of your legions echoes in the ears of the Red God, but he shall never see their accursed white faces nor hear their mocking voices. Out of the darkness he came when the world was young, into the darkness he returns once more, taking his riches with him, but his image shall brood above this land from generation to generation until the white man's power shall be broken at last. I have spoken!"

He flung an order to the priests at right and left of him and they laid their hands upon the altar. It shook beneath their efforts. Jewels scattered on the ground and lay in pools of lambent fire. Renton and Hamlyn stood spellbound while the altar swayed upon its very base. As it rocked right forward the mass of rubies shot out like a stream of sacrificial blood and fell round Shadron's feet.

Even as the two white men sprang forward the altar swayed for the last time, then, with the priests that clung to it and the golden idol, crashed over into the darkness.

Shadron leaped back out of reach of the hands that had almost closed upon his robes. He flung wide his arms and threw himself backwards. A burst of maniacal laughter echoed upwards as he fell.

Renton clutched at Hamlyn's arm as they pulled up short on the edge of the abyss. For a moment they gazed down into the black depths in silence.

"Bring lanterns quickly," called the Commissioner.

Jubatarra's voice answered him from the group of whispering, frightened natives huddled together at the entrance.

At first the lantern was lowered on the end of a long rope, but the darkness seemed to extend to still greater depths; then puttees and belts were joined, but even with the added length they could still see nothing but the smooth, shining wall of rock which fell sheer down on the other side.

"It must be devilish deep," said Hamlyn, "there's more than a hundred feet of line there. And we couldn't possibly clamber down, there's not an inch of foothold. Let's shift back a bit, the edge might give way."

"That's the end of the Red God, I fancy," said Renton, "but I wish I could have taken the priests; and all those jewels that went over with him. Heavens, Tank, they must have been worth millions."

"Well, there's a pretty tidy fortune left, and, anyway, the priests are dead and done for." He stooped and gathered a handful of rubies from the floor.

"Just look at these stones, Renton, they must be almost priceless."

The Commissioner stood silent for a moment and gazed down at the mass of jewels. A lantern was moved, and a beam of light caught and held in the gleaming depths of the rubies made it seem that a pool of blood lay in Tim's big hands.

"Put them down, Tank, they're ghastly-looking things. God alone knows how many lives they've cost—perhaps each single stone stands for some poor devil who has been sacrificed. Jubatarra and a couple of my askari can set about packing all this treasure. We'll have a look at those side galleries we passed coming along. There's always a chance that an odd priest may be lurking about in one of them."

They explored the passages thoroughly, but found nothing of any importance. All ended in small chambers. In some they found more gold vessels and priestly vestments, and in others stores of food and oil.

It was evening when they came out through the ruined door and stood again upon the little platform between the Red God's knees.

A hush lay over the camp beneath them. The smoke of cooking fires rose straight in the calm air, as the natives, singing softly, moved about the last tasks of the day. High above, the grim, jagged tops of the cliffs stood out black and forbidding against the primrose of the sky.

Renton turned towards the worn steps.

"Heavens, Tank, but I'm tired; let's get across to the tents."

As they sat at supper Msharria brought a message to Renton. With a short "Shan't be long, Tank," he left the tent and went across to Maureen's cave.

He passed the sentry at the entrance and found the girl lying upon a rough couch of skins. The color had come back into her face, but her eyes were wide and fear-ridden.

She half rose on her elbow and whispered: "I wanted to see you. What has happened? Is Pero——?"

Very gently Dirk answered the question she dared not ask, and saw the fear die out of her eyes. She caught his hand as he leaned over her. Her voice was very low as she said:

"Poor Pero," then lower still: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us now and in the hour of our death."

She released Dirk's hand and turned with her face to the rocky wall. He stood irresolute for a moment, then went quietly from the cave.

CHAPTER 20.

SLEEP was slow in coming to Renton despite his intense physical weariness, and it was far into the night before his eyes closed. A little before the dawn he sensed a soft, compelling touch upon his arm and was instantly awake. The lantern was flickering out, the tent almost in darkness; for a second he saw a grey beam of daylight as the tent-flap was raised, and heard the soft swish of a fur kaross as the Witch-Woman of Maweri disappeared.

He followed almost immediately, but she was already out of sight. The sleeping camp lay quiet around him, faint and mysterious in the dim light. The little dawn wind blew past him, lifting the mists and carrying them upward beyond the cliff top. He saw a figure faintly outlined against the far wall of the amphitheatre; in a moment he was at Mureen's side.

They took hands as if continuing a sweet intimacy but lately interrupted:

"Maureen—dearest."

He felt the answering pressure of her fingers. As if compelled by some instinctive impulse they turned together and began slowly to mount the hill. Light grew about them as they climbed, and in their hearts was the peace that passeth all human understanding. Slowly they went up, and still the light grew, until presently they stood upon the summit.

In silence they watched the everlasting miracle. From the horizon right up to high heaven great beams of amber light were flung up out of the east, piercing the fleecy banks of cloud, spreading across the sky, and breaking up the sombre purple of the night. Almost in a flash the last of the darkness was gone, and the full glory of the clean, new-born day spread before them.

There was a faint rustle on the hillside, a soft, warm breath of air, and the Witch-Woman of Maweri stood beside them. Slim and erect she stood, arms upraised to fling back the fur kaross and reveal the golden snake girdle clasped about her waist. She looked at them a long moment then spoke. Her clear, bird-like tones rang out through the still air:

"Hail to thee, O chief and chieftainess! For the last time ye listen to my voice, though perchance my image shall dwell in your hearts.

"The night is ended and the new day breaks; the journey is done and ye stand upon the hill whose riches are beneath your feet and in the love which shall fill your lives.

"Turn your faces to the east and gaze at that which the dawn brings: new life, love, happiness, and the untold joy of the coming years.

"The portals of the night have closed upon all that is past. Go forward through the curtains of the day to the new life that lies beyond."

Her gaze held theirs while her left arm fell slowly to her side. The other was stretched out, and her lips began to move as if in soundless blessing. Instinctively Dirk grasped Maureen's hand more firmly, their eyes closed, and a wave of spiritual passion held them fast.

When they opened their eyes they were alone upon the Hill of Riches.

Dirk drew Maureen close in his arms, their lips met in a long kiss, then together they turned away, yet the glory of the new dawn still shone in their faces.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person).

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